CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

107th YEAR OF PUBLICATION

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TUTANKHAMUN AND THE BIBLE RECORDS
E. L. B. Rogers

THE LAST DAYS OF SHELLEY
Margaret Crompton

CONCORDE
Robin Maxwell-Hyslop, M.P.

THE LOCUSTS—A Short Story
Edwin Samuel

and many other articles together with a twelve-page Literary Supplement.

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Annual subscription (incl. postage): U.K. £3.90; U.S.A. and Canada $13.50. Rates for all other countries on application.
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CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

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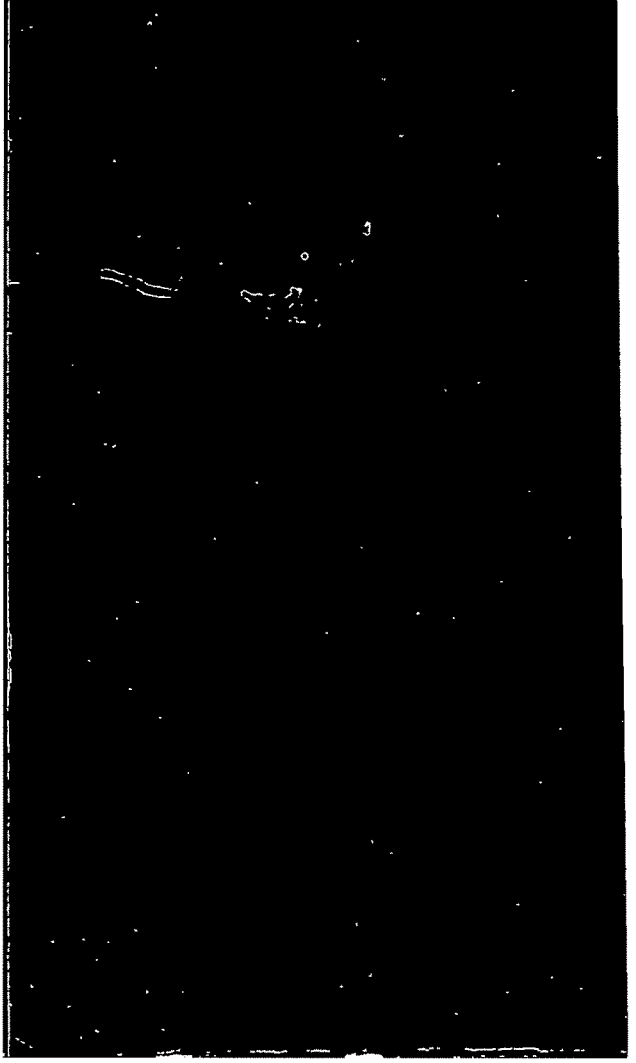

AUGUST 1972

A SENTENCE FOR KILLING
Michael McNair-Wilson, M.P.

HONG KONG — A QUICK LOOK
Pearl Jephcott

'AV WE ENY 'OAP FU BETTR SPELING?
Sir James Pitman, K.B.E.

OUR EARTH
Leslie Reid

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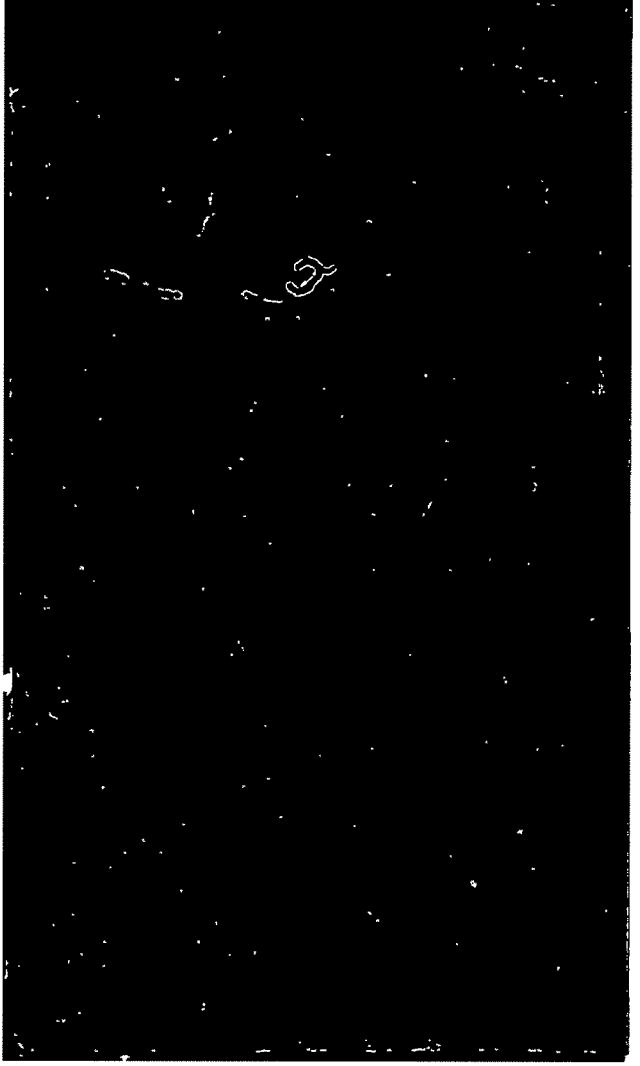

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THE CAMPAIGN FOR THE WHITE HOUSE—1972
B. Tartt Bell

ARBITRATE—DON'T LITIGATE
Lord Meston

THE BICYCLE IN AMERICAN CULTURE
Tommy W. Rogers

THE ROLE OF STUDENTS IN AMERICAN POLITICS
Joseph S. Roucek

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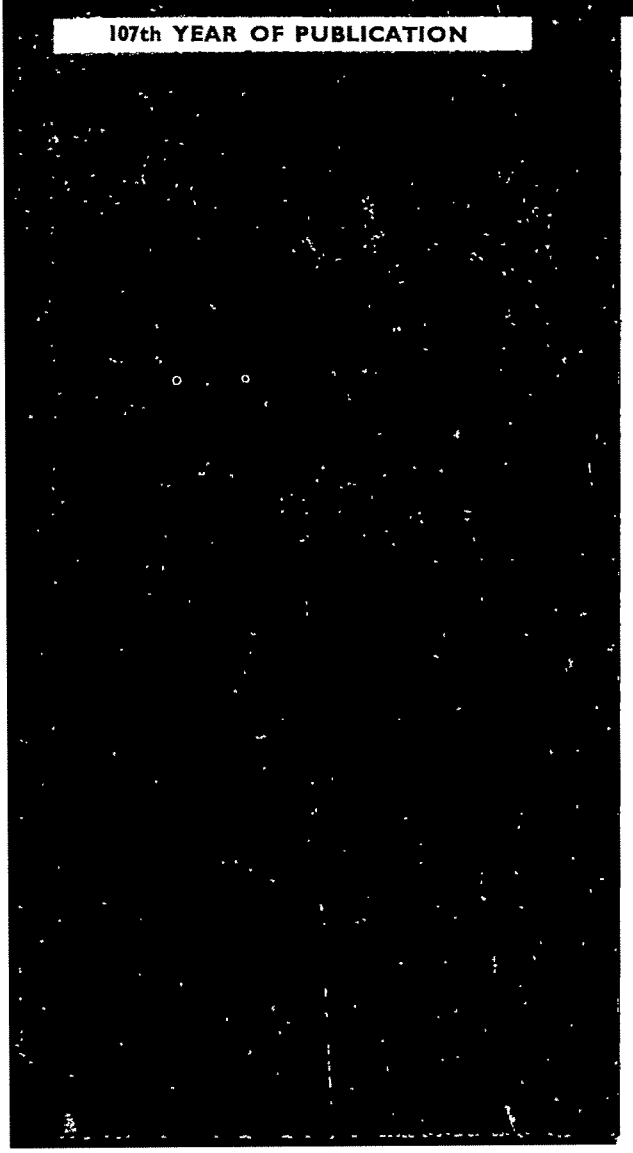
107th YEAR OF PUBLICATION



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Dame Eileen Younghusband

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David Loshak

BULL-SLAYING AT MANCHESTER
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Robert Gittings

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TUTANKHAMUN AND THE BIBLE RECORDS

by E. L. B. Rogers

THE Tutankhamun Exhibition at the British Museum in London this summer, and a series of television programmes on the subject of Tutankhamun's Egypt, has aroused a revival in studies in the Old Testament Patriarchs, especially those such as Joseph and Moses who had close Egyptian affiliations and could have been contemporaries. The Museum exhibition is the most comprehensive of the thirteenth century B.C. ever mounted in England (Tutankhamun succeeded in 1354 B.C.) and sheds interesting light on the period of value to Old Testament scholars whose knowledge of the beginning of Hebrew history is not as full as they would like it to be.

Egypt has handed down its history more faithfully than any other country in the middle east. Going back to about 3000 B.C. we can trace the names of Pharaohs with hardly a break. Records have survived of the dynasties of the Old, Middle and New Kingdoms, important events, rulers' activities, wars and campaigns, building of palaces and temples alongside the river Nile, and innumerable specimens of their literature and their poetry have survived as well as monuments and inscriptions. No other such highly developed and civilised people has so meticulously preserved its records.

But so fierce was the onslaught of the Asian invaders about 1730 B.C. with looting, burning and destruction that the Middle Kingdom of the Pharaohs was shattered; the thirteen hundred year rule of the dynasties ended abruptly, valuable and indeed irreplaceable records were destroyed,

and no further contemporary record seems to have been kept or rather has survived the bloodbaths, sacking of cities, and general enslavement of the people until the country was set free. No further contemporary information was again available until the country had returned to a permanently settled and peaceable state in 1580 B.C., so for one hundred and fifty years the documentation just does not exist.

The Biblical accounts of Joseph and the sojourn of the children of Israel in Egypt come during or soon after this dark and stormy century and a half of invasion and occupation by the pitiless Semitic Hyksos tribesmen from Canaan and Syria. The exact dates cannot be checked as no documents or inscriptions relating to this period are known. There is no surviving record or reference to the appointment of Joseph to the powerful office of Pharaoh's Grand Vizier or Viceroy, nor indeed, apart from the Biblical record, is there the slightest trace on the Egyptian side of Israel's sojourn in the land of Goshen. Perhaps the Hebrews were numerically too small and so restricted to that part of the country that their presence was not nationally significant at that time. Long after the turn of this present century, scholars were arguing as to whether or not the Egyptian tale in the text of the 'Orbiney Papyrus' was a prototype of the Biblical story of Joseph (especially *Genesis* 39, 7-8 and 17), but for other historians, theologians and Egyptologists, Joseph remains a legend. Egyptology does however vindicate the authenticity and genuineness of the historical background of the Bible and confirm the very accurate and colourful Egyptian detail. Spices brought to Egypt by Arab merchants were in heavy demand in Egypt for religious and healing purposes. (*Genesis* 37. 25). Potiphar, meaning 'the gift of the god Ra', is a characteristic Egyptian native name (*Genesis* 37. 36). The detailed procedure of Joseph's investiture as Grand Vizier of Egypt (*Genesis* 41. 42) took place in the exact order of protocol as depicted by various Egyptian artists in reliefs and murals. The chariot of the second person in which Joseph rode (*Genesis* 41. 43) was the swift war chariot introduced to Egypt by the Hyksos rulers for public ceremonies. The sweet water canal, planned by Joseph, when as Vizier he went out all over the land of Egypt (*Genesis* 41. 45) is still known as Joseph's canal (*Bahr Yusuf*). Papyrus records confirm that visiting tribesmen were allowed to cross the frontier and settle in Pithom (*Exodus* 1. 11) just as Joseph's family did (*Genesis* 47. 5-6). Jacob's and Joseph's bodies were embalmed (*Genesis* 50. 2-3 and 50. 26) and buried according to Egyptian, not Canaanite, custom. Most telling of all to relate the life of Joseph to this dark period is the reference in *Genesis* 46. 34 that shepherds were an abomination to the Egyptians. Only under the foreign Hyksos overlords could a Semite rise to the highest office in the state, and we do find many Semite names among lists of Hyksos officials. However, some scholars try to place Joseph in a later period than the Hyksos. The exact dating of Joseph has been attempted by many who have tried to date the *Exodus* and then work backwards. On this basis the late Professor H. H. Rowley dated the *Exodus* at about 1225 B.C. in his book *From Joseph to Joshua* (1948). To

support this he made the Biblical evidence substantiate a sojourn in Egypt of round about 140 years, and following this, suggested that the Pharaoh who made Joseph Grand Vizier or Viceroy was the monotheist Amenhotep IV (1380-1354 B.C.), who changed his name to Akhenaten (or Ikhenaten) in honour of the god 'Aten'. Akhenaten issued a decree that the only true god was the one revealed to men through the 'Aten' or Sun disc, and the worship of 'Aten' was to be the established and only religion of Egypt. Akhenaten seized the goods and lands of the old religion, banned the old religion and worship of Amon-Re, proscribed its priesthood, removed the Court from the old capital city of Thebes (the modern Luxor and Karnak) to a new city called Amarna, about 420 kilometres lower down the Nile and dedicated it to 'Aten', and gave up most of his time to the promotion of the new religion at the expense of the neglect of his political duties, the defence of the nation's frontiers, and almost all other affairs of state. The mound which today covers the ancient ruins of Akhenaten's city of Amarna is called 'Tell-el-Amarna'.

Eighty-two of a large collection of clay tablets covered with cuneiform Akkadian writing, which survived the centuries largely because of Egypt's exceptionally dry climate, were discovered by a peasant woman digging at Tell-el-Amarna in 1887, and eventually found their way to the British Museum, where they can be inspected in the permanent collection by anyone after visiting the Tutankhamun exhibition. The other tablets in this collection went to museums in Cairo and Berlin. On these Tell-el-Amarna tablets are letters written at this time (fourteenth century B.C.) forming a correspondence between kings of various western Asian and Palestinian city states and the Pharaohs of Egypt, Akhenaten and his father, Amenhotep III. They are full of revealing information about the state of affairs in Egypt just before the *Exodus*. The political and military situation was still out of Egyptian control and Egyptian power and influence was waning in the north where the Habim had overrun the land.

Akhenaten's daughter Anches-en-Amun married Tutankhamun and succeeded her father as Queen with her husband as Pharaoh in 1354 B.C., and it is, of course, of their life and cultural background and death that the British Museum has assembled such exceptional exhibits.

An Old Testament scholar, Ralph Ogden, in a less well known book *Ladder of Time*, makes a chronological study of Biblical genealogies and comes independently to the same broad conclusions on dating of the Exodus, the sojourn in Egypt, and the life of Joseph as Professor Rowley quoted above. From his examination of the Genesis story, Ogden deduces that Joseph had dealings with Tutankhamun as well as his father-in-law, Akhenaten. He concludes that Tutankhamun was the Pharaoh referred to in *Genesis* 47. 5, who invited Joseph to bring his father and brothers to Egypt.

The British Museum exhibition shows very clearly that the greatest influences on Tutankhamun were not the religious beliefs of his wife and his father-in-law, but the dominant influence of military leaders and priests of Amon-Re, in whose hands he seems to have been almost a

puppet as he relied so greatly on these advisers, whose sole ambition was to re-establish the old religion and to restore the Empire to its former glory. A propaganda campaign of hate was started against Akhenaten and much connected with him. Aten's Sun City of Amarna was abandoned, and the Court returned to the ancient capital city of Thebes. Aten's shrines were destroyed, and the worship of Amon-Re was restored with all the ruthless vigour that those in authority could enforce. So strong was the compulsion upon the public to toe the party line that the situation was in some way similar to that in Nazi Germany just before and during World War II.

It is quite possible that these religious revolutions had their effect on the spiritual outlook of Joseph. Where the question of religious observance is a strictly enforced matter of state policy, it is safer not to express one's own views unless these agree with the official line. This is said to support the Biblical narrative and the later dating of Joseph. Certainly the Bible has no record of Joseph having visions or striking religious experiences. His dreams have no direct religious meaning. There are no incidents associated with sacred places or shrines. In this typical oriental tale, God is hardly mentioned. Nevertheless the writer is clearly conscious of the overruling providence of God influencing the course of events. Joseph himself expresses that view of his experiences in reassuring words to his brothers (*Genesis* 45, 7-8 and compare the Christian view in *Romans* 8. 28). The two brilliant Greek historians Herodotus and Thucydides never saw that history was the working out of God's purpose, nor did Tutankhamun and his advisers, neither do many people today who live in the present, are not historically minded, and see history merely as one thing happening after another. But Joseph's was a unique religious contribution which his people alone developed, so that they came to find a meaning in life through belief in a personal God who cared for them and moulded their characters.

Because direct evidence, independent of the Bible, from Egypt or from Israel is almost entirely lacking, we can only conjecture from other data on the beginnings of Hebrew history. It is my own opinion that the actual date of the Exodus and even the identification of an approximate period will never be certainly attained. So little fresh light has been thrown on this subject, by archaeological discovery of more recent years, that the best discussion of the subject in my opinion is still J. W. Jack's book, *The Date of the Exodus,* which was published as long ago as 1925. A shorter but yet more acute and cautious statement of the problems involved appears in a little book by Peet, *Egypt and the Old Testament* (see chapter 5, pages 105-145), which was published fifty years ago.

Two likely periods for the Exodus, on the basis of examination of the internal textual evidence of the Bible, are 1600 to 1480 B.C. or 1380-1300 B.C. and the pros and cons of these are discussed in detail by Professor Theodore H. Robinson in *A History of Israel,* Vol. I, pp. 71-87 (1932). Garstang in a valuable and stimulating book *Joshua and Judges* (1931) dates the fall of Jericho in 1407 B.C. and therefore supports the

earlier date. The possible identification of the Hebrews on philological grounds with the Habim referred to in the Tell-el-Amarna letters as invading Palestine (see Dr. Warille's book *Israel and Babylon,* chapter 3) supports the latter date, and fits in well with the statements in the books of Joshua and Judges. The thirteenth century date, putting Joseph back in the dark age of the Hyksos, is that currently favoured by the great majority of the Old Testament scholars, and by Professor Rowley for most of his lifetime (see H. H. Rowley, *Israel's sojourn in Egypt,* Bulletin of the John Rylands Library, Vol. 22, No. 1, April 1938).

Professor W. F. Albright, the American Archaeologist and Theologian, with his own later dating of the fall of Jericho, also favours the thirteenth century date for the Exodus, which he firmly places as about 1290 B.C. Give or take a few years, and this makes Moses a contemporary of Tutankhamun, being in Egypt at the time of his funeral, and leading the Exodus in the early years of Rameses II as Pharaoh, whose granite statue, which probably once stood in the Temple at Kamak is now in Turin Museum and his mummy can be inspected in Cairo Museum where it is in a perfect state of preservation. Moses himself is well illustrated in works of art, and a cast of Michelangelo's most famous figure of Moses, a gigantic sculpture, may be seen in the South Kensington Museum, the original being in the church of San Pietro in Vincolo in Rome. Scenes from the life of Moses are the subject of a Botticelli (1445-1510 A.D.) fresco in the Sistene Chapel of the Vatican, with a fresco of the crossing of the Red Sea painted by Piero di Cosimo (1462-1521 A.D.) in the same place. Moses had a profound experience of the presence of God on Mount Horeb (*Exodus* 3), at which God made himself known by name, disclosing his real nature. The Exodus was to him and to all the Hebrews the assurance that God was living and acting and saving, and would be the God of Israel for ever.

It is not easy to summarise briefly all the Egyptian affiliations of Moses. Names were significant in those days, which is why the revelation of God's name was so important to the Hebrew monotheists. Names were important to the Egyptians too as we have seen in the change of name from Amenhotep IV to Akhenaten. Moses is a typically Egyptian name —MS standing for Mosu as Egyptian hieroglyphics used no vowels, and the word means simply 'boy' or 'son'. A number of Pharaohs were called Ahmose, Amasis, and Thutmose. Thutmose was the name of a famous Egyptian sculptor, among whose masterpieces is a head of Nofretete, mother-in-law of Tutankhamun. Neo-Babylonian cuneiform tablets of the first millennium B.C. tell a story derived from a folk tale legend of the third millennium B.C. of the baby, later King Sargon, the founder of the Semitic dynasty of Akkad in 2360 B.C. being found in an ark of reeds on the river, which has astoundingly close similarities with the Biblical story of Moses in the bulrushes, (*Exodus* 2. 3f). As the Akkadian cuneiform writing was widely used in Egypt by Tutankhamun's predecessors, there is no doubt that Sargon's story also was well-known.

Moses had no choice but to flee from certain punishment after he had

in righteous indignation killed the guard in charge of the labour gangs. This was the Egyptian law then, and so it is today.

No country will willingly lose a supply of cheap forced foreign labour performing an essential public service. We are told in the Bible that it was the plagues which compelled the Egyptians to give way. No contemporary record of these plagues (*Exodus* 7-10) has been found in Tutankhamun's time or later, but with the exception of the death of the first-born, they can all be parallelled at different times in Egyptian history, and some are currently prevalent in Egypt.

Our brief review of early Hebrew and Egyptian history has not resolved the dating of the Exodus or enabled us to say with certainty who was the Hebrew leader in the reign of the Pharaoh Tutankhamun. Although I personally date the Exodus in the thirteenth century, and relate the personalities accordingly, definite factual record is so inconclusive that a wide range of theory is justifiable. But any visit to the Tutankhamun exhibition will be most rewarding to the student of the Old Testament, because it shows the affiliation and cultural background against which the early Hebrew leaders lived.

NOTE

Since writing the above article my attention has been drawn to recent research X-ray photography by Professor R. G. Harrison (Liverpool) and A. B. Abdalla (Cairo). Professor Harrison has already identified the remains of Tutankhamun's immediate predecessor as Pharaoh, Smenkhkare. His latest research confirms that the two pharaohs had very similarly shaped skulls. Examination of other bones supports this cranial evidence. Certain morphological features in both sets of humeri suggest genetic affinity. Harrison demonstrated earlier that Smenkhkare and Tutankhamun shared the same blood group.

Three important facts emerge from this research. It is reasonably confirmed that Tutankhamun was only 18 years old when he died. That the cause of his death was tuberculosis, as some scholars have maintained, can now be disproved, as the photographs show that the epiphysical plates in the spine are still intact. From the data Professor Fairman (also of Liverpool) concludes that the three pharaohs, Akhenaten, Smenkhkare, and Tutankhamun, were brothers, and that all were sons of Amenophis III. This is of course strong evidence for the revision of my supposition above that Akhenaten was the father-in-law of Tutankhamun. Furthermore the Professor states that Smenkhkare and Tutankhamun had the same mother. A full discussion of this research has been pubished in *Antiquity*, Volume 46, page 8, and shows that only along lines of study by scientific methods are we likely to resolve archaeological problems that defy our efforts of analysis through the use of traditional historical techniques.

[The Rev. E. L. B. Rogers has lived in Egypt and studied ancient Egyptian civilisation for many years. Following a period of research and study at Oxford and the University of Nottingham he is now engaged in parish work in the City of London.]

THE LAST DAYS OF SHELLEY

by Margaret Crompton

THE relationship between the various members of the so-called 'Pisa Circle' had already become somewhat frayed at the edges before the fateful decision was made for a summer migration to Spezzia. Shelley himself had for many months before the Pisa experiment been living through a period of accumulatory trouble culminating with the tragic deaths of his two children, William and Clara.

These deaths, heart breaking to Shelley, had been still more disastrous to his wife, Mary. She had withdrawn into herself, become outwardly stoical and tearless, and had lost something of the warmth of emotional feeling, inherited from her mother, which, to Shelley, had been one of her most endearing qualities.

> My dearest Mary, wherefore hast thou gone,
> And left me in this dreary world alone?

He struggled to express his bewilderment in poetry and there were moments when he had to drag up every remnant of his courage to face a future apparently so barren and cheerless. There were other problems too which seldom escaped his mind: the problem of his blood-sucking father-in-law, William Godwin's, insatiable demands for money: of Mary's 'half sister', Claire Clairmont, who had given birth to Byron's child and lived in a ceaseless agitation over the child's welfare: of blackmailing servants who knew too much about the Shelley household and tried to gain illicitly from their knowledge: of his own health and recurrent bouts of pain.

There was too, always, at the rock bottom of his consciousness, increasing rather than lessening with the years, the corroding suspicion of his own guilt in the past. The shock of his first wife, Harriet's, suicide had never really left him. Recently this unbearable episode had been brought up yet again for an agonised reappraisal by a painful correspondence he had unwisely embarked upon with Robert Southey. Southey had taken upon himself to chide Shelley for the wrong-headedness of his views on life. 'Opinions', Southey wrote, 'are to be judged by their effects and what has been the fruit of yours?—Have you found in them a rule of life conducive either to your own happiness, or to that of those most nearly and dearly connected with you? Or rather, have they not brought misery upon others, and guilt which is all but irremediable on yourself?' It was a bitter attack and Shelley reacted bitterly: 'Instead of refraining from "judging that you be not judged" you not only judge but condemn—you select a single passage out of a life otherwise not only spotless but spent in an impassioned pursuit of virtue, which looks like a blot—this you call *guilt*—I take God to witness—that you accuse me wrongfully.'

Where did the truth lie? Shelley himself in this impassioned plea for his own innocence perhaps protests too much. For there is no doubt that,

even before Southey's rubbing of salt in the wound, he frequently brooded over his own part in Harriet's unhappy death story, so much so that in the last year of his life, 1822, he was to write of himself as 'a prey to the reproaches of memory'.

There was much then, in these last months, to weigh on his mind. The foundation of the Pisa Circle was an effort to start a new life with a circle of friends, both old and new, who must essentially be compatible.

He and Mary, in the winter of 1820, found in Pisa comfortable top floor lodgings, described as 'very lightsome and spacious rooms', on the Lung' Arno. Late in 1819, after five 'hateful months without any children,' Mary had given birth to another son, Percy Florence, the one child who survived her, and who was to prove the comfort of her later life. It was hoped that the mild climate of Pisa would suit Shelley's health and prospects altogether seemed brighter. Friends gathered, and friends of friends, hearing of the Pisa Circle, became anxious to join it. Shelley's cousin, Thomas Medwin, was followed by an ex-Army friend of his, Edward Williams, with his 'wife' Jane. Later these were joined by the colourful figure of Edward Trelawny; Leigh Hunt was expected at any moment from England, while as hub and centre, to be installed in the magnfiicently large and imposing Palazzo Lanfranchi, came Byron with his menagerie of animals—horses, cats, dogs and peacocks—and his latest and last mistress, the pleasant and good-natured Countess Guiccioli.

At first all went well. There was a great deal of horseback riding, meetings at their various homes, intelligent conversation. Mary made a friend of the Countess Guiccioli and they went for drives together, Shelley read poetry, Jane Williams sang and played the guitar. But before long there were undercurrents of discord. Perhaps Shelley's greatest mistake had been the inclusion of Lord Byron in his new coterie. The bond between Shelley and Byron was purely intellectual, based on their dedication to poetry; as men they were totally dissimilar in character, in outlook, in almost every aspect of life. The situation was aggravated by the tug-of-war over Claire's child, Allegra. Allegra had been placed in Byron's care but, after a few months of spoiling and petting, Byron had grown tired of her and had banished her to a convent. The situation of the convent was unhealthy and Claire was in a ferment: bitterly antagonistic towards Byron, she tried to embroil Shelley in a plot to kidnap the child in order to 'rescue' her from her father's clutches.

Not unnaturally, Shelley refused. Two such tempestuous and fundamentally selfish people as Claire and Byron, ruthless in their hostility to one another, and implacable in their determination to have their own way in everything, exhausted him, and his own gentleness was no match for their ferocious scheming. Part of his effort to keep on friendly terms with Byron had been out of consideration for Claire and her interests, but now he longed only to get away, to extricate himself from the feuds they engendered. More and more he turned to Edward and Jane Williams, 'serene people' with whom he could escape into a more placid, peaceful

world.

The plan to spend the summer months in the Spezzia neighbourhood fired his imagination. He and Edward Williams shared a passion for boating and they intended to spend a large part of this holiday on the sea. Two new boats were ordered to be built at Genoa in the shipyards of a friend of Trelawny's, Captain Roberts. The larger boat was for Byron, the smaller for Williams and Shelley. Mary looked on as these plans were hatched with a growing apprehension. She and Jane Williams were both nervous of such ambitious schemes, for their husbands were, after all, both only seafaring novices. As drawings and charts of boats were spread on the table for Shelley and Williams to pore over, Jane leaned over her husband's shoulder and remarked prophetically: 'You are sketching your death.'

The men only laughed at such dramatic exaggeration and went ahead with their projects, Shelley's enthusiasm increasing tenfold when he found that, after all, Byron was not to be a member of the Spezzia party. A difficulty however proved to be the dearth of possible houses to let on the Spezzia coast.

Matters were expedited when disaster struck again and the Shelleys suddenly received the news that the child Allegra had caught a fever at the Convent and died. Shelley now was galvanised into action. At all costs, Claire must be separated from Byron and got out of Pisa before she heard this devastating news for herself; otherwise there was no knowing how she might react to the appalling confirmation of all that she had most feared. There was one house, *Casa Magni,* in the bay at Lerici, which was available and, even if it meant overcrowding, Shelley decided that they must all move there immediately. With the driving force which he could always conjure up in an emergency, the move was accomplished. The Shelleys, the Williams, Claire herself, accompanied by Trelawny, all left Pisa at a few hours' notice and took up their abode at Lerici. Here the agonising confrontation with Claire took place, in which, after the first wild rage against Byron, she accepted the tragedy with a surprisingly stoical resignation. This safely over, the inhabitants of the *Casa Magni* settled down to what they hoped would be a summer of quiet placidity.

Shelley from the first moment was fascinated with the *Casa Magni,* that odd and eerie house, flat roofed with arches, situated right on the water's edge. Only the upper floor was habitable, the lower suitable only for harbouring boats. On a fine clear day, from the outside terrace which stretched along the whole length of the building, there was a view, startling in beauty, of the whole wide expanse of bay. On a rough day, in contrast, the house was vulnerable to every gale and squall, foam swept round its walls, the noise of the waves becoming deafening, and the structure seemed almost to tremble with the force of the hurricane. As time went on too it was realised that all their nerves were considerably shaken by the shock of Allegra's death. The overcrowding was a discomfort and both Trelawny and Claire wisely took themselves off

elsewhere, Claire to return to Florence, Trelawny to Pisa. Shelley, who was now completely under the spell of the enigmatic Jane, her singing and her playing of the guitar, felt an increasing dependence on both her and Edward, while Mary, pregnant, listless, hating the strangeness of these new surroundings and violently disliking both the house and the communal housekeeping, became a depressingly fretful companion. Shelley's poetry at this time shows an increasing melancholy. Many of the poems are short lyrics, addressed mainly to Jane. Although he was happy at Lerici he knew that all his troubles were still threatening, temporarily kept at bay, but inescapable. As a precaution he asked Trelawny to obtain for him a small quantity of prussic acid. 'I have no intention of suicide at present', he wrote, 'but I confess it would be a comfort to hold in my possession that golden key to the chamber of perpetual rest'.

It was a great relief when the new boat arrived. Williams welcomed it as 'a perfect plaything for the summer' and eager plans were made by the two men to sail it themselves, with only the help of an inexperienced young boy of eighteen, Charles Vivian, instead of the skilled Genoese sailor recommended by Trelawny.

Shelley's attitude towards the sea had always been a strange one. Apparently serenely unconcerned over his own ignorance of the rudiments of seamanship, he showed at the same time an utter fearlessness. In many ways the attitude was fatalistic, an acceptance in advance of possible calamity, almost a death wish. Whether this state of mind was somehow connected with the memory of Harriet's death by drowning it is impossible to say, but in the past there had been some odd incidents difficult to explain. A few years earlier at Geneva, sailing with Byron, they had been caught in a squall and were in danger of foundering. Byron, an expert swimmer, planned to save Shelley and instructed him, in this eventuality, on no account to struggle. Shelley replied coolly that 'he had no notion of being saved', Byron must save himself and not trouble about anything else; later, describing the incident, Shelley explained that he felt 'in this near prospect of death a mixture of sensations among which terror entered but subordinately'.

With the arrival of the new boat, the *Ariel,* chances of further incidents multiplied. Williams tried in vain to get Shelley to manage the boat competently, but Shelley insisted upon combining steering with reading, one, as he explained, being mental, the other mechanical. On one occasion the mainsheet having jammed through Shelley's carelessness, Trelawny saw that, had there been a squall, the boat would have sunk. 'We should', he pointed out, 'have had to swim for it'. 'Not I', Shelley answered and assured Trelawny that he would have gone down with the boat. It seems that the mystery of what happened after death, particularly death by drowning, fascinated him. Taking Jane Williams out in the dinghy at Lerici one morning, he appeared disinclined ever to return to dry land. 'Let us', he suggested to her, 'together solve the great mystery'.

But during these last fateful days at the *Casa Magni* it seems that they were all in a strange psychic state which manifested itself in various odd ways. Shelley, who had loved Allegra and was haunted by her death, one evening grasped Williams violently by the arm and 'stared steadfastly at the white surf that broke upon the beach'; he insisted that he had seen quite plainly 'a naked child, Allegra, rise from the sea and clap its hands as in joy, smiling at him'. His nerves were still further disturbed when Mary had a dangerous miscarriage and she was only saved by his own promptitude and resource. Soon afterwards the unfortunate Mary was rudely awakened in the night by wild screams as Shelley rushed frantically from one room to another, in the throes of a nightmare which he insisted was no dream but a 'vision'—the house, so he said, had been collapsing on top of them and he had seen Edward and Jane, their bodies lacerated and faces blood-stained. He then told them of other recent waking 'visions' he had had, once meeting the image of himself as he walked on the terrace, the image saying to him 'How long do you mean to be content?' His highly strung nervous state reacted on the others and even the usually cool and calm Jane Williams saw Shelley one evening pass the window, walking on the terrace, and later re-passing, *the same way*. She rushed out to find nobody there and cried out in agitation to Trelawny inside the room: 'Good God! Can Shelley have leapt from the wall? Where can he be gone?' Trelawny was amazed 'Shelley is not here,' he stated, 'no Shelley has passed'. And indeed it was true. Shelley was miles away at the time.

It created a much needed diversion when they heard the good news that at last Leigh Hunt, expected for many months and detained in England by bad weather, was arriving in Italy. Williams and Shelley decided to go in their new boat *Ariel* to meet him at Leghorn. Mary, haunted by a sense of calamity, and weak from her recent miscarriage, was loth to part with them; she clung to Shelley and wept, imploring him not to leave her. But Leigh Hunt was Shelley's dearest friend, and go they must; so eventually last farewells were said and he and Williams embarked in the *Ariel* on their seven hour journey.

For Shelley the meeting with Leigh Hunt was an ecstatic one: the two men rushed forward to embrace one another with tears in their eyes. Days passed while Shelley helped to establish the overflowing Hunt family into the ground floor of Byron's palace: an unfortunate arrangement planned months earlier when Byron was in a more mellow mood and when he had even agreed to join forces with Hunt and Shelley in producing a new Liberal journal. This idea, after such prolonged delay, no longer appealed to him and he was cool and offhand to the Hunts, who were now without money or prospects.

Shelley, trying to sort out these problems, was aware of Williams's increasing impatience to return to their wives at Lerici. Eventually he realised that the departure could be postponed no longer and in the early afternoon of July 8, 1822—just one hundred and fifty years ago—the *Ariel* sailed out of Leghorn harbour to start the return journey. The

sky looked threatening and Trelawny's friend, Captain Roberts, had in vain tried to persuade them to wait another day; now, feeling anxious, Roberts went up the tower at the end of the mole and watched through his glasses. The *Ariel* disappeared into a fog and a short time later a violent storm broke over the sea: for twenty minutes or so there was pandemonium, the sky dark as night, ships scudding for shelter, a crashing hubbub of thunder, wind and rain. When at length the sky cleared and peace was restored the *Ariel* was nowhere to be seen.

Little is known of the moment of disaster and, ever since, the arguments have raged back and forth. Did the *Ariel,* with its overcrowded sails, capsize in a sudden gale? Was she swamped by a heavy sea? Was she accidentally run down by a felucca in the storm? Or—as many people are inclined to think—was she pursued by pirates who had heard rumours of money aboard, and who rammed and accidentally sank her before they had boarded her to obtain the gold?

All the three bodies were washed up on the shore within the next few days, scattered a few miles apart: Williams half stripped and with only one boot as though preparing to swim: the boy Charles Vivian in cotton jacket and trousers: Shelley, near Viareggio, fully dressed, with a volume of Keats's poems in his pocket, 'doubled back, as if the reader, in the act of reading, had hastily thrust it away'.

To conform with the quarantine laws, the bodies were burnt where they were found, funeral pyres being built on the beaches, and the ashes afterwards recovered. Shelley's ashes were eventually taken to Rome and buried in the Protestant cemetery. The grave was inscribed only with the words *Cor Cordium,* but later Trelawny added three lines from Shelley's favourite play, *The Tempest*: —

> Nothing of him that doth fade
> But doth suffer a sea change
> Into something rich and strange.

In many ways Shelley's death at this juncture has an air about it of inevitability. That strange sensitive soul, brave outwardly, yet sometimes despairing, had reached the end of the thin tether that had held him to life. Did he perhaps, when the moment came, welcome without fear or dismay the great mystery of death?

[Margaret Crompton is the author of *Passionate Search*: *a Life of Charlotte Bronte, George Eliot*: *The Woman* and *Shelley's Dream Women.*]

THE IRISH PROBLEM — A NEW APPROACH (2) FEAR IS THE KEY

by Sir Frederic Bennett, M.P.

LEAVING apart love there could surely be little argument that fear is the most pervasive and persuasive emotion in human relationships, especially those with political undertones. Perhaps paradoxically it is no less true that fear and one of its natural reactions, defiance, is most evident when the competing elements in any society are narrowly balanced. Throughout the world of today tensions reach their height where a community, be it racially, religiously or otherwise divided from another, is conscious that either it must maintain a precarious numerical majority or economic supremacy, or conversely where it is so narrowly a minority that the *status quo* is a precarious one.

Situations of this nature exist, for instance, in Guyana and to a smaller extent in Trinidad where the balance between the inhabitants of negroid origin on the one hand and Asiatic on the other are so finely drawn that the future of any one ultimate sectional dominance must long remain uncertain.

To those who argue that such examples have no application to Ireland because the Catholics and Protestants of Ulster are of one race, there is plenty of bloody evidence, much of it recent, to prove that a community does *not* need to be divided on grounds of different ethnic origin to exceed in intensity any internecine racial animosities in global history. This is no less tragically illustrated by the bitter, enduring hostility between Hindu and Moslem, though all brown skinned, in many parts of the Indian sub-Continent.

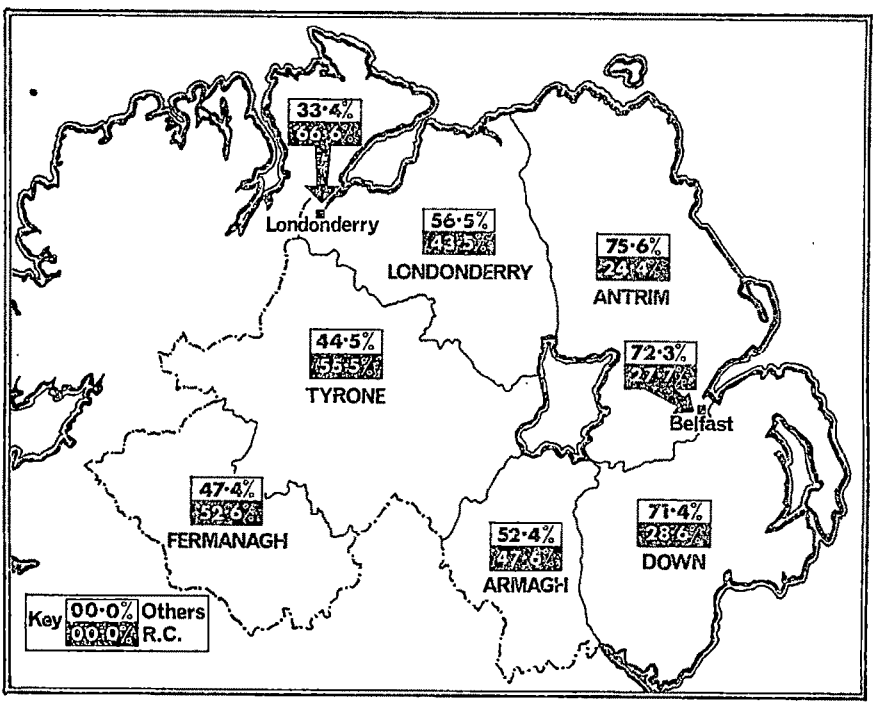
Where indeed is the interplay of forces of those wanting to maintain a *status quo* and those who wish to see it change better illustrated than in the case of Ulster? There the ingredients of see-saw tension exist in that the 58 per cent of the population who live by the concept of adherence to Britain see their limited dominance threatened by the lesser 42 per cent of those who would like to join the Irish Republic in the South—the latter percentage increasing daily because of a comparatively higher birth rate!

Just as on the one hand the still significant majority of the Protestant community in Ulster—in the six Counties as a whole—is determined that physical Catholic numerical expansion is not going to change their chosen way of life through the ultimate power of the Ballot Box, so on the other hand the Catholic Republican minority, or a significant section of it, is prepared to fight to the last ditch to prevent a prize so nearly within their grasp being lost by what they regard as the rear-guard action of a majority certain within a couple of decades to become a minority.

It used mainly to be claimed that the best way to achieve a settlement between two rival communities within a single state was to face them with the reality that they had to work together precisely because the

numerical proportions were actually or potentially so nearly balanced, that neither side, alone, could win. Like so many backroom theories this is the perfect example of the theoretically right conclusion to be drawn from a wholly wrong premise! Human nature being what it is, it is where realities *compel* a small minority to put up with the outlook of the majority that 'mutual tolerance' settlements are most easily reached. Contrasts of tense situations that obtain in Trinidad and Guyana are shown in other parts of the Caribbean and in Kenya where previously dominant white-European small minorities have accepted that their options are limited either to going away, or to staying at home *and* abiding by the majority manifestations of local political power, whether they approve of them or not.

If one accepts the contention that rationality in communal-political thinking is only possible where fear has been removed, is it possible to envisage a long term solution to the Irish problem as an alternative to the patchwork of ameliorative measures which successive British governments have undertaken during the past half-century? The following communal sketch map of Ulster, based on the latest available figures, surely provides a possible answer. At a glance it can be seen that of the six counties there is a substantial loyalist and predominantly Protestant majority in Antrim, Down and Armagh, and most of Londonderry, with the exception of Londonderry itself; while the opposite obtains in Tyrone, and Fermanagh. Looked at overall this results in a ratio balance of approximately 58 per cent/42 per cent, far too close to be comfortable for permanent acceptance



of the *status quo* by the minority even without reinforcing pressures from the Republican South.

If, on the other hand, one excludes Tyrone and Fermanagh, the overall percentages show a significant alteration in the resultant communal proportions. Of course mathematical juggling with present county communal populations cannot provide of itself a simple answer, although it could make a contribution to this end. Further thought would have to be given on the one hand to metropolitan Londonderry, as a separate but related problem area where, although Catholics outweigh the Protestants 2—1, the latter have historic ties with the strife-torn city almost analogous to the sentiments felt about Jerusalem by the Jews.

If we are to introduce realism in place of fantasy in regard to one aspect of the 'Irish Problem' by a fundamental re-appraisal of the U.K.-Eire constitutional relationship, one should be no less realistic in regard to acceptance of the fact that a substantial majority of the Catholic inhabitants of Ulster are only reluctant subjects of the British Crown and would prefer to be citizens of the Republic of Eire. It is of course true that most would prefer to accomplish this end by incorporation of their present homeland into the Republic without loss of any of the economic advantages they now enjoy within the framework of the United Kingdom social legislation! Doubtless some, if faced with the fact that they would suffer economically if their loyalties to Dublin were politically implemented, would be less enthusiastic. There are others who, one must fairly assume, would be willing to pay a standard-of-life reduction price in pursuit of a genuine, patriotic aim.

Thus, just as it is no good pretending that present Eireann citizens of the Republic are so nearly British that we ought to treat them, as we now do, as though they *were* wholly so, equally well it is useless to pretend that there are not many Ulster inhabitants who are no more British-inclined than their kinsfolk in the South, either in outlook or in allegiance. Hence a second essential stage in any long-term permanent settlement of the Irish problem must be to cater for their feelings. This could be accomplished in two ways. We could seek to negotiate with Dublin a more logical National frontier between Ulster and the South; or, if Dublin should decline to do this in the belief that non-co-operation would ultimately cause a war-weary Britain to abandon the whole, we could ascertain local opinion county by county or region by region through a once and for all referendum. This suggestion is wholly different from H.M.G.'s apparent determination to hold one on an overall Ulster basis which would do no more than achieve a result we can easily forecast in advance (and, in consequence, accomplish nothing except to harden attitudes), and thereafter to hold further periodic plebiscites, again on an all-Ulster basis, every decade or so. It would be hard to imagine a better prescription to ensure the regular graph of rising tensions as each new test of public opinion were to approach—with frenetic calculations being made as to how the communal birthrate had worked out since the last referendum. Nevertheless if negotiations to build a smaller Ulster with a population

overwhelmingly desirous of remaining within the U.K., and indeed completely integrated as a part of it, is not feasible through negotiation, there could well be a case for letting each area within Ulster decide its own future with the understanding that any remaining individual dissidents on either side of any new line would either have to accept respectively a British or Eireann way of life—and thereafter be assisted in moving either securely into Britain on the one hand or into Eire on the other; i.e. 'to take it or leave it'.

However drastic in contemporary thinking these ideas may sound, it is pertinent to recall that there was similar condemnation of steps taken after the First World War to stabilise a revised partitioned Province of Thrace as between Greece and Turkey, drawing a new Frontier on the most practical delineation possible and making up for inescapable disparities by movement of population. At the time there were few voices which did not criticise these processes as harsh and inhumane. Yet today the proof of the pudding can be seen in consequential peace and comparative harmony between these hitherto implacably hostile Balkan neighbours—on this explosive issue at least. Those who claim that a realistic political reallocation of territory between Ulster and Eire would on the one hand represent a sell-out to Dublin or on the other ensure a perpetuation of the division of Ireland, it could well be that once the two rival concepts of frustrated chances of future dominance on the one hand and the fear of lost current dominance on the other were removed, it might be sooner than we think before a truncated but secure Ulster would see the wisdom of some form of federal partnership with the South; with the South coming then to see the advantages of this being accomplished within the framework of a re-united British Isles.

The August issue of the *Contemporary Review* includes *The Rebirth of the Women's Movement* by Olive Stone, *Twilight over Salisbury* by John Biggs-Davison, M.P., *'Av We Eny 'Oap Fu' Bettr Speling?* by Sir James Pitman, K.B.E. and *Hong Kong: A Quick Look* by Pearl Jephcott.

CONCORDE

by Robin Maxwell-Hyslop M.P.

WHEN, ten years ago, Britain and France agreed to collaborate on a project to produce a supersonic civil airliner, the decision gave rise to a number of problems which were, individually and in combination, without precedent. For convenience of analysis and discussion these fall under a number of headings: problems of a technical nature, of budgetary forecasting and control, of the development of viable commercial operating techniques, and such political difficulties as the negotiation of supersonic over-flying rights.

Although in the course of its development the length of the fuselage was increased compared with the original design, the basic decisions which determined the form that the aircraft would take were made by the time of the initial announcement.

The most important single decision was to employ aluminium alloy, rather than stainless steel, as the material for the outer surfaces of the aircraft. While this removed extensive areas of uncertainty and risk, because aluminium alloys possess properties concerning which there was already a compendium of experience and knowledge, the upper safe operating temperature of this material placed a limit on the maximum cruise speed that is modest compared with that which the employment of stainless-steel alloys would have permitted. Whereas the techniques of machining and fabricating large and highly-stressed structures in aluminium were already highly developed, and its behaviour in the fields of fatigue, thermal-shock cracking, impact-damage, etc., already well established, the same could not be said of stainless-steel structures. Such experience as existed in the latter field was confined to very much smaller aircraft than Concorde was planned to be, and the flight-experience was limited to a trivial number of hours, none of it representative of civil operating conditions.

The decision to employ aluminium alloy entailed a maximum cruise speed of Mach 2.2 (about 1400 miles per hour), or about two and a half times the cruise speed of the sub-sonic jet airliners now in service. Concorde was designed to operate over the typical route-structure of major international airlines such as BOAC, Air France and Pan American, bearing in mind that the longer the journey, the greater is the comparative advantage of super-sonic over sub-sonic aircraft.

At this point it should be appreciated that what is of prime importance to the potential passenger is total journey time, not total flying time. Journey time includes the time taken between the point of origin and the airport, from reaching the airport to entering the aircraft, and the complementary process before arrival at the point of destination. For example, it generally takes longer to travel from an office in the City of London into an aircraft at Heathrow, and from an aircraft at Rome into the centre of that city, than it does to fly from London to Rome. Super-

sonic flight between London and Rome, therefore, offers a comparatively small percentage saving in the time taken by the whole journey. On the route from London to Sydney, via Beirut, Bombay and Singapore, however, the saving of ten and a half hours each way by Concorde not only represents an enormous percentage saving, but enables the passenger to employ twenty-one hours of his life in a manner other than sitting in an aeroplane.

In order to achieve the required performance, the development of the original design has resulted in an aircraft which, at the end of May 1972, had a maximum take-off weight of 385,000 lbs., an overall length of 204 feet, and a wing-span of 84 feet. With a typical payload of 28,000 lbs., Concorde is intended for a single-class layout with 128 seats positioned at a 34-inch pitch, two abreast each side of the central aisle.

Among the technical problems which had to be overcome in the design and development of Concorde, only a relatively small proportion are comprehensible to the layman.

The design of the wing-surfaces achieves a lift/drag ratio of 12.8 to 1 in sub-sonic flight, and 7.7 to 1 in supersonic flight. The total lift, of course, is the capacity to support the total weight of the aircraft, fuel and payload in flight. The drag is what the thrust developed by the engines has to overcome in order to propel the aircraft at the required speed in flight.The higher the lift/drag ratio, the more efficient the aircraft is aerodynamically, i.e. the less fuel it consumes to perform a given task. It will be noted that supersonic flight entails a very marked increase in the drag which has to be overcome by thrust from the engines.

The friction produced by the supersonic air-flow over the wing-surfaces results in the generation of high temperatures; indeed it is this factor (apart, of course, from the limit of cruise thrust available from the engines) which limits the cruise speed of the aircraft. When aluminium alloy, even of the high-temperature variety specified for Concorde, is heated beyond a certain point its physical properties deteriorate unacceptably. One technical problem is therefore to conduct this heat away from the areas of greatest local intensity, and disperse it into a large mass (known as a 'heat-sink') which can accept it innocuously. In the case of Concorde, the large quantity of fuel carried is used as the heat-sink.

The layout of the wing at the extreme rear of the fuselage, with its aerodynamic characteristics optimised for the cruise condition, means that compared with sub-sonic aircraft the posture of the aircraft as it comes in to land is necessarily one with the front of the aircraft high up. Were the long, pointed nose of the fuselage immovable, this would effectively obscure the view of the pilots. The nose is therefore pivoted so that it can be moved downwards out of the pilots' field of vision on take-off and landing. In flight, as well as the nose being returned to its straight-ahead position, a visor is raised to protect the windshield at the front of the cockpit from the aerodynamic heating at very high speeds.

The engines, quaintly (and misleadingly) bearing the designation 'Olympus 593', are unrecognisable from those 'Olympus' engines which

power the elderly Vulcan sub-sonic bombers. One can only assume that, as in the case of the Rolls-Royce 'Avon' 100 and 200 series engines, the device of employing the same name to cover two radically different families of engine was intended to convey the totally incorrect impression that money was being saved, compared with the 'alternative' of designing and developing 'another new' engine.

Supersonic engines differ from sub-sonic engines in a number of very important respects. A jet engine performs its function of propelling an airframe in flight by taking in a given weight of air, compressing it, mixing atomised fuel with it, burning the fuel to raise the temperature of the resulting gas, extracting part of the energy thus generated by turbines which, in turn, drive the compressors, fuel pumps, dynamos, auxiliary power-takeoffs, etc., and expelling the hot gasses rearwards at high velocity, thereby producing an equal and opposite reaction forwards. To this basic function are then added refinements; for instance, interposed between the back end of the engine and the nozzle through which the hot, high-velocity gasses are normally expelled to produce forward thrust, is a set of doors like eye-lids which, when closed into the normal path of the exhaust gasses, deflect them forwards, producing thereby a rearward force which decelerates the aircraft on landing, a task which would otherwise have to be performed by the brakes and tyres of the undercarriage.

The amount of fuel which an engine consumes in producing a given amount of useful work depends upon the individual efficiencies of its components, and these vary according to the speed at which the aircraft is flying, its altitude, the outside temperature, and a number of other factors. To achieve the maximum propulsive efficiency (and thereby, the maximum range for the aircraft from a given quantity of fuel) the nozzle through which each engine expels its high-velocity gasses into the external airstream must be variable, i.e. the size of the hole must be capable of being enlarged or diminished, rather in the same manner as the aperture size on many cameras can be varied within certain limits. Whereas cameras, however, only have to admit light through their variable apertures, jet-nozzles have to remain reliably functional while passing highly corrosive gasses at immense pressures and temperatures. Overcoming the design and development problems at this end of the engine has entailed immense expenditure of effort and money.

In the normal, sub-sonic jet engine, most of the compression of the air taken in at the front of the engine is achieved by rows of specially-shaped blades, the rows being alternately driven by a shaft from the turbines at the rear of the engine, and static. More sophisticated engines have their compressor divided into a number of sections, each driven by a different, concentric shaft from a different turbine, and rotating at a different speed. In the case of a supersonic engine, however, such a compressor would have an unacceptable internal drag, and much of the compression desired is obtained in a very ingenious manner, developed after the most prolonged and intensive experiment.

Just as a sponge can only be squeezed a certain amount before its resistance to being squeezed further suddenly rises, so the capacity of air to be compressed beyond a certain point ends abruptly. This is the so-called 'sound-barrier', i.e. the point at which the resistance to further compression suddenly intervenes. When an aircraft endeavours to pass through air at a velocity which results in this point being exceeded, it produces a shock-wave which is transmitted through the surrounding atmosphere, and impinges on the human ear-drum in a pressure-rise which the brain interprets as a 'bang'. In an analogous manner, the interposition of a specially shaped wedge into a carefully controlled position in the engine air-intake results, when the aircraft is flying at supersonic speed, in the production of a shock-wave which can be harnessed, in turn, further to compress the incoming air. This reduces the work which it is then necessary to perform in the mechanically operated part of the compressor, as described above.

The systems which control the varying relationships between all these components, to meet the requirements of alterations in aircraft speed, power required, altitude, temperature, etc., are of a degree of sophistication which the layman cannot accurately comprehend, and each must be developed to the point where their individual and collective inter-operation is utterly reliable.

In a totally different sphere are the systems which regulate the temperature, humidity, freshness, and oxygen-content of the air breathed by the passengers, despite the widely varying conditions of pressure, temperature, density, etc., of the atmosphere outside the aircraft.

The whole realm of electronic equipment for the automatic navigation, control, landing and handling of the aircraft, the monitoring of its engine performance, the regulation and location of its immense load of fuel: these are but a few of the matters to which hundreds of thousands of hours of design, development, testing and flight-proving must be devoted. All this costs money.

When the Concorde project was first authorised, the estimated cost of bringing the totality of effort embraced by the project bearing that name to the point of commercial production for airline service was between £150 and £170 millions, this cost to be divided equally between the British and French Governments, and (this is often forgotten) spread over the ten-year development period. Over the years, and including the major events of (a) the lengthening of the fuselage to enable more passengers to be carried, and (b) devaluation, this estimate has risen to no less formidable a sum of money than one thousand million pounds, still, of course, split between Britain and France, and spread over the ten-year period. This escalation was of a magnitude never previously experienced in any project, and the attempt to develop a system of budgetary and Parliamentary control has been conspicuous by its failure.

Given the will to carry the project to its consummation, it can be argued that control is not a relevant consideration, and that what is requisite is a high degree of monitoring instead. By this is meant that

it is not possible to anticipate the quantum of expenditure which will be required to overcome the multitudinous technical problems which must be mastered before the aircraft goes into production, but that not only should there be frequent revelation to Parliament of the moneys actually disbursed: whenever spheres of unexpected difficulty are encountered which alter the time-span of the development programme, this should be expressed in terms of the effect upon total cash-flow.

At the moment of writing, the first commercial sales of Concorde have yet to be made. It is already quite clear that little, if any, of the £1,000 millions expended in the design and development of Concorde will ever be recovered from the commercial customers. In fixing a price in the light of this appreciation, a guess must be made of the number of aircraft which will probably be sold, since (inflation aside) the cost of building each aircraft decreases with progress along the learning-curve, and the average cost per aircraft will therefore depend upon the eventual total sales. The eventual total sales, however, will be affected by (among other things) the price per aircraft; so these guesses about the quantum of sales (conventionally dignified with the name 'sales-forecasts') are of great importance.

Aeroplanes, however, are not sold to statistical abstractions: they are sold to airlines, or they are not sold at all. Most airlines today have a bad credit-rating. They are suffering from an over-capacity of expensive aircraft which they are unable to fill profitably with a quantity of traffic which simply has not increased to the extent expected. The airlines' cash-reserves are depleted, and their prospects in a high-risk business uncertain, to say the least. The fares which they charge, and the routes which they are permitted to fly are not under their own control, and often not under that of their own governments to any effective degree.

Into this baleful situation is now injected the prospect of buying Concorde at an initial price of £23 millions per aircraft, knowing that it cannot be operated at all without the negotiation of special operating rights, none of which have yet been granted because of the potential annoyance caused to people, and possible damage to structures, underneath its supersonic flight-path. To many airlines, Concorde represents an opportunity to buy an aircraft they do not need, with money they have not got, to fly routes which may be forbidden to them. Such a temptation falls short of the irresistible. On the other hand, once a competitor has commenced a supersonic service, either it is matched by a purchase of Concordes, or it is not matched at all, the only competitor in view being a Russian aircraft which, as far as can be discerned, shows no sign of meeting the safety and operational requirements which Concorde has already met.

If Concorde goes into airline service, it is expected to attract purely the business traveller who does not mind paying a surcharge for the undoubted convenience of much faster travel. Whereas, for instance, with sub-sonic aircraft a businessman cannot go into his office in London, do half an hour's work there, fly to a meeting in New York, return to his

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office that afternoon and deal with matters which happened in the course of that day, he can do just this if he flies in a Concorde. This opens a completely new market, not just an improvement in convenience for the existing market. But the market which, over the last few years, has been expanding so persuasively is not that of surcharged business travel (unlike the period 1950-1965). It is the low-cost, high-density market of the inclusive-tour holiday, now epitomised by the wide-bodied aircraft with their lower seat/mile costs.

If airlines are in business to maximise their profits, it is arguable that such capital resources as they can tap will yield a better and more certain return serving this rapidly-expanding market, then speculating as to whether they will be able to obtain an economic return by investing in a fleet of Concordes. One of the problems of the latter course is that the very market which Concorde is intended to serve will be most selective in the times at which it is prepared to fly. This will make it particularly difficult to schedule flights so as to combine a profitable load-factor with a profitable utilisation. Though problems of scheduling lend themselves to an easier solution when there is a large fleet of aircraft to juggle with, large fleets are not purchased at £23 million per aircraft in the prevailing financial circumstances of most of Concorde's potential customers.

While the price-tag for taking the lead for the second time (the first was an automatic landing) from the most technologically advanced country in the world (the U.S.A.) will be, for Britain, in excess of £500 millions, and possibly £700 millions when the books are closed, the cash benefits are entirely speculative. It was an act of faith in Anglo-French technical brilliance, and it is quite certain that the future of the British aero-space industry lies in the field of inter-European co-operation, or not at all. Even if Concorde, therefore, proves to be the most expensive non-commercial gesture in which this country has ever participated, it may in the perspective of history prove a creatively critical phase in the restructuring of an industry which has earned for Britain such immense sums of foreign currency since 1945, and saved Britain such substantial sums which would otherwise have gone across the currency exchanges in purchasing imported aircraft. For a country with few natural resources, it is particularly important to develop and maintain industries which achieve the highest possible ratio of export sales price to the cost of the imported raw materials embodied in those exported commodities. The aero-space industry exemplifies this, and Concorde exemplifies, however exotically, the highest form of that art.

EAST PAKISTAN, 1947-1971

by John E. Owen

TO understand the present situation in East Pakistan, one must review the conditions under which the province came into being.

The Indian subcontinent had for centuries been occupied by the two population elements, Hindus and Muslims, each devoted to their distinctive faith and way of life. Their relationships, as is so often the case with ethnic elements living in close proximity, were marked by bitterness, hostility, and animosity; attitudes that had deep roots in Indian history, memories of warfare, subjugation, and economic-political rivalry.

The Hindus had for long been the dominant element, both in educational and economic status, as well as numerically. For example, in the 1941 Census of India, there were 255 million Hindus and only 94 million Muslims. The Muslims under their leader, Mr. Mohammad Ali Jinnah, founded the Muslim League to work for independence and to promote the welfare and political strength of their people. In 1940 they passed a famous resolution, the Pakistan Resolution, being afraid that in an independent India they would be submerged by the dominant Hindus.

But the two groups had lived together for centuries, and many persons felt at the time (and many others later) that to divide a continent into two nations on the basis of religion would only create new problems and not solve the old ones. But at the end of World War II, after very protracted negotiations between the British Viceroy, Mr. Nehru, and Mr. Jinnah, terms were finally agreed upon that those parts of India, the extreme Northwest and the extreme Northeast, where the Muslims were in a majority, would become the new nation of Pakistan. On August 15, 1947, the subcontinent became independent and Pakistan was born.

But she was born in conflict and chaos. Large-scale violence erupted when rioting and carnage broke out between the Hindus and Muslims. Each group retaliated against attacks and rumours of attacks by the other as millions of Muslim refugees fled from India to the new Pakistan and Hindus leaving their former homes in what was now Pakistan were slaughtered. The death roll is reliably estimated in the hundreds of thousands, if not the millions. The conditions of Pakistan's birth were tragic in the extreme; the memory of the bitterness of those months has never been forgotten.

Pakistan as a nation had to begin with literally nothing but the will of her people to survive. In addition to the internal problems of creating a new nation, her relations with India in the months following Partition of the subcontinent had so deteriorated that war between the two countries seemed inevitable. She had no government and no capital city. The entire structure of government had to be instituted from the foundations during a period of great civil strife and chaos. Even ten years after independence, approximately 20 per cent of the population of West Pakistan consisted of refugees, and the 1951 Census showed that East Pakistan

had to absorb 700,000 Muslims who left India. Although over a million Hindus left the region that became East Pakistan, for the neighbouring state of West Bengal (India), about seven million remained.

Pakistan's problems were from the start intensified by the geographic division of the nation into two wings, separated from each other by over a thousand miles of Indian territory. This factor of their division played a big part in contributing to political and economic instability. It was in fact an unworkable arrangement from the beginning. The two regions were essentially different in almost every respect: culturally, linguistically, economically and geographically they were two separate countries with little communication between them. For example, East Pakistan spoke Bengali while in West Pakistan the main medium was Urdu. West Pakistan is the easternmost edge of the Middle Eastern desert, while East Pakistan is the western-most part of the Malayan river-jungle complex. The east wing had a considerable Hindu population (about 10 million before the recent conflict) and a small Buddhist population in addition to the dominant Muslims. The Bengalis of East Pakistan have a different cultural and racial heritage from that of the Sindhis, Punjabis and Pathans of the West wing. They were physically distinct, and many had been low-caste Hindus centuries ago before their conversion to Islam.

The two areas also had a vastly different terrain and natural hazards. West Pakistan is extremely dry wheat-growing desert country, very similar in climate and topography to America's southwestern desert states of Arizona and New Mexico. Its physical problems stem from lack of water. 'No water means no Karachi,' a government official told the writer in 1958. But in the monsoon climate of East Pakistan, where rice, jute, and tea are grown, an excess of water causes flood dangers from the Ganges and Brahmaputra rivers. Tidal waves, cyclones and hurricanes are a recurrent hazard in the Bay of Bengal.

The only link between the two Pakistans was their common Muslim faith, a joint tradition of British rule, and the use of English by the educated classes of both wings. A minor link was Pakistan International Airlines, but 99 per cent of the population of each wing could not afford to use it, even if they had any ties with the other, which they did not. The two regions had a mere artificial unity super-imposed by political and religious forces, but all sense of community between the two ended there. Islam never proved an effective bond of cohesive union between them.[1] In temperament and personality, the peoples were quite different. The Pathans were hardy aggressive warriors, with a long history of fighting in the Khyber Pass during the British regime. The Bengalis, a much smaller and darker people, were inclined to the arts, poetry (Tagore came from Bengal), rhetoric, and philosophical discourse.

The West wing was by far the more advanced of the two, since it was endowed with more natural resources, established institutions, and a broader base of trained manpower. But East Pakistan, as an impoverished province sliced out of the Indian state of West Bengal, began its new political existence with vast problems that appeared almost insuperable

in 1947.

Calcutta, the cultural centre and leading trade metropolis of the region, fell to India with the result that East Pakistan lost West Bengal's jute factories. Industrialists from West Pakistan and the Middle East came in to establish their own factories near Dacca, the new provincial capital. From being a small hinterland town, Dacca after 1947 was suddenly faced with a huge influx of refugees and the consequent population increase laid great strain upon all her municipal resources. Within shortly over a decade her population doubled to 500,000 and the central slum district of Old Dacca reached a population density of 12,000 per square mile.

The two Pakistans might possibly have survived as one if West Pakistan had been willing to treat the east wing as an equal, but this never happened. There was mutual animosity but very little communication between the two, East Bengalis feeling resentment at being treated as a 'colony' of the more prosperous western province. The bulk of Pakistan's foreign exchange was earned by the jute industry of East Pakistan, but it was a source of keen displeasure that most of the money so earned (60 per cent) was utilised for the industrial development of West Pakistan. Though it had only one-sixth of the nation's land area, East Pakistan had more than half the population. But 85 per cent of its top officials were from the West, as were the army rulers. And three-fourths of the foreign aid went to the west wing. For example, as early as 1958, the dollar aid ratio from the U.S. was 17 to 5 in favour of West Pakistan. Even just after Partition in 1947, the per capita income of West Pakistan exceeded that of East Pakistan by 10 per cent. By 1960 the discrepancy was 30 per cent, by 1965 it was 40 per cent, and by 1969, 60 per cent.

The Central Government bureaucracy was manned almost entirely by West Pakistanis, and they took into their own hands the control and direction of the flow of strategic economic resources. The entire machinery of the economy (a system of controls and various public and semi-public corporations) was manipulated to divert resources from East Pakistan and to use the bulk of overseas aid for the rapid economic growth of the West wing. During the 1950s decade, only one-third of public investments went to the East wing. During the period from 1960 to 1965, the East wing's share in public investment was only 37 per cent, compared with the West wing's 63 per cent. And government-sponsored corporations allotted only one-third of their loan funds for industrial credit and investment to the East wing, despite its increasing population.[2] So with every passing year, the West wing became more industrialised and prosperous, while conditions in East Pakistan deteriorated and life became increasingly a fierce economic struggle to exist for the majority of her people.

The terms of Partition also had a retarding influence upon the province. India and Pakistan were natural mercantile partners but there was a minimum of trade between them after 1947. India was a great potential market for East Pakistan's raw jute. Similarly, East Pakistan desperately needed the consumer goods made in India. But the Indian market was

closed to Pakistan and she in turn lacked the foreign exchange to buy the goods that India produced. For the Bengalis of the East wing Calcutta had been their 'Mecca', a great metropolis where the shops were replete with articles that India lacked. New port facilities at Chittagong and Khulna had to be built up to replace the loss of Calcutta as a trading outlet to world markets.

Of the two wings, East Pakistan was always beset with some indigenous problems. Ninety-six per cent of its population is rural and over 80 per cent of its total labour force was in agriculture (mainly rice and jute growing). The province stood in urgent need of modern farm techniques and machinery, but this would have resulted in more widespread rural unemployment, already an acute problem. Its economic difficulties arose from a shortage of raw materials, industry, and markets, and a decline in the world market for jute, combined with a rising population density that stood at 800 persons per square mile in 1958 and reached 1,200 by 1970. Combined with inflation and lack of industrial development, this led to a sharp decline in the living standards of its masses of agriculturalists. The yield of rice per acre rose only very slowly in the years after 1947, and the Bengali rural labourer using very primitive farming methods had an income of less than two rupees per day. When it is realised that the rupee was approximately equal to nine new pence, the tragically low living standard can be easily imagined.

Undeveloped welfare institutions and a prevalent lack of knowledge of health care combined with the supernaturalistic fatalism of the agricultural peasants to produce a very high infant mortality rate and a life-expectancy of less than thirty years. An impure water supply, in which the village pond was used for all purposes, was a factor in ravaging diseases, such as cholera, typhoid, dysentery, malaria and tuberculosis. Over 80 per cent of the people were illiterate, and the educational facilities were such that most children had dropped out of school by their fourth year of attendance. There was in the early 1960s one qualified doctor for every 18,000 persons and one social worker for every million. The entire province provided an excellent case-study of the problems of a new and undeveloped nation faced with the immediate necessity to compete in world markets and provide a viable and social-political structure for its people.

West Pakistan also had vast poverty but growing industrialism and advances in wheat-growing led to bettering the conditions of life for its 55 million people. Karachi, Lahore, and Islamabad (the new capital) are today impressive modern cities with fine roads and buildings, residential areas, universities, and government edifices. Lahore, once termed 'The Paris of the Orient,' had long been a cultural centre since the days of Rudyard Kipling. Its Punjab University, established in 1884, was and is the fourth oldest in the entire subcontinent. So while West Pakistan did begin with a more established economic and cultural base, the east wing had very little. Its one university at Dacca, established by the British in 1921, was injured at Partition by the exodus to India of many scholarly

Hindu professors.

Both wings suffered for over a decade from a lack of competent and dedicated leadership. Mr. Jinnah died in 1948, and there was no experienced body of civil servants who could be relied upon for integrity of administration. Nor was there a well-developed party system. The cost of government was exorbitantly high and a heavy ratio of the national revenue was devoted to defence (against India). The army for several years was the one group not affected by the widespread corruption, and in 1958 under Field Marshal Ayub Khan it declared martial law. This did provide a measure of stability. President Khan (no relation to Yahya Khan) was described by former British civil servants and army officers as a sincere patriot who had his country's best interests at heart. But no one man could solve the vast problems of the nation, and as the conditions worsened in the east wing after 1960, with rising student and labour unrest, President Khan resigned office in 1969.

Attempts were made in the 1960s decade to give more economic and political parity to the east wing, but it was too late. The disparity between the two wings grew, and the impact of technological change and rising urbanism in East Pakistan only engendered an ethos of frustration and a disrupting of the traditional social structure, creating a new class of alien industrialists, and exacerbating the deep social divisions within the province. The rising middle class did not have time to establish themselves or exert any stabilising influence over the popular unrest at deteriorating economic conditions.

East Pakistan was in fact a heterogeneous mixture of divergent population elements, in which illiteracy precluded the emergence of an enlightened public opinion and a shared system of values and norms upon which all segments of the society could agree, with the exception of resentment against West wing dominance. 'There will be instability here for forty years,' a Bengali intellectual told the writer in 1962. A strong sense of alienation arose between the native Bengalis and other Muslims who fled to East Pakistan as refugees from the Indian state of Bihar in 1947. This division continued despite the fact that they were both Muslim. The society also became one in which barriers of outlook and experience divided the newly rich industrialists and Western-trained from the mass of illiterate peasants. In the meantime, almost all areas of life showed the tensions accruing from rapid urbanism (Dacca and Chittagong by 1968 had each 800,000 people) and the imposition of urbanism upon an essentially feudal agricultural way of life.

The region also suffered from a lack of any philosophy of working for the common welfare or community advancement. In view of the fiercely competitive economic struggle for very survival, this was not surprising. Concepts of co-operative endeavour and a sense of mature nationhood could not easily take root in such a setting. A 1963 government report indicated that a Bengali family would need 130 rupees per month (about 130 Finnmarks) for a subsistence income, but tens of thousands had to exist on less.

There was also marked divergence of opinion as to the 20th century meaning and social relevance of Islamic teachings. Since Pakistan was founded upon Islamic principles, the role of religion in her culture cannot be ignored.[3] Orthodox Muslim elements tried to make the nation a theocratic state with rigid adherence to Koranic teachings upheld by law. But the educated Westernised elements, like educated youth in many countries, showed a tendency to regard traditional religion as irrelevant to modern life. There were diverse interpretations (modernist, traditionalist, securalist) as to what Islam actually meant, and the reconciliation of an ancient faith with the modern world was never actually achieved.

It was also a strange paradox that the Bengali Muslims of East Pakistan had much more in common with the Bengali Hindus of the neighbouring state of West Bengal in India. They were Bengalis first, Muslims second and Pakistanis third, in habits, outlook and customs. They had far closer ethnic, economic and linguistic ties with West Bengal a few hours away by train, one hour by plane, than with alien West Pakistan a thousand miles distant. Students and others who visited West Pakistan from Dacca told the writer that it was like a foreign country to them. Many of the Bengalis had relatives in India. For example, the former Vice-Chancellor (Rector) of Dacca University had a brother who until recently served as President of India. Ironically, many army officers on both sides of the recent conflict had attended the same military academies in India and Britain.

In view of the province's having had to begin with so little, less than a quarter of a century ago, East Pakistan's continued existence until 1971 was a remarkable achievement. And in the realms of secondary and higher education, technical institutes, public health, welfare, housing, transport and recent industrialisation, partly owing to foreign aid solid gains had been made since 1960 and even since 1965. But these gains were nullified by inflation, population increase, natural calamities, and continuing instability and unrest. And events since March 1971 have destroyed all the progress that the province had made, and an unworkable bifurcation into two wings, with one exploiting the other, came to an end, in brutality, genocide and war. East Pakistan was born in tragedy and she has died in tragedy, and the future of the area is full of too many imponderables that render prediction hazardous.

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1 See William J. Barnds, 'Pakistan's Disintegration,' *The World Today*, 27(8): 319-329 (August, 1971).

2 The concentration of industry in the West wing after 1947 is portrayed in Gustav F. Papanek, 'The Location of Industry,' *Pakistan Development Review*, X(3): 291-309 (Autumn, 1970).

3 The author's 'Islam and Social Structure in East Pakistan,' *Internationale Spectator* (The Hague), XXIII(12): 1166-1172 (June 22, 1969) elaborates this problem.

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POST-WAR OXFORD, 1918-1922

by Kenneth Lindsay

IN 'A Freshman's Diary', privately printed by Basil Blackwell, William Elmhirst (brother of Leonard Elmhirst) tells the story of an undergraduate's life at Worcester College, Oxford 1911-1912. Sir John Masterman (then a contemporary) writes in an Introduction: 'Willie was neither a distinguished scholar nor an outstanding athlete. Too often our picture of past times in Oxford (as elsewhere) is taken from the memoirs of the brilliant and unusual, or painted in the glaring colours of the satirist, striving for literary effect. . . . William was conventional, ready and willing to enjoy what Oxford had to offer'; and later 'The majority of every body of freshman when they come up in Michaelmas term feel and rightly that with them

> The world's great age begins anew,
> The golden years return.

Willie Elmhirst was killed on the Somme in 1916, along with thousands of others of my contemporaries.

Now let me quote from a book written well after the Second World War—*The Fox in the Attic* by Richard Hughes: 'Oxford is always luminous, but at first in those post-war days Oxford had been an older and more hysterical society than in normal times'. The important point to make at the outset is that Richard Hughes (best known as the author of *High Wind in Jamaica*) came straight from school to Oxford and as he later writes: 'between him who had never seen the trenches and those the remnant who for years had killed and yet somehow had not been killed back, an invisible gulf was fixed. Friendship could never quite bridge it'. I wonder if many would agree with this comment; at any rate he should never have used the word 'hysterical' about post-war Oxford. For a careful writer the word is almost unpardonable.

Picture my generation, or what was left of it in 1919, arriving straight from the trenches to the calm of Oxford; Brigadiers and Bombardiers; Conscientious Objectors and ex-prisoners of war, like Charles Morgan; others, like Stephen Potter and John Stewart Collis, had experienced only Officer Cadet Battalions at Bushey or elsewhere in England; then there were those who came direct from school; but again school-days, 1914-18, were hardly normal. Never had there been such a medley of young and old jostling together or such an outpouring of views, political, literary, social and artistic. Magazines of every kind, such as *Isis*, and old clubs were revived and scores of new ones founded. Union debates were crowded and reported in the *Morning Post* by a Mr. F. W. Peaker, whose son was at my college, Worcester. I was President of the Union, preceded by Hore-Belisha and followed by Edward Marjoribanks (who was for a short period Member for Eastbourne and the biographer of Marshall-Hall). Perhaps we took ourselves seriously, if that is a debit mark. But we entertained Churchill, Lloyd George, Asquith, Birkenhead,

Chesterton and Horatio Bottomley (Beverley Nichols' guest) and Ramsay Macdonald, whose son Malcolm arrived straight from Bedales, as did John Rothenstein later from the same school. There was a model League of Nations set-up fathered by James Parkes, now the greatest authority on Judaism and Christianity. There was a freedom of the spirit, which has been compared with the days of Erasmus.

Name-dropping—in spite of William Elmhirst—in this connection is inevitable, because the story of these years is still unwritten. In addition to a few names already mentioned, I recall at random many others from this period: Anthony Eden, Cyril Radcliffe, Roy Harrod, Leslie Hartley, James Laver, Christopher Hollis, Gerhardi, Louis Golding, Bob Boothby, Victor Cazalet, Dilys Powell, Maurice Colbourne and Robert Harris (actors), John Strachey (then a Conservative) not to mention a score of fellow athletes and a few aesthetes—*not a bad vintage.* In the senior ranks there was still the great humanist, Gilbert Murray, 'that great poet whose play Euripides has so inadequately translated'—(a typical wisecrack from Philip Guedalla); Sir Walter Raleigh, Lewis Namier, R. H. Tawney (once a week), the Stocks, Mary and John; Sandey Lindsay and Sir Ernest Barker; younger dons like Julian Huxley, Godfrey Elton (ex-prisoner of war) and J. B. S. Haldane mixed freely with us and left their imprint. Robert Graves was up at Headington, but had seen too much war to join in Oxford Life, but John Masefield was much in demand and occasionally obliged; W. B. Yeats and T. E. Lawrence could be seen about the place.

It was in this atmosphere that my generation at Oxford grew up. Some of us had survived World War I and thought ourselves lucky to be alive. Some cultivated the private life and attended to their studies or hobbies —Anthony Eden is a good example. Others discoursed in learned societies, read 'papers' and became wise in their generation and in some cases in later life. An outstanding example is Lord Radcliffe, the distinguished lawyer, who has presided over countless Commissions and given countless Inaugural Lectures. Others, with no political interests, joined the Oxford University Dramatic Society (O.U.D.S.) or the Bach Choir or married and went their own charming way. I can think of many, but Dilys Powell chooses herself, because I heard her own Broadcast on the period a few years ago. A few, a very few, fell for Buchmanism; but a certain number dedicated themselves, mostly through some form of religious conversion, to the Church and good works.

I developed, what school and war had initiated, a strong interest in politics and social reform and became a founder member of the Labour Club and its Chairman and subsequently President of the Union. None of my family had been to Oxford, nor had I heard of the Union when I was wounded at Ypres in 1917. But four years later I found myself presiding at a unique ceremony, when Dr. Strong, Bishop of Ripon, unveiled a tablet to commemorate Presidents of the Union who had been killed in the war; the names included an Asquith, a Gladstone and a Talbot. Mr. Morrah quoted in his history of the Oxford Union the

following too flattering words used by the Bishop. 'It was wholly fitting that it should have fallen to Mr. Lindsay to preside on this occasion. He represented, in a newer sense, the newer age. The cause of Labour, which he espoused, is not one to which Oxford will ever show indifference. In Mr. Lindsay, the gospel of the Union might be said to be centred, for *new enquiry is a gospel in itself.*' I would prefer to leave this judgement to a later chapter. But to round off this particular period, I must add that it fell to me to take the first Oxford Union team to debate in America. We visited Bates College, Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Swarthmore and other colleges for two weeks; but I stayed on in America for a year and from this introduction to North America and especially from some lasting personal friendships much happened and in particular a development of the concept *'New enquiry is a gospel in itself.'* I went for a fortnight and stayed a year, thanks to Dorothy Whitney Straight who later became Mrs. Elmhirst of Dartington Hall.

Why has this exciting period of post-war Oxford escaped an historian, while succeeding years in the 'twenties and 'thirties have attracted several books, thanks to Maurice Bowra, Evelyn Waugh and others? Apart from a somewhat transparent 'novel' by Beverley Nichols, called 'Patchwork', published in 1921, little remains of post-war Oxford apart from memories in a few autobiographies, such as those of Christopher Hollis and of J. S. Collis. Was this a missing generation? There was hardly a generation gap. Perhaps nobody cared to be the recorder, the historian of what I still feel to be an exciting story. Possibly reflection on a past period of great happiness is apt to induce exaggeration? It would be interesting to compare the period 1945-48 at Oxford after a Second World War.

Perhaps each succeeding generation throws up its giants or at least its promising if not prominent characters. Oxford has a habit of renewing itself and fortunately this excellent habit continues to-day. Perhaps Oxford (1918-22) was a little more interesting and purposive in those days, as I now recollect them in tranquility.

[Kenneth Lindsay has served as Independent Member of Parliament for the Combined English Universities and as Parliamentary Secretary for the Board of Education. Publications include: *Social Progress and Educational Waste* and *Towards a European Parliament.*]

WHEN THE WHEELS STOP TURNING

by C. J. White

MINING men have a saying that while the wheels keep turning all is well. The spidery pair perched on top of a colliery headgear are the key to production. As long as they continue to spin around coal is coming up the shaft. When they are silent for any length of time trouble may be brewing.

A mine manager's reputation and peace of mind depend to a large degree on the amount of mineral his mine produces. He has officials to whom he delegates responsibility for safety precautions, training schemes, costs, wages and all the other departments incidental to an efficient organisation.

He also has production officials, by whom his plans are translated into action. Yet the mainspring, on which the success or otherwise of the whole undertaking pivots, is the amount of mineral produced. If this is as planned, then the mine manager in particular is well satisfied. If not, he is the man who has to know the reason—and make the explanations.

On occasion, when labour is withheld owing to a dispute, the wheels perforce stand idle. This breakdown in production, when due to a cause over which individual management has no control, provokes a reaction otherwise unknown in such a set-up.

Instead of the usual panic engendered by such a cessation of activities, there is a feeling almost of relief. The wheels have stopped turning and there is nothing to be done about it. No spate of telephone calls. No hurried mobilisation of repair gangs to tackle breakdowns. An atmosphere almost of euphoria reigns.

The manager brings his paper-work up to date. He holds planning conferences with his production staff. For a while officials of various departments carry on as usual. Engineers take the opportunity to make overhauls of idle plant and machines.

Yet there is an underlying feeling of unease. The wheels have stopped turning. Something should be done about it. Yet there is nothing to be done.

As the stoppage drags on a pattern of sorts evolves. Plans are made for major overhauls of machinery *if*. . . . But one is never sure if the time will be long enough. Better wait a few more days. Later there will be regrets that repairs were not begun earlier in the stoppage.

Owners of cars will be aware that a car deteriorates more quickly when left idle than when regularly used. The same applies to a mine's machinery. Many of the machines in use are as intricate as those in a factory or workshop.

Some of those used primarily for safety, such as for pumping, ventilation and shaft winding are of course used almost as much as normally, even during a strike, unless as, during the recent stoppage, opposition is expressed to the continuance of inspection and safety measures. Those

used solely for coal getting and transport perforce stand idle and have to be vigilantly checked and maintained.

Coal mining is an extractive industry. That is to say, mineral lying deep in the bowels of the earth is taken away without replacement. What is known in mining areas as 'subsidence' is caused by overlying beds settling down to fill the gap from which coal has been extracted.

When work proceeds normally and the production faces advance regularly, the stresses induced are controlled. In the roadways through which mineral is hauled to the shaft geological pressures are offset by an adequate support system.

When production faces cease to advance regularly trouble is experienced. Roof conditions deteriorate, water percolates through, gas may be emitted. In order to ensure a reasonable restart when the stoppage ends, these matters must be attended to.

Production and safety officials, reinforced by any assistance available, patrol vulnerable areas constantly. They endeavour to arrest any disruption in every way possible. As time passes, despite the fact that production is at a standstill, these officials find themselves more busily occupied than ever. The period of euphoria is over, and everyone concerned is anxious as never before to see the wheels turning normally again.

An outsider is inclined to the opinion, mistakenly, that when mineworkers go on strike the mine's officials have a holiday. In fact their tasks are often rendered much more difficult thereby.

Eventually, the day arrives when a restart is signalled. If the stoppage has been prolonged, Nature as well as human beings has ensured that, down below, resumption of regular production will be delayed.

The manager will then peer out anxiously at the wheels which should now be turning briskly again. Inevitably, there will be a time lag until conditions at the working faces return to normal. On occasion he will take up his telephone to enquire as to progress. At least he is thankful that one reason why the Wheels Stopped Turning has at last been resolved.

[C. J. White is a retired Mining Engineer living at Tredegar, Monmouthshire.]

THE GUARDS ARE HOME

by A. J. R. Groom

THE problem of who guards the guards has not been of vital concern in Britain since the Civil War. Indeed, civil-military relations in Britain are often considered exemplary—all the more so compared with those of some NATO allies. Turkey and Greece have experienced military coups; high-ranking Italian officers have revealed a taste for active politics; even in the United States President Eisenhower saw fit to warn against the encroachment of the military-industrial complex on traditional liberal values and democratic ideals.

France is the most obvious NATO power to have had strained civil-military relations. In the Third Republic the armed forces were thought of as *'la grande muette'*. Nevertheless they had an important, indeed a predominant, political role in some of the overseas territories, but not in the metropole. It was the loss or 'betrayal' of this overseas role that provoked the dramatic confrontations between the civil and military authorities of the last decade.

How does the British record compare? Because Britain is an island the Navy has traditionally constituted its first line of defence. It is difficult for a Navy to threaten the civilian power; it cannot march on the capital. Britain's geostrategic situation has not, except in the two world wars, made a large army a military necessity. In consequence, conventional wisdom has held a large standing army to be a potential threat to civilian institutions. The British Army has had a two-fold purpose: preparation for use as an expeditionary force on the Continent, and the colonial policing role. Neither has involved it in active operations (or active politics) in Britain. The advent of the R.A.F. made little difference to this. In short, Britain's armed forces had an overseas vocation, and this goes far in explaining the traditionally happy state of civil-military relations in Britain: the services were *'la grande muette'*.

The armed forces were, however, far from having a negligible political impact. The conquest of a third of humanity, and still more its administration, made the armed forces a political instrument and, over the centuries, a political actor. The development of a capability to support the civil power in overseas territories by the Army, gunboat diplomacy by the Navy and air control of remote areas by the R.A.F., all involved relatively low ranking officers in delicate military and political situations. They became, willy-nilly, specialists in the use of force in a context of political flux. Theirs was a classic example of the continuation of politics by other means. But often events rendered whatever political guidance they had received from the civil authorities irrelevant or militarily insane so that perforce the man on the spot had to make political decisions and execute them with the means at his disposal. The day-to-day formulation and execution of policy in colonial areas gave the armed forces a political role which,

over the centuries, became, at least for the Army, an important element in its way of life.

A comparison of the Defence White Papers of 1965 and 1967 illustrates how suddenly this has all ended. During this brief period the Labour Government made a *volte face* and abandoned any substantial role 'east of Suez'. The colonial and overlord role has now ended and with it an important political function for the armed services. Famous regiments with a long and colourful history have been disbanded or are losing their identity through amalgamation, and for the first time in centuries the British Army has its horizons limited to Europe. Whereas a few years ago recruiting posters could offer 'adventure' in Aden and other points around the globe, now they offer technical training and service in Britain or Germany with an occasional excursion to Norway or Canada. Essentially the British Army has to accustom itself to a new world and one that is bounded by the Luneberger Heide and Salisbury Plain. This new world has less glamour, less action, less luxury and greater boredom.

The impact of this new state of affairs on weaponry, on strategy, on the need for barracks and the like, and on the defence budget has received a reasonable amount of public attention. But there appears to be little public interest in or concern with the social implications. Equally, the political ramifications of having a professional army in their midst have been ignored by the informed public. There is a new input in the British decision-making process in a variety of areas. What will this input be? What new role will the Services carve for themselves in Whitehall? What ties will they develop in the country? Will they demand new equipment in conjunction with industrial concerns and form a military-industrial complex? Will they cling to the deterrent? Will they lobby the political parties? Will they seek public support if they disagree with the Government's policy? Any, all, or none of these things, or something entirely different, may occur. The point is that, by being aware of the probability of some change in the political role of the Services, one can prepare for it and guide it rather than simply react to it. This is not to impute any sinister intent to the armed forces—merely to forecast social change and seek to be ready.

This change is going to take place when the Services are generally disgruntled. This dissatisfaction stems from the cumulative effects of the often unfair demands that have been made upon them, particularly by Conservative Governments. For years the Services were overstretched in relation to their commitments. Successive Tory Defence Ministers cut the conventional forces as more and more of the fewer and fewer defence eggs were put into the nuclear basket. The result was that the conventional equipment of BAOR was deplorable. Elsewhere, too few ill-equipped men were being asked to perform too many tasks. Only the Services' resourcefulness and luck averted disaster. This is not to argue that the Services wished to see Britain's commitments in the *tiers monde* cut, rather they wished for adequate resources to fulfil them. When these were not forthcoming, particularly while Duncan Sandys was Defence Minister, they

inspired newspaper articles, lobbied Opposition spokesmen and put on publicity displays to express their point of view. Later, after some hesitation, the Labour Government decided to bring commitments into line with resources rather than increase the resources devoted to defence, but this fundamentally more healthy state of affairs was often forgotten by the Services and the public alike in the welter of premature retirements and the disbandment of regiments. Indeed, public sympathy was often with the Army as 'Save the Argylls' car stickers attested.

Thus this fundamental change in role comes at a time when the Services have not been happy with their lot. Yet surprisingly little thought has been given to the implications of this new era of civil-military relations. Ministers and senior civil servants are hardly likely to reveal their concern with the problem, but it is surely time that more consideration was given by outside sources.

In this context the Army has been thrust into a new situation—Northern Ireland. This is a colonial policing situation with a difference. As so often in the past, the Army finds itself supporting the civil power which is struggling to maintain itself in a situation of communal conflict. The traditional remedy was to support one community and to suppress the other. Policies based on this principle have riddled the world with unresolved communal conflicts which reach the newspaper headlines with sickening regularity—the Bengali troubles being the latest case in print. The difference in the Northern Irish case is that the Army is being called upon to play its traditional overseas role at home. Many of the methods are the same but the arena is different. Moreover the political role that the Army traditionally exerted in concert with the Governor has a different connotation within the U.K.

The Army is not unaware of the problems inherent in the situation in which it finds itself in Northern Ireland. In the beginning its presence was welcomed but inevitably a political image of it has developed. The tactics urged upon it by the civil authorities have made it a party in the conflict. For example, arms searches are self-defeating: the Army arrives and however much care it takes civilians become frightened and then angry. They turn to the only countervailing power they know, the IRA, which is forced to act to maintain its credibility. An incident occurs, escalation continues, 'calm' finally returns. But the Army has become more associated with one party to the dispute; the IRA has had its position enhanced; the flow of arms soon replaces any seized. Some officers are well aware of this process and are bitter about being called upon to follow such self-defeating policies. Thus the situation worsened until internment was ordered. It is patently clear that this has further envenomed the situation. The effect of the policy that the Army has been told to implement has been further to divide the population, to escalate the level of violence and to destroy the legitimacy of the Army to the population as a whole.

The Army has been driven into similar situations before but it has sometimes escaped by ensuring that its grass roots knowledge of the situation and of the self-defeating element in previous policies are taken

account of in the policy-making process. For this to happen the Army sometimes had to 'take over' as in the case of General Templer in Malaya. In such a situation the Army may literally 'know best' and a dominating role in policy-making is a natural concomitant of this.

But Malaya was far away; it did not have the news coverage that is accorded to Northern Ireland; most important, it did not involve the 'kith and kin' of the Army and the authorities. This aspect of 'kith and kin', reputably a factor in deciding against military intervention in Rhodesia, may grow further if the conflict spills over to Great Britain. Thus the Army is being drawn, willy-nilly, into the context of British politics. There is no evidence that it has consciously sought this but it finds itself forced to take sides by the policies it is asked to implement. It is required in practice to serve two political masters—Stormont and Westminster—and it finds itself in a worsening situation among its own people. Since it has daily grass roots contracts, it can hardly fail to develop ideas as to what should be done and to look for support to ensure that they will be done.

So far there appears to have been no overt political intervention by the Army in the Irish situation. If, however, the worsening of the situation continues, if private armies proliferate and intervene, if the politicians in office continue to display a sublime ignorance of the social and political processes at work or are blatantly *parti pris*, if the troubles spread to Great Britain then good civil-military relations may well be under strain.

A little over a decade ago France found itself in a situation in which the political system was being threatened by an Army caught in an impossible situation in outlying parts of the metropole. This was the culminating point of a long history of political control of colonial areas by the Army. The British Army may have a better understanding of the Irish situation than the French Army did of Algeria but some of the same forces that put civil-military relations under strain in France are present in Britain. The situation is an incipient one but events in Ireland and the new role of the Armed Forces in British society after centuries abroad remind us that, for the good of the Armed Forces and for the good of society at large, we can ill-afford not to have an answer to the fundamental question 'who guards the guards now that they are back home?'.

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THE LOCUSTS—a Short Story

by Edwin Samuel

LOCUSTS are a terrible scourge. They fly low, darkening the sky, their flapping wings making a metallic clatter. One huge, dense swarm follows another, for hours on end. Where locusts settle, everything vanishes, even the bark of trees. No recuperation is possible: all plantations have to be replaced. The farmer's ruin is complete. Hence, he and his family stand at the edge of his fields when the locusts come, beating pots and pans, in the hope of driving off the giant, voracious insects. 'If they must, let them settle elsewhere!'

In the Middle East, there is a visitation of locusts every few years; one country, or several, may be affected. The locusts may breed thousands of miles away, in Abyssinia or in the Sudan. Every effort is made to discover the breeding-places and alert all the countries of the region that a plague may be expected later. They thus have time to assemble ditch-digging machines that make a trench across the line of march of young 'hoppers' that emerge from eggs of locusts that have settled. The trench sides are lined with slippery tin sheets. Once the hoppers have fallen in, they cannot climb out. They cannot yet fly and are destroyed by flame-throwers. Bulldozers then push in earth to cover up the millions of fried insect corpses.

The Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan, lying on the edge of the great Arabian Desert, is very susceptible to locust attack. However sparsely it may be cultivated, it is the first green area that the locusts reach after their trans-desert flight. Jordanians depend for their livelihood almost entirely on farming: a locust plague means starvation. So the Government, in advance of a locust plague, establishes a series of machine centres at intervals along the uplands of Moab to meet the attack wherever it may come. In each centre are assembled the bulldozers, trench-excavators, flame-throwers and quantities of fuel. In an emergency, skilled drivers from the city are sent, and dozens of young peasants enrolled to use the flame-throwers.

The village elders remain unconvinced. 'What good are all these machines?' they ask. 'What we need are more pots and pans. The old methods are best.'

One of the upland villages in Jordan, chosen as a machine centre, was Bir Abyad — 'the White Well'. It is probably so called, because someone in the distant past had whitewashed the stone well-head down in the valley. Such an unnecessary effort marked a village for ever. What earthly use is a whitewashed well-head, except to keep off the flies? Flies are inevitable in any village: so why fight them?

Bir Abyad is somewhat isolated. You drive southwards on the splendid highway from the town of Es Salt towards Ma'an. Just after the 25th kilometre marker, you branch off eastwards, on an earthen track. (Don't try it in the rainy season, or you'll get bogged down at once.) In summer,

with luck, you'll reach Bir Abyad in another two hours or so. It's just a collection of one- and two-storey stone houses with flat roofs, intersected by unpaved, winding alleys. All around are empty fields: not a wall, a fence, a tree, a garden, a flower. Just a few village manure heaps, decorated with dead dogs, a discarded jeep, some loose stones. Above, the blazing summer sky.

The village has no sanitation, no piped water, no electricity, not even an oil lamp in the lanes. A Government doctor visits Bir Abyad once a quarter on the average and vaccinates the new-born babies. Between his visits, the village midwife prescribes traditional remedies for every malady. The new village school on the edge of Bir Abyad is the only outward sign of modernity. It even has a football field, with goal posts somewhat awry.

The ground floor of each farmer's house is taken up with his stock—a pair of ploughing oxen, a milch cow or two, some goats and a few hens. The family lives on a shelf above the livestock. On the shelf are also kept the grain bins and the clothing chests. By day, the cotton-stuffed mattresses and coverlets are stacked in alcoves. The vaulted ceiling carries the flat roof, covered with gravel. It is kept water-tight by rolling it once more, before the winter rains, with a stone roller, often a segment of some ancient Roman marble column. By day, the goats are taken out to graze on the stubble: the hens fend for themselves in the little courtyard around each house.

The women of Bir Abyad do most of the work, both in the household and in the fields. They milk the cows, bake the bread in a dried clay oven in each courtyard. Early each morning, they fetch water from the well down in the valley and there exchange gossip. The traditional clay jars they used to carry down and up on their heads were fragile and have been replaced by cheaper, indestructible petrol tins. The men may plough and sow; but it is the woman who reap with sickles, bind the sheaves, load them on the donkeys, mules and camels to be taken to the threshing floor—a sequence unchanged for at least five thousand years. Boys leave school at twelve to herd the goats: girls hardly ever attend. Few parents believe that women need educating. They are born to servitude and only have value when they reach marriageable age and must be bought by their future husbands for a fixed *mohar* or bride-price.

It is a man's world. The Elders spend all day, weeks on end, sitting outside the village shop, smoking their 'hubble-bubble' water-pipes. The portico, which serves as a café, is raised on wooden poles and is a great distinction in the village. Wood is scarce in the region: all the forests have been destroyed by the conquerors—starting 2,000 years back with the Romans and ending with the Turks in World War I who cut down all the remaining trees as fuel for their railway engines, when coal could no longer be imported for the Hejaz Railway that passes twenty miles to the west of Bir Abyad. What saplings the conquerors missed, the goats of Bir Abyad consume.

The peasant land-owners in the village have little to do once the harvest

is in—no equipment to maintain; no farm buildings to paint; no hedges to trim. There is no point even in walking occasionally across the village lands; they are just an expense of dry earth. Before the rains come, the hard surface will be broken up with wooden ploughs: the precious hoarded seed will be sown in the shallow scratches. Then the farmers will sit back and wait for their meagre crop of wheat or barley.

Each of the more important village Elders has a horse to ride: the rest make do with a donkey or mule: the poor landless labourers and artisans walk. Camels are used solely as beasts of burden: the villagers of Bir Abyad are not nomadic Beduin. Occasionally a villager will ride all the way to the *suqs* of Es Salt to buy cloth and coffee. But most of the smaller peasant land-owners are miserably poor and in debt to merchant usurers there.

Many villagers at Bir Abyad were worried when they saw a shed of dried clay bricks being put up by the Government to house the anti-locust bulldozers and ditch excavators. Some villagers, such as Sheikh Ya'aqub, were prepared to go along with the march of civilisation. What the Sheikh felt held good for all the other members of his *hamuleh* or clan in Bir Abyad. On the other hand, Sheikh Fuad—the only man in the village to have a three-storey house—was extremely suspicious.

A striking man, with curling big white mustachios, Sheikh Fuad sat endlessly under the café portico, smoking his water-pipe. He wore red leather slippers, an orange turban, a white silk *abaya* or cloak and, even in summer, carried an umbrella as badge of authority. One or two of his cronies would keep him company, all endlessly clicking amber beads through their fingers. The most important of his hangers-on was Haj Abdul Razzaq, the village *imam*—or priest—who had once made the pilgrimage by train to Medina, and thence to Mecca. In consequence, he wore a green turban. His *abaya* was customarily black, covering a striped white *kombaz* or shirt that came right down to his ankles.

After long consideration Sheikh Fuad withdrew the amber-topped mouthpiece of his water-pipe and said to no one in particular 'This new building can mean only one thing—the expropriation of our lands.'

After this pronouncement had had time to sink in, Haj Abdul Razzaq responded sententiously through his beard: 'Aye, all we have is our land.'

Sheikh Ya'acub, the Elder of a rival *hamuleh*, was less concerned, however. A moderniser, he wore European shoes, a European man's jacket over his *kombaz*, and a black felt nationalist képi on his head. He invariably leaned one gnarled hand on his silver-headed walking-stick. 'Jiries Bey, our *kaimakam* (district governor), assured me, only the other day at Es Salt', Sheikh Ya'aqub asserted, 'that all this preparation is only to house the machinery needed to fight the locusts—may they never come!'

'Locusts, Mocusts! I tell you,' said Sheikh Fuad impressively, 'the machinery will consist solely of big tractors to plough our land as soon as it is seized. I saw them lined up in Es Salt.' He spat noisily on the

dusty ground.

'But,' replied his rival: 'did you see any big ploughs?'

'Bah! They'll come later. Anyhow, who trusts Jiries Bey? He's a Christian.'

When a European-type house was built for the machine-centre director, with a red tiled roof and even a bathroom, the village leaders under the café portico became even more alarmed. The Haj was concerned chiefly about the snow in winter. 'Those thin wooden rafters are not like our own solid flat roofs. Rafters will never stand up to the weight of snow.' Sheikh Ya'aqub, the moderniser, smiled. He'd seen such rooms before in the Lebanon and knew the snow would slide off. Sheikh Fuad was not concerned with the unconventional construction. 'That's where our new landlord will live,' he asserted. 'We shall all become his slaves. You mark my words!'

The rumour about the new landlord had already spread widely round the village by the time Mr. and Mrs. Paul Thompson arrived to take up residence. They had not intended to come to Bir Abyad at all: it was the Government's idea. The Thompson's were Quakers and had originally volunteered to serve at Amman on an American Point-Four educational programme. When that was wound up and they were considering returning to America they were invited to go out to Bir Abyad to supervise the anti-locust preparations. Both the Thompsons by now knew good Arabic and could be trusted not to sell the extensive reserves of kerosene on the black market. They were accompanied to Bir Abyad by a young Palestinian Arab refugee named Said who had been trained near Amman as a mechanic in an UNRWA vocational school for refugees.

Paul, by now in his mid-forties, was born in the Middle West as a birthright Quaker of the liberal trend—not one of your hard-shell Californian Quakers. He had met Jean when he was a student at the Quaker College at Haverford outside Philadelphia and she a student at the adjacent women's college at Bryn Mawr. He was ginger-haired, kindly and already knew enough about the Arabs to like them and yet see right through them. The Thompson's two sons, who had been at school in Amman, were now at the American University in Beirut, determined to follow their parents by serving in the new Arab world, one as a doctor, the other as an agricultural engineer. So Jean, with her zest for life, was delighted to move out into the villages with her husband. 'I can start in with the women,' she suggested, 'and teach them some elementary hygiene, I hope.'

'And you will have peace and quiet at night to get on with your Jordanian novel,' added Paul.

But peace and quiet were the last things to await them at Bir Abyad. The iron filing cabinet containing Paul's notes on Jordanian peasant customs was immediately taken by most of the village elders at the café to be something much more sinister.

'I shouldn't be surprised,' said Sheikh Fuad weightily, 'if that iron box contained the records of all our debts to the money-lenders. These

Americans will soon foreclose and take over all our lands.'

'Better burn the house down while there's still time,' added Haj Abdul Razzaq with bellicose fanaticism.

'You're right' continued Sheikh Fuad. 'If the house gets burnt down, there'll be no more evidence of our debts and we'll all be free men again.'

But Sheikh Ya'aqub couldn't understand this fear. 'Why should the money-lenders in Es Salt want to hand over the mortgage papers to Americans coming to Bir Abyad?' he asked.

'Because the Americans paid off the money-lenders, that's why,' replied Sheikh Fuad. 'More coffee!' he ordered imperiously.

Paul knew there was some underlying hostility in the village; but he couldn't quite put his finger on it. He tried to win over Sheikh Fuad by inviting him to help recruit some village labour to be trained to operate the flame-throwers.

Jean prepared a proper Arab meal for the Sheikh, with delicacies fetched from Es Salt in their car. Sheikh Fuad was full of promises of co-operation. But the next morning Paul found that the engine of his automobile wouldn't start. In the night someone had put gravel in his petrol tank and, for good measure, in the tanks of all the bulldozers and ditch diggers lying in the shed. It took Said, the mechanic, a whole day to clean the tanks out. Although Paul never reported it, the local police officer, Mahmud Eff, heard of the incident. Being new to the area, he was full of enthusiasm. Arriving in his police car, driven by a constable, he stepped out, resplendent in a freshly-pressed khaki uniform with silver buttons, a white *kefiyeh* (head-cloth) and a gold and black *agal* (head-rope). Son of an Amman merchant, and a secondary school graduate, he had been well trained in the Police School. But he could do nothing to penetrate the wall of complete silence in the village. There were no clues whatever, no witnesses, not even a finger print. All he could do was to notify his superiors and, on instructions, to station a constable in the village to guard all the machinery and vehicles.

The villagers rather liked the two Quakers. Privately they nicknamed Paul *Il Ahmar* ('The Red One') because of his ginger hair. Jean was called *Is Sitt* ('The Lady'): her domestic dispensary, used to treat the infants against dysentry and other fly-borne diseases was very popular with the mothers. It was consequently extremely difficult for Sheikh Fuad and the Haj to rouse the other men to such a pitch of hostility that they would actually attack the machine centre and drive Modernity out of Bir Abyad. Sheikh Fuad felt he was losing ground in spite of the broad hints he dropped in the café of bags of gold and the sacks of sugar that were stacked in the Americans' house.

'All that gold and the sugar will shortly be taken away,' he said to the others. 'So, if we all want a share, we must act quickly.'

'But I was there, too, myself,' pleaded Sheikh Ya'aqub. 'I saw no sacks.'

'They hide them, of course,' Haj Abdurrazaq responded, with an air

of finality.

'So let's collect a dozen of the *shebab* ('the young men') at midnight tomorrow,' said Sheikh Fuad. 'We'll tell them we're going to inspect the kerosene and see if it's all there,' he continued with a broad smile. 'The Americans are going to Es Salt tomorrow for a few days.'

'What about the police constable and the mechanic?' asked Sheikh Ya'acub.

'The Haj will invite them to a cup of coffee and we'll lock all three of them up.'

It was a fine moonlit night. Everything stood out distinctly against heavy shadows—the house, the machine-sheds, the mechanic's hut, the kerosene store.

The *shebab* had been well briefed: they broke off the lock of the kerosene store with a crow-bar and got out some tins which they carried to the house. Ali, the leader, had been told to go into the house through a window, alone, and find the bags of gold and the sacks of sugar. Then he would summon all the rest of the villagers, so that each could take his share. Ali turned the cupboards upside-down; opened all the suitcases, ransacked the filing cabinet and the kitchen storeroom: but saw no sacks anywhere. He took all the papers out of the filing cabinet and threw them out of the window so that they could be examined to see if they were debt records and consequently destroyed. For good measure, he threw out all the manuscripts lying on Jean's table, as well.

'What do we do now, Ali?' asked one of the *shebab.*

'Bring in the kerosene and sprinkle it around. I've got some matches. We don't want anyone to see that we broke into the house. The fire will destroy everything: it must look like an accident.'

The conflagration was a great success. Everyone in the village came out to look at it, including dozens of children sitting round in a big circle.

The police constable and the mechanic could see the flickering light of the flames. They overpowered the Haj, broke out of the café, and before anyone could stop them, seized and saddled Sheikh Fuad's white mare. The constable galloped off through the night to summon help.

By dawn, the young police officer arrived with several armed constables in a truck. They arrested every adult male in sight and drove them off to jail in Es Salt.

When Jiries Bey, the *kaimakam,* heard of the fire early the next morning, he asked the Thompsons to come and see him in the office. His father, who had been a Palestinian, was a prominent lawyer in Amman and had known the Thompsons there. Jiries Bey, a graduate of the University of Beirut, wore an elegant European suit, his jacket pocket full of ball-points. He was clean-shaven and bare-headed. He broke the news of the fire to them as gently as he could. 'I'm afraid it's arson, *not* an accident. The villagers locked up the constable on guard, and the mechanic, earlier in the evening. We shall, of course, compensate you for your losses. Luckily all your papers were saved.'

'But why should anyone in Bir Abyad want to burn down our house?' wailed Jean. 'They were *such* nice people.'

'Oh, you know: false rumours of hidden gold and sugar. The villagers' debt receipts were said to have been brought to your house, so that there was every inducement to burn them.'

'Incredible!' murmured Paul.

'In general,' continued Jiries Bey, 'you represented Progress and so are suspect in the eyes of the conservatives in the village. They couldn't see any locusts; therefore all our preparations must have a nefarious motive.'

'And what did they think *that* was?' asked Paul.

'That the Government was going to expropriate all their land and hand it over to you, as the new landlord.'

'If it weren't so tragic, I could laugh,' said Paul. 'Me a landlord in Bir Abyad!'

'We shall have to levy a heavy fine on the village. It's quite impossible to find out who actually broke into the house and bring them to trial. But you will have first to lay charges against "persons unknown".'

Paul was silent.

'Is there any difficulty about that?' asked Jiries Bey. 'Surely you want to see the guilty punished?'

'As a sincere Christian, I don't believe in retaliation. Not all the villagers are guilty: why punish everyone for the acts of a few? I agree to the Government's rebuilding my house, but nothing more.'

'Impossible!' replied Jiries Bey, toying with his desk blotter. 'We can never govern the villages if we act like that. At the very least, we shall have to put a temporary post into Bir Abyad. You can't object to that, surely?'

Paul saw no harm in maintaining law and order. He did not realise, however, that such police posts were *punitive*. A police sergeant and ten mounted men were stationed in the village and billeted in the school. According to custom, they and their horses had to be fed at village expense. The scanty stores of barley in each peasant's loft, reserved for their own animals and as seed-grain, were immediately commandeered by the sergeant before they could be hidden. A daily levy of eggs, cheese, live hens, even an occasional lamb, with olives, bread, and vegetables, was made on the long-suffering villagers.

After three months of it, they were eaten out of hearth and home. Under great pressure, Ali, the ringleader of the *shebab*, was made to go to the Thompsons and confess.

'Ya Bey ("oh, Sir") *please* intervene with *Hadarat el Kaimakam* ("His Excellency the Governor") and get the police post removed. They're eating us up. They're worse even than locusts!'

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LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

QUARTERLY FICTION REVIEW

by Rosalind Wade

Another World. James Hanley. Deutsch. £1.75; *The Quiet End of Evening.* Honor Tracey. Eyre Methuen. £1.95; *The Vertical Smile.* Richard Condon. Weidenfeld & Nicolson. £2.10; *Cold Gradations.* Stanley Middleton. Hutchinson. £1.95; *A Dog's Ransom.* Patricia Highsmith. Heinemann. £2.25; *A Meaningful Life.* L. J. Davis. Constable. £2.00; *Livingstone's Companions.* Nadine Gordimer. Jonathan Cape. £1.95; *What's Become of Anna.* Terry Tucker. Hale. £1.70; *The Word.* Irving Wallace. Cassell. £2.50.

It is always rewarding to observe the consistent development of a writer of outstanding distinction. James Hanley, recently described as an 'isolated giant of English literature', suffered an unfortunate beginning to his literary career with the banning of his first novel, *Boy.* However, the unwelcome publicity focused attention on him at a time when he might otherwise have slipped through the critics' net and a period in the 'wilderness' afforded time and opportunity to consolidate and mature his very individual techniques. His major achievement in the 'thirties was the series of novels known as *The Furys,* which were concerned with the squalid lot of the Liverpool Irish. From the lavish creation of Mrs. Fury, the indomitable captain of her family's fortunes, James Hanley then voluntarily subjected himself to the close discipline of the radio script. Now, after a silence of nearly eight years, he has returned to the novel form.

Another World provides elbow room for his always passionately held desire to experiment. The setting is Wales—the 'place of Kingdoms'. The characters dwell in a Dylan Thomas-like community where grotesque behaviour does not seem out of place. Mrs. Gandell, proprietress of The Decent Hotel, would be at home in *Under Milk Wood;* as might Miss Vaughan, suffering the unwelcome attentions of the Minister, Mervyn Thomas.

Their confrontations are communicated by means of Pinteresque dialogue and mannerisms, repetitive, yet relevant. If an over-all attitude or conviction emerges, it is that human beings desire above all else to speak frankly with each other and are almost always debarred from doing so. This has long been a dominant theme in James Hanley's work although he has used various means to convey it. The question which teases the reader's mind is whether these semi-fantastic men and women are really the best examples by which to demonstrate the author's convictions as an alternative to the purposeful down-to-earth reactions of a Mrs. Fury, and to wish for his return to more factual, full-blooded characters and situations.

So far as the comic attributes of a small rural group are concerned, Honor Tracey's *The Quiet End of Evening* provides a useful companion piece, although her approach is far more shrewd and documentary. Herself a native of Dublin, Honor Tracey has a clear idea of the limitations of isolated communities. Impetus to the story is provided by the determination of the villagers to blow up the narrow isthmus which links them with the mainland in order to become 'an island'. This serves merely to debar the tourists and soon promotes an economic crisis. The ferry sinks and dilemmas typical of farcical-comedy follow in rapid succession. One of the central characters, Miss Bloxham, an energetic reformer, prides herself on 'handling' all that is

generally regarded as 'picturesque' in the Irish character. Unfortunately, despite the very real talent for whimsical comedy which Honor Tracey has displayed in her recent novels, current events in Eire and the Six Provinces make this indulgent attitude seem curiously hollow. By far the most effective creation is Colonel Sentence, a retired voluntarily exiled English Army man, living in acute squalor, feeding his dogs better than he feeds himself, while content with the glory of the adjacent countryside.

It is a far cry from these two novels of rural unsophistication to the American scene, which dominates a large proportion of the early summer fiction. In *The Vertical Smile* Richard Condon, like many of his compatriot writers, has much to offer in brimming energy and expertise while displaying a complex and varied background. He sub-titles this long comprehensive novel as an 'entertainment' but not everyone will accept this as an accurate description of the provocative disclosures and sexual deviations, sufficiently 'off-beat' to alert even the most 'permissive' reader. Ada Harris and Osgood Noon, lovers who met fortuitously by night in a hotel corridor and embarked upon a passionate affair without the formality of an introduction, are both in their 'seventies'—a factor which involves special problems of staying power, since Osgood has recently suffered a coronary. This curious situation could have been sufficient content for the novel. In fact it is only the jumping off point for a commentary on the American manner of conducting national policies. For Ada, who is naïvely determined to indulge to the full her one opportunity of genuine emotional fulfilment, finds herself embroiled in a wider issue. Her daughter's husband intends running for the Presidency and is advised that his mother-in-law's notorious *affaire* with Osgood Noon may ruin his chances of success. Thus a pitched battle develops between the two wings of the family. Ada's sprightly twin daughters, who enjoy their own brand of promiscuity, fling their not inconsiderable weight behind first one faction and then the other.

Clearly, Richard Condon is genuinely concerned at the pace, the corruption and the general craziness of so much in the American way of life. Like James Hanley, he sees people as being irrevocably divided into separate camps, but his technique of putting this across is totally different, in that he draws outsize, self-obsessed characters and places them in exaggerated situations. He offers no solutions. The reader may be so appalled by the frankness and crudity that he will reject the jolting disturbance of reading *The Vertical Smile*. If he persists he will emerge from the experience shaken but wiser, having enjoyed quite a few laughs on the way.

If in these days anyone can regard seventy as elderly, it will still be admitted that a man who has reached the age of four score and ten is not an intriguing subject for a novel. Stanley Middleton has chosen a man of this age as the central character for his new novel, *Cold Gradations*. The opening is not easy. Too many conflicting and unrelated strands of interest seem to trail across the consciousness of the widower-schoolmaster, James Mansfield, who is attempting after a severe illness to make something positive out of his solitary existence. The chemistry of his deteriorating body dictates that he would be better left alone, undisturbed by conflict with other people. Yet loneliness compels him to pay more than transitory attention to the various members of his family. This muted theme gradually builds up into an expression of sanity and sound sense. The go-getter son who ironically dies before his father—the socialite daughter-in-law whose ambitions contribute to the sterile quality of her marriage, the gauche grand-daughter who descends

upon her grand-father only when no better prospect offers—these, together with a sub-plot concerning neighbours who suffer the misfortune of a retarded child, provide a subtler commentary on human behaviour than is often provided by noisier judgments.

But to return to the American scene with its determined emphasis on the general tedium of life endured by equally sensitive individuals as Stanley Middleton's James Mansfield: Patricia Highsmith's *A Dog's Ransom* deals with frustrations on several levels, against a background of the poorer quarters of New York. The theme is crime, a small one by U.S.A. standards for it involves merely the kidnapping of a pedigree poodle followed by some crude attempts at blackmail. This squalid misdemeanour serves to set in motion a curious chain of events which make for compulsive reading, culminating in the close personal involvement of an idealistic young police officer, Clarence Duhamell, with both the owners of the dog, a pleasant, ordinary young couple, and the man who stole it from them. Duhamell attaches himself to the victims of the crime to such an extent that his hatred of the criminal leads him to club the man to death. Duhamell's fellow policemen have no doubt as to his guilt; but he is not broken by the cat-and-mouse interrogations. In the end he is shot dead, 'while attempting to evade arrest', by an officer who needs the kudos of an important arrest on his file for promotion. There is no conventional mystery in this uncompromising indictment of the New York police force and Patricia Highsmith would seem to be erroneously labelled as a 'crime' or 'suspense' writer. The unsavoury components of this minor tragedy linger long in the mind, despite the apparent pettiness of the basic situation.

In *A Meaningful Life* L. J. Davis might be writing about the same people. His young Americans also live in a soul-less apartment, and make hasty purchases of pre-cooked foods before diving in and out of sub-ways on their way to and from repetitive jobs. Lowell Lake is a mis-fit child of off-beat parents. His 'good' education fits him for nothing more exacting than to serve as sub-editor on a mediocre trade magazine. His frustration pursues him into the home, for his cheerful bouncing wife, together with her uncongenial parents, are completely alien to him. Thus, he becomes obsessed by the fear that life will never yield him more than an apology for existence. For what is he equipped and what can he expect in the way of opportunity? No more or less, probably, than thousands of young people in all societies who are concerned with the barren-ness of their daily routine. Finally, with the agreement of his wife, Lowell cuts adrift from the rat race of the city and purchases a decaying mansion in the negro quarter of Brooklyn, believing that the task of renovating this monstrosity of a ruin will provide him with a therapeutic purpose. He is proved devastatingly wrong. Like so many people with a permanent grudge against Fate, he has no aptitude for dealing with other people, particularly builders, plumbers and hangers' on! He murders a casual intruder, brutally and needlessly, only to realise that the wanton act has robbed him of any prospect of tranquillity. Unfortunately, this melo-dramatic ending also deprives the book of its real impact: nullifying the effect of a quiet brittle humour and penetrating judgments at which this much-praised young writer excels.

Although differently conveyed the same sense of meaningless waste and failed purpose dominates Nadine Gordimer's new collection of short stories, *Livingstone's Companions*. It is good to study this neglected art-form in Nadine Gordimer's fifth collection, probably her best. The limited compass

of the short story allows her to explore a number of unrelated situations while at the same time maintaining a generally matching mood. All these vignettes are situated in some part of Africa and portray the confrontation of the African and the European in day-to-day life. In the title story, *Livingstone's Companions*, Carl Church, revisiting old Moambe, where Livingstone once struck camp, ends up in a strange multi-racial hostelry on the shores of a magnificent lake. He does not remain long, for he realises that the place with its admixture of sophistication and squalor has little to offer him, but before he departs he pays homage to the graves of five Europeans buried on the slopes above the lake, dominated by memories of Livingstone. *A Third Presence* is quite different; a sharp, shrewd account of two unattractive Jewish sisters who grow up to live in totally different spheres and end up with their positions reversed when the poor neglected one turns into a beauty following plastic surgery on her nose But perhaps the finest example of Nadine Gordimer's talent is *Abroad,* in which Manie, of Africaaner descent, finds himself involved in a true interpretation of what the mingling of the races actually means in practical terms. Yet it is hard to award any particular one of these stories the ultimate accolade. Several, at least, are bound to make a particular appeal to each individual reader.

The West Indies provide an exotic and colourful background for Terry Tucker's new novel, *What's Become of Anna?* The subject is a reconstruction of Bermuda's most sensational crime—the hundred year old disappearance and murder of Anna Skeeters. The people involved in this unusual mystery are portrayed mainly by means of dialogue in the authentic Island dialect, which is itself effective. The psychological reaction of Anna's friends and neighbours to a situation which is beyond their immediate comprehension is most interesting. Inevitably, the actual recording of the trial of Edward Skeeters comes as something of an anti-climax to the fictional build-up of character and situation and the reader is subjected to a needless deception in that much of the narrative comes through the murderer's 'stream of consciousness'—without at any time revealing that *he* is the wanted criminal!

And finally, *The Word* by Irving Wallace; possibly among the most ambitious and arresting of the spring season's publications. This five-hundred-and-seventy-five page novel has a highly original theme. An archaeological discovery made at Ostia Antica of unique importance, a first century papyrus, in Aramaic text, purports to have been written by James, younger brother of Jesus Christ just before he was charged and tried for sedition. This appears to experts to be the basic inspiration for the four gospels of the New Testament. As such, it offers the public at large an opportunity to re-discover some fundamental truths about the founder of Christianity. A large firm of Bible publishers decides to print the document. Theologians are disturbed and excited. To all concerned with the discovery this precious scroll becomes the governing factor of their lives. Into this maelstrom of emotion and conviction enters Steven Randall, a public relations representative paid handsomely to launch the sale of the papyrus on a credulous world;—an assignment he accepts gladly for he believes that the spiritual quality of the testament will revive his own faltering belief in God. Ironically, as he embarks on the task, unwelcome doubts arise as to the validity of the manuscript. In his determination to arrive at the truth he travels all over the world, questioning scholars and theologians in an attempt to arrive at an honest conclusion, the nature of which cannot in fairness be revealed. The long unfolding of this provocative plot is undertaken in a brisk down-to-earth

style, without pretensions at allusiveness or subtlety; yet by its meticulous attention to detail, its myriad scenes and situations, it grips attention throughout.

Also received

The Halt During the Chase. Rosemary Tonks. The Bodley Head. £1.80. Excellent light story told with sharp wit and observation, of two lovers who exhaust themselves to such an extent that they are obliged to withdraw from each other's company. Specially perceptive are the 'mother-and-daughter' scenes which probe deeply into this difficult relationship.

The Infernal Desire Machines of Doctor Hoffman. Angela Carter. Hart-Davis. £1.95. The author is brilliantly accomplished in this, her sixth novel—an incredible surrealist story which concerns the mass destruction of a great city and its population—or is it merely a dream? This novel will appeal only to those readers who can accept undiluted fantasy and symbolism.

Meet Me in the Green Glen. Robert Penn Warren. Secker & Warburg. £2.25. Imaginative novel with more than a thread of poetry in an otherwise sordid story of a Tennessee 'Don Juan' lying desperately ill in his neglected mansion in the care of a largely indifferent young wife. Shifting interior monologues make *Meet Me in the Green Glen* technically interesting.

NON-FICTION

GEORGE THE THIRD

George the Third. Stanley Ayling. Collins. £4.50.

To write the biography of a monarch is always a difficult business, but it becomes particularly so when the monarch is a constitutional ruler, not personally commanding his armies or deciding political developments; for in this case it is no simple matter to make the necessary distinction between the biography of the man and the history of the reign. When the subject is George III there are additional problems. From the 1920s to the end of the 1950s a new and much more intensive kind of research was directed upon the earliest years of the reign, and the controversies provoked by this work had come to weary the general reader, and deter even specialists, while the effect of the new teaching seemed to be to take the meaning out of the politics of those days. Also, as George went on reigning for over fifty years (and living for sixty) after his accession to the throne, the concentration of research on the early years had left the nakedness of the subsequent decades badly exposed—so little of them had been subjected to the same thorough re-examination. The general reader had to suffer somewhat, because the experts had made themselves too tiresome or too terrifying; though in 1960 J. Steven Watson covered the reign itself for students at school and university, while J. C. Long in America produced a biography for a wider audience.

Yet George's reign saw a most dramatic kind of history-making, and he himself had a genuine and important part to play in a good deal of this. Towards the end of the 1770s Britain was losing her American colonies. In 1780, well before the outbreak of the French Revolution, the demand for universal manhood suffrage was launched in Westminster as a national cause. At the beginning of 1792, the comments by the younger Pitt in the House of Commons on the prosperity of the nation showed a conscious recognition of that tremendous movement which we know as the 'Industrial Revolution'. Moreover, it was the England of George III which ultimately secured that the

continental empire of Napoleon should be brought to destruction. George, as a person, provides wonderful occasions for literary portraiture—his extraordinary subservience to Bute before he came to the throne; his stirring Churchillianism in 1779 when there was a threat of invasion and ministers seemed spineless; the pathetic spectacles associated with what was regarded as his madness; and his handling of his amazing family.

Of late, scholarship itself has been moving to a new stage. Even the earliest period of all is being re-examined and, for example, in Cardiff and Mountstuart a group of younger scholars have been working on hundreds of Bute letters which Sir Lewis Namier and Romney Sedgwick never saw. There has been quite an interest of late in the discovery that what had been regarded as ordinary madness in George III was really a by-product of porphyria. During the last ten years or so, other groups of research students have been switching attention to later decades—first to the 1780s and then to the period of the French Revolution. It looks as though the ground has been loosened again and lives of this king are becoming fashionable once more. A considerable volume which now appears from the pen of Stanley Ayling (who is a retired schoolmaster) will no doubt have a well-deserved success amongst wide classes of readers.

The aim of the author is to make the results of existing scholarship more available, and at the same time to achieve something of a synthesis. His work may bring fewer surprises than that of men who undertake minute manuscript researches, but he may be less in danger of failing to see the wood for the trees—less in danger, also, of having some interpretation of his own too much on the brain. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of his book is the amount it possesses of that good sense which is more important to a historian than most people realise—a quality sometimes more admirable in this branch of scholarship than brilliance itself. In fields where specialists have seriously differed from one another, Mr. Ayling's function is to adjudicate between partisan views, and because he has an inclination for compromise he ends not far from almost everybody else, and he will have a chance of pleasing everybody. If it were possible to think such a thing of an historian, one would almost say that he ends by being if anything perhaps too moderate. He does not agree that George III, when he became king, set out to break the constitution, but also he does not agree with those who suggest that this man came to the throne without any particular idea of altering anything. I, for my part, would go further than he in the view that the ministry of George Grenville, 1763-65, shows the King's determination to assert by small moves here and there a personal kind of power. Also I think that, since Grenville so perpetually claimed that he had come into office to secure the King's independence, the opposition Whigs gain some justification from the fact that even he was forced to discover his mistake—indeed Grenville more than anybody else came to offend the King by what the latter regarded as attempts to enslave him. I wonder whether a greater knowledge of the constitutional ideas of Lord Hardwicke—the important Whig elder statesman of the time—would not make Mr. Ayling still a little more critical of George III, since Hardwicke emphasised the fact that even a king must give way a little more to political forces in the country at large. In a similar way, though I agree with him when he says that, towards the end of the 1770s, the King's consultations with John Robinson and Charles Jenkinson behind the back of the First Minister, Lord North, were really intended to save the Minister and to make

up for the man's infirmities of will, I think that the business of pressing a weak Lord North (pressing him indeed for his own sake) to come to a decision, is itself liable to be a very dangerous thing. On occasion it meant pushing Lord North to the kind of decision which in royal eyes would have the requisite appearance of strength, something perhaps less liberal than he really wanted. These differences of interpretation in respect of George III's reign have tended lately to become rather a subtle affair, however—the Whig historian not so far from the Tory historian—and Mr. Ayling half way between the two.

He has considerable descriptive power and his prose has a rhythm which carries the narrative along—a style not artificially ornamented but attractive and nicely flexible. He is clear in his consciousness of the differences between a biography and a history; and he wisely gives separate treatment to such things as the relations with Bute, the episode of Lady Sarah Lennox, the royal malady, the problem of George's unruly family. He describes George as a patron of painters, musicians etc., shows his interest in 'mechanical contrivances and fastidious workmanship', as well as in 'the marvels of science'. He reveals how very little George ever travelled in even his own country, never seeing a coal mine or an iron foundry, but having a considerable interest in agriculture. Out of these descriptive chapters in the book there emerges a picture of a man neither unimpressive nor unattractive and — surprising to relate — not without curious streaks of humour.

Mr. Ayling put the best of himself in the first half of his book, and for understandable reasons the latter half, though not less interesting, is less completely satisfactory. One could not wish the early part any shorter but either the author or the publisher or both may reasonably have come to feel that in the later stages of the work, time and space had begun to be pressing. After 1780 the narrative is less full, and the biography prevails at the expense of the history—indeed the political story becomes less rich than in the earlier years, and the work does not carry the benefit of the recent researches in the revolutionary and Napoleonic period. But a book likely to be so readable and successful as this—with so much that will be new for the general reader—may be judged capable of a little expansion in its later chapters at some future date.

HERBERT BUTTERFIELD

THE SOCIAL STANDPOINT OF T. S. ELIOT

T. S. Eliot's Social Criticism. Roger Kojecky. Faber. £3.

Mr. Kojecky feels constrained to erect a defence of T. S. Eliot against calumnies of an autistic disengagement from the real world, Fascism, and even anti-Semitism, and, in so doing to contribute to an understanding of the man —at a time, indeed, when a certain unease pervades the biographical and exegitical myths constructed around Eliot. He develops in considerable depth his view that Eliot's position in the literary and intellectual history of the thirties is not an unrepresentative one, and that his social criticism, as his poetry, lies nearer the centre of modern tradition than has sometimes been thought. He early encounters, of course, Dr. Leavis' comments 'That the book-production of *The Waste Land* was by the Hogarth Press one knew. What I myself was slow, I confess, to realise was that Eliot was as completely of that Bloomsbury world—in his acceptance and (the necessary condition)

loyalty or docility.' Mr. Kojecky considers that Eliot was a great deal more 'aware of the state of things' than Dr. Leavis adjudges, and, quite frankly, this book is a *prima facie* refutation of the Leavis-opinion.

He writes most interestingly of Coleridge's influence on Eliot, who thought him 'rather a man of my own type, differing from myself chiefly in being immensely more learned, more industrious, and endowed with a more powerful and subtle mind'. He points many significant resemblances between them: both had roots in Unitarianism, and both, in later life, looked to historically sanctioned institutions and to constitutional forms for national Christian renewal. Both were philosophers, both journalists and campaigners for the freedom of the press, and both tangled with economics.

T. S. Eliot's own family background early nurtured a social conscience. Had his personality been more frail, then, indeed, he would have opted out into an aesthetic vacuum. Although his father was a businessman, and had not followed his own father into the Unitarian ministry, the home was a cultured and 'concerned' environment, and Henry Ware Eliot made many contributions to his community. His mother was formidably active in the sphere of social service. She was a successful campaigner for juvenile law reform, and her son must surely have set eyes on her verse,

> Though culture may be our corner stone
> We cannot exist for culture alone
> In scholarly retreat.

Eliot's connection with Charles Mauras' Action Française, at the beginning of the twentieth century, is not a generally known area; he valued, not the savour of arms and force, but the strongly-defined sense of Order, in the Shakespearean meaning, and the way in which monarchism was regarded as a viable political philosophy. He was surprised and dismayed by papal condemnation of the Action Française. He found, however, that the ground of his assurance was increasingly that of England's Established Church: humanism, like that of his friend Irving Babbitt, did not go far enough. Always looking outwards, and under pressure from another determined friend, Ezra Pound, he next interested himself in the nation's economy, drawn towards the 'Social Credit' policy, which, although it had powerful support from notable intellectuals, did not persist, and its practical experiment in Canada and elsewhere came to nothing. In the troubled thirties, Eliot is, surprisingly, not enthusiastic about Gerard Manley Hopkins in a criticism which has been laid at his own feet.

> Hopkins has the dignity of the Church behind him, and is consequently in closer contact with reality. But from the struggle of our time to concentrate, not to dissipate, to renew our association with traditional wisdom; to re-establish a vital connexion between the individual and the race; the struggle, in a word, against Liberalism: from all this Hopkins is a little apart.

Eliot was recalling writers to a prophetic social function, exhorting them that writers represent the intellectual, imaginative and emotional life of their generation. As he continued to consider the question of the positive role of intellectual leadership, he saw an ally in John Middleton Murry and his airy proposal for a national policy whose effect would be 'the slow regeneration of

the individual man'. During the war his *The Idea of a Christian Society* reached a wide public, with its concept of 'a unified religious-social code of behaviour'. Mr. Kojecky includes some particularly interesting accounts of the movements and proceedings of the Christian society, the Moot, which was perhaps both the cradle and the model of Eliot's idea of a Community of Christians. As the hope of achieving a dynamic Christian society began to recede, he looked to education, which had always been a familiar preoccupation. He had many valuable insights to contribute, such as his view that 'the thoroughgoing application of the principle of equality of opportunity . . . tends towards increased control by the State', which, in turn 'might tend to limit education to the kinds of training which served the immediate purposes of the State'. It is only too clear that matters of public concern caused T. S. Eliot more grief and anxiety in their embrace than in their avoidance.

MOLLY TIBBS

LITERATURE A LA MODE

Grandeur and Illusion. Antoine Adam. Weidenfeld and Nicolson, £3.50.

Professor Adam is the author of a history of seventeenth-century French Literature in five volumes, of which the present work is for the most part an abstract. Necessarily, much is truncated, and much over-simplified. According to Professor Adam, Cardinal Richelieu dissolved the Jansenist community at Port-Royal because he distrusted pious people, whilst Pascal sided with the members of that community because they were bourgeois Frenchmen after his own heart. *Grandeur and Illusion* alternates between the elementary and the recondite. The reader who is supposed to need an outline of the reigns of Louis XIII and Louis XIV, and an explanation of the word 'Burlesque', is nevertheless expected to follow allusions to Guez de Balzac's hermitage and to the episode of the Journée des Madrigaux of 1653.

Professor Adam's book is something like the racing tip which Chico sells Groucho in one of the Marx Brothers' films. To understand the tip Groucho has to buy the code-book, then the master code-book, then the jockey-book; and certainly Professor Adam is more interested in the jockeys' colours than in their horsemanship. He believes that literature is a collective activity presided over by the Spirit of the Age.

Through the wan fog of his pages roam various *dragons à plusieurs queues:* the Précieuses, the Ancients and the Moderns, the Baroque, the Neo-Stoics, the Libertins, the Cartesians. The topic, which is French Literature and Society from 1600 to 1715, is too wide to be treated less perfunctorily. A detailed study of, for example, the salons of Mme de Rambouillet and Mme de Sablé would have revealed more about French Society and much more about French Literature. It is doubtful whether the History of Literature is of any use whatever when it does not, by clarifying meaning or intention, promote the critical appreciation of actual texts. A period or a so-called movement in literature is no more than the chance aggregate of many individual and often disparate talents. Books are written not by literary movements but by authors.

DONALD BRUCE

A NEW BAGEHOT

Inside View. (Three lectures on Prime Ministerial Government). Richard Crossman. Cape. £1.95.

Ambitions and Realities. (British Politics 1964-1970). Robert Rhodes James. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £4.50.

Both these books are concerned with recent political history and the role of Parliament, and both authors have impeccable academic records. One is Rhodes James, an able and sensitive historian with background experience of a Clerk in the House of Commons; the other, Richard Crossman, is the nearest thing to an English political scientist, with long party and parliamentary experience and six years as a Cabinet Minister. The plain truth is that Britain does not possess a genuine political scientist. Mr. Crossman now has the opportunity of filling that vacuum. Why am I so sure? To quote his own words, '. . . these lectures, in fact, are first and foremost an experiment in the technique of teaching political science'. More than once at Harvard, I have been privileged to perform the same experiment, without Dick Crossman's brilliant mind and obvious academic distinction: like him I was asked to ad-lib about parliamentary experience and submit myself to rigorous questioning afterwards. These lectures are not the 'finished picture', but they indicate his capacity to produce a full-length portrait of how British Government works. No such book exists.

While I am in broad agreement with him about Prime Ministerial Government, about the Inner Cabinet, about the Civil Service, about the House of Lords and about many of his comments on the frustration of Parliament, I doubt the validity of the 'mandate' and would qualify his third lecture on what he calls 'the battering-ram of change', a marvellously expressive phrase. These differences of opinion are important, but must be argued at greater length elsewhere. One must be thankful for his preliminary exposition and for his dismantling of so much traditional nonsense, which Oxford and other universities still teach in the name of political science. Perhaps it is worth noting that previous Godkin lectures at Harvard have been delivered by Hugh Gaitskell and Ted Heath, and now Roy Jenkins is performing a similar service at Yale. Are there no British universities capable of inviting distinguished scholar-statesmen to speak, so that Mill and Bagehot and perhaps Graham Wallas can be brought up to date?

Rhodes James discusses the place of Wilson, Heath and Enoch Powell in modern politics and concludes with seventy pages on the 1970 General Election and a Select Bibliography. Inevitably his conclusions must be tentative; they are also gloomy. He writes with clarity and elegance and concealed industry. It is no mean effort to have produced this book. It will be consulted by future historians. He praises David Butler and his fellow psephologists, but is rightly suspicious of their methods.

Both authors admit that the sheer size of government today makes a fresh analysis of its component parts essential; both authors are familiar with the cut and thrust of politics, but are also capable of seeing the leading personalities in a wider philosophic setting. Mr. Crossman, however, has added new dimensions to his subject, more especially in his description of the 'written constitution' of the Labour Party with its 'division of powers' and its extra-parliamentary organisation and also the differing career structures of its leaders. For these and other reasons I hope he will present us before too long with the modern equivalent of Bagehot's *English Constitution.*

KENNETH LINDSAY

OPEN VERDICT

The Ordeal of Philip Yale Drew. Richard Whittington-Egan. Harrap. £3.75.

In a vivid, fast-moving narrative, *The Ordeal of Philip Yale Drew, A Real Life Murder Melodrama in Three Acts,* Richard Whittington-Egan has produced the only fully-documented account ever written of the 'trial by inquest' in 1929 of a popular actor for the murder of a harmless Reading tobacconist. Detailed, painstaking researches have brought to light for the first time the back-drop and the *dramatis personae* surrounding the savage, apparently motiveless crime committed in a small shop on a shining evening in June. They have also resulted in the writing of a book of considerable imaginative depth, focusing attention upon three main facets of the case.

The first, and historically the most important, aspect of it is the significance in criminological records of an inquest that could become a trial without benefit of judges' rules. The form taken by the inquest on Alfred Oliver, tobacconist, was that of the long drawn-out trial for murder of an unaccused man. Along with the similar Duffy and Pace inquiries, it led to public outcry and Parliamentary action—which the Liberal Member for Montgomeryshire, Clement Davies, was instrumental in seeking—against the almost unfettered power of coroners to determine the form of inquest procedures; and ultimately to the enactment in 1953 of Coroners Rules. Since Drew was not 'tried' he could not be 'acquitted'. And the jury's conscientious returning of an open verdict left him vulnerable to doubt, victimisation and to the gradual descent into destitution before a lonely death, eleven years later.

Secondly, the extended image of a barn-storming actor tragically caught at the centre of his own melodrama, a real life Archie Rice, heightens the book's emotional impact. The author records concretely and with sympathetic insight his uniquely privileged interviews with surviving members of the cast. These include some of Drew's own family, the Scotland Yard detective in charge of the hunt for Oliver's killer, the woman who discovered the body and the doctor who carried out the post-mortem. All these have clearly felt able to entrust to Mr. Whittington-Egan not only their invaluable evidence but also the unreserved reflections of their later years. In the course of his well sustained image the extremes and intensities of audience participation are seen in the behaviour of the mob outside the court room, in the astonishing response to the 'accused' of the worthy citizens of Reading and in the excesses of the contemporary press, from local weekly to national daily newspaper.

The third strand in the story is a competent analysis of the psychologically strange individual whose loves and diversions were irrational enough to make him a natural target for the uneasy suspicions of a police force increasingly anxious to solve the inexplicable murder. No logical or substantive link could be established between the flamboyant, ambitious Philip Drew,—alcoholic, self-dramatising, erratic,—and the gentle, mild-mannered, wholly inconspicuous tobacconist. And the wealth of evidence the author has collected leads him to conclude that there was none and that another, still unknown, was the killer on that bright summer evening in the little shop. The character study of a seedy entertainer in ever dreanier lodgings and provincial theatres, still imagining himself the star he once promised to be, clinging to friends and acquaintances who profess to share his dreams, is skilfully done. Mr. Whittington-Egan has added a fascinating and eminently readable chapter to the social and legal history of unsolved crime.

BETTY ABEL

SHORTER REVIEWS

Then (Then Ltd., 60p). This magazine is a new venture in history presentation. Each issue is to take one year and to cover its events through contemporary press accounts, excerpts from diaries and letters of leading figures, together with cartoons. The first now published is *Then 1901*, edited by Elizabeth Gundrey. Professor Asa Briggs is Editorial Adviser. Treatment is by subjects, covered very briefly, if not sketchily, in 104 pages. *Then* will have achieved a great deal if it can provide the authentic atmosphere and feel of the year concerned. It cannot hope for analysis in depth.

Shakespeare Survey, Volume 24 (Cambridge Univ. Press, £3). In this series edited by Prof. Kenneth Muir volume 24 contains twelve essays opening with 'Sound and Meaning in *Antony and Cleopatra*', by Prof. R. Hapgood, 'Some Uses and Limitations of Visual Symbolism' by Inga-Stina Ewbank. 'Shakespeare and the Limits of Language' by Anne Barton, 'Revenge, Retribution, and Reconciliation' by Joan Rees, and 'Shakespeare the Professional' by Professor Muir. There are three essays on 'Hamlet', one on 'Love's Labour's Lost', one on 'The Image of the Masque in *Romeo and Juliet*' and another on '*Pericles* and the Dream of Immortality'. Mr. Peter Thomson contributes under 'A Necessary Theatre' an invaluable review of the Royal Shakespeare Season 1970, while Professor John Russell Brown in 'Free Shakespeare' urges that 'we should go to the theatre to see new facets of his plays, knowing that in five years' time we shall see still more.' Man's oral faculties and practice are discussed in Mr. Terence Hawkes 'Shakespeare's Talking Animals' and there are 40 pages of the The Year's Contributions to Shakespearian Study. General readers and scholars must welcome this remarkable series.

Uses of Marijuana (Oxford University Press, £2.70; paperback £1.00). A grateful welcome should be given to the publication in this country of this short but erudite, objective and balanced study by Professor Solomon H. Snyder, M.D., Professor of Psychiatry and Pharmacology at The John Hopkins University School of Medicine. It is the sort of book which helps to dispel prejudice, for or against this drug, resolves some doubts and poses other questions still unsolved. The study is concerned essentially with the use of marijuana, the mildest of varieties of cannabis, with the lowest THC resin content. 'The impression emerges from current research that marijuana is a mild intoxicant' in which the user generally can behave quite normally if the need arises. He stresses the contrast with hashish which is ten times stronger and 'can probably be as halluconogenic and psychotomimetic a drug as LSD'. He concludes that 'the acute dangers of smoking marijuana are quite limited' and psychological dependence of users of the drug 'is hardly more severe than the need for a morning cup of coffee'. But it would be quite wrong to conclude that he approves the drug for non-medical use. So much is still unknown. He is concerned, for example, with the 'precipitation of functional psychoses', particularly in the case of an individual 'whose psychic organisation is already unsteady'. Then, apart from mental effects, in the long term 'toxic effects may emerge'. He points out that 'fifty years ago, no one would have suspected tobacco, smoked since time immemorial, as a major cause of heart attacks, respiratory disease, and lung cancer'.

Contemporary Review

Founded 1866 incorporating The Fortnightly

August 1972 Vol. 221 No. 1279

A SENTENCE FOR KILLING

by Michael McNair-Wilson, M.P.

TWO crime statistics which have yet to be compiled are how many people have considered taking life—and how many, with that inclination, resisted the urge to do so. Probably the numbers in both categories are not very great but if we possessed them we might possibly discover what if anything dissuades a person from committing murder.

Those who advocate capital punishment will reply that the fear of being caught and hanged outweighs any attraction the deed may have for a rational person. In other words that hanging was and is a deterrent. Put as simply as that the argument for capital punishment seems to be overwhelming. But in the simplicity of the solution lies the fault in the reasoning.

Murder is an act of irrevocable and total immorality. It is so monstrous that it is almost impossible to imagine a sane or rational person committing it—a fact borne out by the murder statistics. They give an impression that only human beings under very great stress or emotional provocation take life and that the greater proportion of killings take place within the family circle. These murders are usually inspired by some sort of emotional crisis—as for instance the husband who finds his wife in bed with another man, the jealous lover who kills his girlfriend or the parents who can no longer bear to care for their grossly deformed child. Often those who murder commit suicide soon afterwards. But whether they do or not, it is clear that hanging does not deter them. Their actions are irrational—and far beyond considerations of crime and punishment.

Thus it comes as no surprise to discover that the murder rate remains fairly constant—hanging or no hanging—at about 150 killings a year.

Since the war, however, there has been a huge increase in the number of persons convicted of violent crimes. They are not murderers in the accepted sense but are persons who will use a lethal weapon in the pursuit of crime. Their prevalence is such as to create a new and real danger to society as is shown by the following figures. Between 1967 and 1970 in England and Wales the number of indictable offences known to the police in which a firearm was used or presented rose from 792 to 1,359, and the

number of indictable offences involving firearms rose from 3,298 in 1969 to 3,486 in 1970. Of the 1970 total 1,359 related to offences in which firearms were fired whereas the figures in 1969 was 1,308.

From these statistics which are merely points on a rising post-war curve, it is clear that the punishment no longer deters the crime and that the absence of hanging has probably encouraged the carrying of firearms during crimes of theft.

This is an important and disturbing change. Whereas the old-fashioned burglar would have run a mile rather than be involved with lethal weapons because he knew the awful consequences which followed if they were used, his modern counterpart has no such reservations. In planning his crime he will almost certainly have made a rational decision whether or not to carry a gun. The criminal who does so will not necessarily intend to use it. He will argue that it is there to boost his morale and as a means of frightening off would be assailants. But whether he fires it or not he considers it worth carrying because, even if he is caught, he knows he will not die—he will only face a term of imprisonment.

Often he will be given what is called a life sentence. If so that is hardly likely to daunt him because recent figures show that as often as not a life sentence means that the person so sentenced only serves eight to ten years.

However, with the Great Train Robbery there came a change in the sentencing policy of the Courts. Some of those convicted were given prison sentences of up to 30 years. Now the same length of sentence has been given to Frederick Sewell for shooting Chief Inspector Richardson in Blackpool last year. In his case the judge expressed the view that Sewell should serve the full sentence which means release when he is 70 years old.

On the face of it that seems reasonable and yet for a number of reasons we admit to misgivings about sentences of this length.

If we accept that the duty of the law is the protection of society—and the punishment of the wrongdoer in such a way as to discourage him and the like-minded from committing further crimes, we also have a social responsibility, as civilised people, to seek to reform him so that at some time in the future he may be able to return to society.

In a few, a very few cases, the last objective may be a vain hope. But, in my opinion, the sentence, even for killing another human being, must not be of a kind which destroys any chance of reforming the murderer.

If it is, then in place of hanging we are imposing a sentence of living death which is surely a more dreadful and destructive punishment than the gallows. I well remember listening to an American negro, who was serving a life sentence, say on a radio programme that since he could never look forward to being free, his life was totally meaningless and he would rather be dead.

Those words underline the failure of one man-made punishment system. For if life is less bearable than death one must ask what is the purpose of the punishment. Life for all of us is of limited duration. Throughout its span we do bad things—acts which we commit in moments

of anger and which we repent for the rest of our lives. Society does not know of these personal crimes and thus doesn't punish us for them. But we scarcely need punishment because we feel our own sense of sinfulness through our consciences.

Thus punishment, if we had to endure it, would only be the physical price of our misdeed, the price society could demand. It would not clear our consciences. No-one can do that except God.

However, the man who is sentenced to a very long prison sentence—so long that he may easily die a prisoner—may well wonder whether he is not being sentenced to two punishments, imprisonment and death. He may, like the Negro, positively envy those who are executed a short time after their trial, because unlike them he will have to endure decades of incarceration which must produce appalling mental tensions and frustrations, quite apart from a physical hopelessness which will make death a welcome release.

No doubt he will echo the words of another American 'lifer', Billy George McCune, whose story appeared in a recent edition of the *Sunday Times* colour magazine. McCune has served 20 years of a life sentence for rape. He is 43. Recently he wrote: —

> 'All I know is that all things work for the good for those with a grain of good. To you all these words: a time for crime, a time for punishment, torment, tears and pain. A time for work but not for play and at last the time to lie down in the dust and die.'

These words say a great deal about McCune and the charity he still feel towards an unforgiving society. They also add emotion to my argument, but I include them because I am trying to make the point that if hanging is to be replaced by a sentence for life we may have greatly increased the severity of the sentence in terms of human suffering.

What is certain is that we will have created a category of prisoner who, without hope of release, may well become desperate. His only chance of freedom will lie in escape, even if it means killing a prison warder. And supposing he does commit that crime, what more awful sentence can he face than the one he is already enduring?

Thus instead of a sentence that robs a man of most of his life and makes him a very dangerous human being, what is needed is a sentencing policy based on earlier release if the prisoner has been of exemplary good behaviour. What is more, a policy of merit-rewarded release would give the prisoner both the hope of more life outside the prison and a reason to behave well inside. It would enable him to hang on to his self respect and to find a reason for bearing his mental and physical burdens.

Such a policy would not mean any softening in the sentencing policy of the courts. Quite the contrary. I believe that sentences have got to be increased to the point where they act as a real deterrent. But because the sentence is longer and genuinely represents what a prisoner may have to serve he must be made aware that he can earn remission, or some form of release-on-parole, if he behaves himself.

I am also convinced that a greater interest in the psychological make-up of long term prisoners could prove beneficial, both for understanding them as individuals and for reforming their attitude to society.

Murder has and always will shock and disgust decent people. Our first and natural instinct is to want to give those who have perpetrated it a taste of their own medicine. But once the heat of the moment has cooled and the judicial process started, the eye-for-an-eye approach to punishment seems curiously barbaric. It is as we know from the statements of former Home Secretaries and prison staff actively disliked by them.

However, to end capital punishment is one thing, to find an adequate alternative which incorporates the physical fear of hanging with the attributes of reform and humanity is something else. No one supposes that a hardened criminal is the same person as an ordinary, law-abiding citizen. But that is not to say that he should be deprived of all fellow feeling or of the hope of salvation.

As I have said there may be some criminals who are so bad and so evil that they can never be released. But, as the Catholic Priest replied when asked if there were any people in Hell: 'I think they may be some—but there are very few.'

[Michael McNair-Wilson is Conservative member of Parliament for Walthamstow East.]

The September issue of the *Contemporary Review* will include *Let the People Speak* by Val Gielgud, *The Olympic Games: Munich 1972* by Arthur Musselwhite and three articles on Greece: *Greece: The New Place* by R. E. Witt, *Greek Words* by David Vessey and *Who are the Greeks?* by Thomas Anthem.

TWO PRESIDENTS

by Paul Tabori

THEY both rule countries in the Far-East; they both have to deal with almost unsurmountable problems and have a remarkable power of survival. They have been both outstanding soldiers and have extremely beautiful wives. But though one could pursue the Plutarchian parallels, the differences are even greater. President Ferdinand Marcos rules a sprawling republic of more than seven thousand islands—the Philippines—(though two-thirds of them are uninhabited) while President Park Chung Hee's South Korea is a compact half of a large divided peninsula. Marcos is the chief executive of the only Christian state in the Far-East with an immense variety of ethnic and political divisions, with Malayan, Spanish and American traditions uneasily combined; Park's people are fairly homogenous and, to me at least, resemble closest the Prussians, with all the Prussian virtues and weaknesses. Marcos is a highly articulate, outgoing personality with a *charisma* that explains why he was the first man in Filipino history to be elected for a second term; Park has a tightlipped dignity which sometimes verges on dourness and dislikes wasting words.

I saw them both within the space of a month. South-East Asia and the Pacific are on the verge of cataclysmic changes of which the American disengagement in Vietnam (however slow and painful it may be), the rapprochement of the Chinese People's Republic and the United States, the ebb-and-flow of extremist movements in the area, the social, religious, economic and political stresses represent only part of the picture. There have been several attempts on Park's life; Marcos's presidential palace has been besieged several times by angry crowds. They are the personification of their countries' triumphs and defeats. Neither of them is a liberal or democratic ruler in the British or even American meaning of these adjectives; but in both respects they have proved that the terms are relative. Certainly they cannot be likened to such megalomaniacs as Nkhrumah or Sukarno or some of the tribal African rulers whose main policy is to massacre their opponents; neither are they excessively particular in their methods and dealings to preserve their own power. They are attractive and vital human beings, fascinating to meet.

My talk with Ferdinand Marcos took place in the sprawling Malacanang Palace, his official residence and the heart of the Republic's government. It was covered by television cameras—for the President is on the air every day. I began with a very personal question:

"When you wake up in the morning—do you feel grateful for being president or do you say, well, there's another hard day to get through?"

Marcos: This morning as almost every morning, because of the engrained habit of several decades, I woke up to thank the Divinity not only for being President but for being alive in a wonderful world and in what I think has

all the potentialities of being a great country. I think of this both when I go to sleep and when I get up. As the Spanish say, *entre en sol, entre en el aire, entre el todo al bueno,* everything good comes in. I start the day with optimism. I seldom get irritated—well, not for the first three hours of the day. And I think this is a good policy, don't you agree?

Tabori: Yes. Yours is a very long day, I suppose.

Marcos: Yes and no. If you don't enjoy what you're doing it's time to quit. Of course, during the war there were times which we didn't enjoy and you couldn't quit—when, for instance, we were captured and tortured by the Japanese. But that was part of the war.

Tabori: Have you any personal and political philosophy?

Marcos: Personally I believe that one must count one's blessings. If you haven't any shoes, remember the man who hasn't any legs. And I have learned a prayer that has summed up my political philosophy: God, grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, the courage to change those that I can and the wisdom to know the difference.

Tabori: That is a very fine prayer indeed. Do you find this is a sufficiently broad basis for the exercise of power?

Marcos: In times like this, yes—because they demand changes. But a wise leader must know what to change—or, rather as the prayer says, has to know what he *can* change. There are many things I cannot change right now and we must accept them. One must not exhaust one's strength on tackling the impossible.

Tabori: Now, what little I learned of Filipino politics seems to indicate that there is a great deal of personal feeling, perhaps more than in other countries?

Marcos: Oh yes, that's quite true. The Philippines is a strange combination of many cultures and personalities. You see, in our economy we have corporations that are family-owned and, in a way, feudalistic. But this was how big fortunes started here. We are slowly changing it and trying to establish a broader base for corporations. In politics, too, there are families that have provided leaders for many many years. This goes back to the divisions even before the Spanish conquest, the Magino, the Maharlikan and the Alipin—the chieftains, the freemen and the slaves. We wiped out all these castes but the inclination is still there to follow a strong leadership. In many ways this is bad and we're trying to break up the oligarchies, the feudal landed estates and the family groups that control the economy and politics. A cult of personality may be useful at the beginning of any democracy but ultimately it must be eradicated—which we are in the process of doing. The compadre system—you must have heard about this network of patronage and kinship—*pakikisama, the kahiyan,* face-savings, blood and ritual relationship—these things that are still the motivations of our society may have been fine some time ago but if we keep them we must give them new meanings. We have to change human beings—here as in all the developing countries.

I remember when we were fighting the Japanese my second-in-command came to me and said: 'You always tell us, when everything else fails,

laugh. Well, you'd better start laughing right away because we are completely surrounded and we can't get out and we have no ammunition'. So I said: 'yes, start laughing—but start running, too!'. So we did and got away.

Tabori: I am sure your country is glad that you did. Now, this transformation of Filipino society you envisage, how would it influence your foreign policy—especially as far as the United States is concerned?

Marcos: Nationalism is becoming the principal channel of change. But here in Asia nationalism was the means by which we sought to obtain political independence and finally succeeded. Now, however, the common enemy is no longer the alien invader but our own habits and traditions. Many of these traditions are alien. We did not kick out our alien inhabitants. We invited them in our homes, we assimilated those we found good—and kept out the bad. This is, I think, the simplest way of altering our society. But, of course, it required leadership. And a leader will succeed in our country if he is frugal, firm and compassionate, dedicated and understanding. Alas, in Filipino politics there are more crooks, more dilettantes, more time-wasters and corrupt men than forceful, idealistic, clean-handed ones. That is why we have to find new leaders at all levels. I have tried to establish some kind of transformation—whether this involves cabinet members, members of Congress, governors of provinces, mayors of towns—all the way down the scale to the *barrio* heads—the chiefs of the smallest political units. We bring them to Manila and we put them through a seminar where they exchange views about our society. The Filipino hasn't got much staying power. There were so many unfinished projects—bridges, roads, irrigation systems—started with tremendous enthusiasm and then abandoned. This is what I have been trying to eradicate.

Tabori: Mr. President, much of the economy and the general policy of the Philippines are tied to your ally, the United States. But what if, for political and economic reasons, America becomes isolationist again and abdicates its role in South-East Asia?

Marcos: The isolationists are rather articulate and get a lot of publicity but I think the dominant thought in the United States is that it must not become a second-class power—which it would be the moment it adopted the policy of isolationism. When Britain and France withdrew from certain areas their influence and their power diminished almost at once. The United States cannot withdraw from the Pacific—for, after all, one of its states, Hawaii, is in the Pacific. Nor can I imagine it abandoning such treaties as the mutual assistance and mutual defence agreements with Japan, Korea, Thailand, Vietnam and the Philippines—not for the next five years at any rate. After that—well, I don't like to be a prophet. Then there is the nuclear progress of Red China. Russia and China are watching each other and the smaller nations might easily become involved in their quarrel. That is why we are so much concerned with foreign policy.

Tabori: Your foreign policy would be based on the assumption that American presence continues in this area—and that some kind of solution will be reached in Vietnam and Indo-China?

Marcos: Ultimately, there has to be a solution. Our foreign policy is, of course, ultimately based on self-interest and this is the same with every nation, whatever each may say. If our national interest dictates that we should stand up and fight here, we shall do it. But the national interest also includes the concept of individuals and national leadership. There are some ideals for which I think most Filipinos would be willing to lay down their lives as in the past, including present-day youth, however much influenced by communistic and permissive ideas. Let no man underestimate the capabilities of a small nation. Vietnam has shown this but we have also shown it ourselves, a long, long time ago—even against the Americans. We fought against Spain, we fought the United States, we fought the Japanese. We would fight again if our freedom were at stake.

Tabori: You believe that any serious outside threat would completely unite the nation?

Marcos: Well, I think we *are* united. We are all for liberal democracy. I myself will fight, but I'm always willing to debate other forms of government: except that we will stop any attempt to take over our country by violence.

Tabori: Is Filipino youth very different from European or American youth? Has the general protest movement its special features here?

Marcos: Yes and no. We have one distinction which I must emphasise. There is an incipient Communist organisation—the same which started a rebellion in 1950 which we overcame without any outside help. Ours is the only Asian country which fought the Japanese invader for four years, without ever giving in. We used American equipment under the Military Assistance Agreement but our own men eradicated Communism to the point where everybody thought it was completely defeated. But now we have discovered that once Communism has invaded a political system, it cannot be eradicated completely. It is like malaria or perhaps amoebic dysentery. Our extremists are up in the hills fighting—and they have sympathisers right here in Manila. We have encouraged dissent and independent thinking and I don't mind an open and frank opponent. But I have nothing but contempt for a man who calls me a friend and then stabs me in the back. We encourage our young men to argue and demonstrate. We don't encourage violence but we welcome the open expression of grievances.

Tabori: Are you optimistic or pessimistic about the future and the resolution of conflicts?

Marcos: Yes, I am. I do not want to be known as a leader who has done nothing but try to correct the mistakes of the leaders of yesterday. I think our people are optimistic about the future and have acquired a new self-confidence. We have done much even if we haven't done quite enough. We have started the so-called green revolution in agriculture, with new seeds and poultry. Our hens lay more eggs than any other in the world. We are setting up new agricultural co-operatives and consumers' co-operatives. We are training manpower. We have a medicare programme. Ours is a land that can develop into a great country—though not necessarily

a world power. We don't want that and though we look with some sympathy at the present antics of the great powers we have no desire to emulate them. We still have slums, we still have corruption, we still have economic inequality—but we have made a good beginning. Our people are beginning to help themselves and do not depend on hand-outs. We may have madmen who throw bombs, intriguers who are self-seeking—but the vast majority of the Filipinos are decent, hardworking, selfless and willing to work for the future. It is a future in which we all believe and to which I have dedicated whatever talent and strength I have.

With His Excellency Park Chung Hee, President of the Republic of Korea, the atmosphere is more formal, more austere, more military and a good deal more impersonal. But he does not dodge even the thorniest questions, nor has he any illusions about the immensity of his tasks.

I asked him about South Korea's special position as one of the three countries in the world which are divided politically though sharing the same language, history and traditions. How did it differ from Vietnam's and Germany's?

Park: It is a tragedy that our nation which is uniquely homogenous should be divided. At the end of World War Two, Korea should have become a free, democratic, unified and independent nation. However because of the Communist North Korea's persistent refusal to accept general elections throughout the peninsula under the supervision of the United Nations, these could only be held in the South. As a result of these the government of the Republic of Korea was established. It was recognised as the only lawful government in the whole of Korea by a United Nations resolution in December, 1948. Accordingly, it is quite obvious that the North Korean Communists must be held entirely responsible for the division of the country. Moreover, they provoked an all-out aggression against us—for which the United Nations condemned them as aggressors. Even today they are still constantly engaged in armed infiltration into our country. In Vietnam the division of the country has been an outcome of the 1954 Geneva Conference. In the case of Germany, there has neither been a war such as in Korea and Vietnam nor an attempt by East Germany to communise the whole of the country by force. On the contrary, it has been possible for both East and West Germany to avoid an armed conflict because of the peaceful co-existence the Big Powers have jointly pursued to preserve European security. Our case is quite different. The North Koreans have publicly claimed a policy of turning the whole of our land Communist by force. They are not only intensifying provocative and aggressive acts against us but will not hesitate to resort to whatever means possible as long as they serve their purpose—even a renewed all-out attack.

Tabori: The rise of Japan as an economic power has been spectacular. Does Korea intend to participate in a peaceful equivalent of the European Common Market? What are your economic aims and difficulties?

Park: The remarkable progress achieved by Japan, by Korea and other Asian countries in the sixties created the necessity for mutual co-operation and assistance. Because of the difference in the degree of economic develop-

ment as well as in industrial structure among the countries in Asia, it would not be easy, however, to create an organisation such as the E.E.C. in the near future. We participate in various regional organisations but also took the initiative of creating ASPAC in 1966 for promoting co-operation among Asian and Pacific countries in the political, economic, social and cultural fields. Since its establishment we have had four annual ministerial meetings. As for our economic developments and problems, we have launched the modernisation of our nation in the last decade from a state of lingering chaos and stagnation. Our foremost goal has been the attainment of a self-sustaining economy in the near future, to improve living conditions and to be one of the members of the world community able to make a positive contribution to global welfare. Korea has had a rapid rate of economic growth, averaging 8.3 per cent, higher than the 7.1 per cent we set during 1962-1966. During the first three years of our Second Five Year Plan, 1967-1971, the rate was 12.7 per cent. The *per capita* gross national product has reached 195, compared to 95 in 1959. Exports have increased so rapidly that they are now thirty-five times as high as they were at the beginning of the same period. Of course, there are problems in the process of pursuing rapid economic development—inflationary pressures, balance of payments difficulties, agricultural developments and a shortage of transport facilities. In the early sixties the annual rate of price rises was twenty per cent to thirty per cent; by the middle of the decade we have reduced this to six per cent to seven per cent and recently prices have shown stability. But some inflationary pressures remain, due to excessive investment and the propensity for intensive consumption. To counter this we have set the GNP growth rate target at ten per cent, lower than the fifteen per cent rate of 1959. Another problem is the acceleration of agricultural development. We aim at modernising rural economy to keep pace with our rapid industrialisation. We have raised the price of rice, provided adequate fertilisers and pesticides, expanded irrigation and taken special measures to raise the income of farmers and fishermen. We are also promoting the mechanisation of agriculture. All this is within the Green Revolution of the 1970s. We are building super-highways, enlarging our railway and harbour facilities and building up our heavy and chemical industries. I believe firmly that in the 'seventies we will record a decade of prosperity.

Tabori: How do you view, Mr. President, the continuing and multiple clash between the Soviet Union and Communist China?

Park: Although the Sino-Soviet feud has led to ideological and border disputes, I think underneath there is a fundamental struggle for the leadership in the Communist camp and a conflict between the national interests of the two super-powers. Communist China seems to be taking a hard line towards the Soviet Union out of necessity, drumming up the armed threat of the Soviets so that it may suppress the popular opposition; accelerate its arms build-up and consolidate its regime under Mao's dictatorship. On the other hand, the Soviet Union, which realises the advantages of peaceful co-existence with the Western countries and is

trying to maintain its suzerainty over the Communist block, can be assumed to pursue a policy of checking any expansion of the Chinese influence in the outside world, particularly in Asia. Under such circumstances, reconciliation between these two countries is not likely in the near future; but we still have to guard against a situation in which they might join hands in support of North Korea in the event of an armed aggression by the latter against ourselves.

Tabori: Has the concept of power—national and international—changed recently? Is personal power, that is to say dictatorship, the answer to anarchy? What is your own political philosophy, your personal long-term strategy as compared with day-to-day tactics?

Park: It is my understanding that 'power' must be of a constructive nature and contribute to peace, security and prosperity when and if it is based on justice, freedom and democracy. Korea has made remarkable progress in attaining basic political stability and economic prosperity. It is too risky, however, to say that Korea has at present enough capabilities to overcome all sorts of challenges and threats. I am convinced that peace will only be attainable when it is accompanied by the strong support of power and that it is urgently necessary to upgrade our deterrent capabilities against armed provocations by aggressors. The rallying of multi-state power is as important here as the strengthening of individual national power. No nation should be so excessively attached to her own shortsighted national interest that she disregards her long-range interests.

Tabori: What are the political and economic institutions which, in your view, are likely to dominate the rest of our century? Capitalism? Socialism? Communism? Totalitarianism? or the British and Scandinavian brand of the welfare state?

Park: It seems to me that today's extremely dogmatic Communism will be gradually transferred into liberalism, although the pace and pattern of modification may vary in accordance with the characteristics of each country and each region. On the other hand, I think that capitalism will continue to make a sound progress toward the prosperity and welfare of mankind by overcoming, with human sagacity and dignity, the debasement and decadence of the present days as well as their internal disorder. In other words, capitalism will be developed towards a social system contributing to the welfare of human beings by surmounting its internal contradictions and, eventually, towards an eclectic economic structure for the benefit of the majority of the people.

Tabori: Youth appears to be in revolt throughout the world. How has Korean youth reacted to this general trend?

Park: As the actual state and aspect of the current resistance movements prevailing among the young generation all over the world have been widely introduced to our young people through various mass media, they naturally tend to be sensitive to such trends. Their reaction, however, is something particular in view of the historic realities of Korea. Since most of our young men are fully conscious of the stark realities of their divided country under the continuing threat from the North, they are extremely critical of any

irresponsible collective violence which may disrupt the fundamental social order. Throughout the long tradition of student movements in the modern history of Korea, extending from the anti-colonial movements during the Japanese rule down to the fight against despotism and the struggle for freedom in the early nineteen-sixties, student movements in Korea have been closely connected with politics. But they have never been of an anarchic nature. Although there was, in the early sixties a small group of imprudent young students who advocated what they called 'anarchism' or a 'revolutionary movement', the majority of our young sternly rebuffed this with their critical attitude. They are rather proud of their voluntary and energetic participation in the historic task of the modernisation of this nation.

Tabori: What advice would you give, Mr. President, to a young Asian politician about to start his public career?

Park: The peace, prosperity and liberty of Asia are directly connected with those of the world. The development of a nation should not be limited to its own but should advance into mutual prosperity of the Asian region—and, further, should contribute to the prosperity of the world. In this sense, the young generation of Asia should have the consciousness and the sense of mission as Asians and should uphold the political view of mutual co-operation and co-existence between free countries. On the other hand, they should contribute their efforts to the enlightenment of their people, by ending the vicious cycle of poverty that traditionally prevails in Asia, as well as fostering national solidarity and international co-operation. They should also direct their efforts to strengthen democracy through economic modernisation. Regardless of the time, a person who plays a leading role in guiding a society should have the ability to mobilise wisdom and the efforts of the people for the achievement of national objectives. Although there are many different opinions as to the calibre of a leader, I should say that the foresight with which to observe the long trends of history, the courage and will to challenge adversity and to convert such adversity into an opportunity of development, together with diligence, honesty and the sincere attitude toward daily life are the essential elements.

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Since the above interview was recorded negotiations for a 'peaceful unification' of the two Koreas have been initiated.—Editor.

TWILIGHT OVER SALISBURY

by John Biggs-Davison, M.P.

SALISBURY and its suburbs were painfully beautiful at the onset of the Rhodesian winter. Poinsettia and bougainvillea were in glorious profusion. Since the last of my post-U.D.I. visits a Post Office Tower had sprouted among the skyscrapers with which the boom and promise of Central African Federation had dwarfed the corrugated iron of Pioneer days and the quietly dignified public buildings of the inter-war years.

The car I hired to drive myself about without fuss was Japanese: no British models were available. Petrol was unrationed and cheaper than at home: whisky and foreign currency, however, were short. Security seemed rather tighter than last time; but it is as unostentatious as in Britain. (The British South Africa Police are still eager to recruit cadets from the United Kingdom.) The contrast in this respect between the Rhodesian and other 'police states' of Africa is marked.

I encountered little overt hostility to Britain. The sour hang-over of Pearce following the champagne of agreement between Her Majesty's and what the Commission's Report describes throughout as the Rhodesian Government, not 'regime', was wearing off. Dogged resolve was tinged with regret and a pinch of anxiety. But one must not forget that there are vested interests in sanctions which offer protection from foreign competition and white factions which condemned the settlement as a sell-out to black rule. Among African opponents of the settlement there was little jubilation.

Indeed some of these now admit that Mr. Joshua Nkomo was right to accept in London, and foolish to repudiate in Rhodesia, the 1961 constitution which was designed to bring about majority rule. After U.D.I. the 1965 constitution made few changes of substance apart from asserting the sovereignty that Rhodesia had largely exercised in fact since 1923. The republican constitution of 1969 however changed direction from eventual majority rule to eventual parity between races. It could be argued that parity accorded better than majority rule with the sixth principle added by Mr. Wilson as Prime Minister: 'the need to ensure that, regardless of race, there is no oppression of the majority by the minority or of the minority by the majority.' The constitutional changes accepted by Mr. Ian Smith after his negotiation with Sir Alec Douglas-Home would have put Rhodesia back on the road to majority rule and, in the opinion of such authorities as Sir Robert Tredgold, would have ruled out discriminatory measures such as the Property Owners (Protection) Bill as conflicting with the justiciable Declaration of Rights enshrined in the settlement proposals. One T. N. Moyo wrote from Bulawayo to *The African Times*: 'Which is better, a car that moves or one that stands still?' Nor should one underestimate the considerable concessions Mr. Smith made to Sir Alec.

Even among supporters of the African National Council I detected uneasiness lest, in rejecting the settlement, African nationalism might have repeated the mistake of 1961. Then Mr. Nkomo's *volte-face* elicited no improved offer from London. Other Africans took their place in Parliament. The centre in white Rhodesian politics moved further to the 'right' and it would be surprising if this process is not repeated by the time the Rhodesian Front Congress assembles in September. Mr. Smith and his colleagues have defended a moderate position with skill and persistence and demands from within the Rhodesian Front for a more segregated society have been staved off. Mr. Harper and Lord Graham were both dispensed with. Frustration of a settlement can only benefit extremists of one kind or another. The A.N.C. campaign against it presupposed either that, whatever Mr. Smith and Sir Alec had said, there could be fresh negotiations or that rejection would close all roads other than that of revolution.

Bishop Abel Tendekayi Muzorewa would doubtless disclaim revolutionary motives. An A.N.C. statement issued over his presidential signature on May 24 denounced as 'a vicious lie' the suggestion that 'the Africans want to get rid of the whites once Majority Rule has been established'. A 'National Convention' should be called and should be 'representative of all peoples in this land'. Nor did the A.N.C. accept any responsibility for the riots which greeted the Pearce Commission. These the statement put down to 'a lack of communication and provocation' on the part of the Rhodesian authorities.

But whatever the sincerity of nationalist professions of multi-racial goodwill, the examples of neighbouring Zambia, Tanzania and even of Kenya are unpropitious for white settlers who want their descendants to enjoy their inheritance. There too fine speeches were made by nationalist politicians who desired the white man's skill and capital but not his continued presence. The A.N.C. faintly praises the Commission for its finding but by rights should give it little credence having earlier commented that 'no genuine and impartial testing of opinion is possible in Rhodesia by any commission such as is now proposed'.

Perhaps that observation was not far from the mark. The 'normal political activities' required by the British negotiators facilitated intimidation which built up between the signing of the agreement in November 1971 and the tardy arrival of the Commission in January. If the A.N.C. did not set it in motion, it profited by it. Certainly, its organisation was widespread and effective. 'One of the officers of the Bulawayo Branch of the African National Council claimed that there was no part of Rhodesia, including the Tribal Trust Lands, to which their canvassing had not penetrated' (para. 142). 'Canvassing' means one thing in England; but to anyone who knew the calls made by rival Z.A.P.U. and Z.A.N.U. workers in the townships in Sir Edgar Whitehead's time it sounds sinister. The very initials 'A.N.C.' recall the African National Congress which was condemned in 1957 for its 'victimisation' of Africans by the then Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia, Mr. Garfield Todd, and

was charged with subversion and intimidation by Sir Edgar in 1959.

'Normal political activities' have a short life in Rhodesia. They lead to violence and then repression. Lord Pearce's appeal to the 'silent majority to come forward and make their opinions known' would have made sense only if every person coming forward to give evidence did so in privacy and confidence. The public meetings were bound to be manipulated and since privacy was optional those seen or known to seek it were sure to be marked in a land where a rap on the window pane at night, the rattle of a box of matches or even a minatory nod, not to mention witchcraft to which many Africans still succumb, sufficed to bring back the terror which gripped the townships and some Tribal Trust Lands in 1961-64. 'Normal political activity' then was carried on with bicycle chain and petrol bomb.

The Report states that the former M.P., Mr. P. M. Mkudu, 'who was in favour of the Proposals lost his store and hotel . . .' (para. 377). Mr. Ronnie Sadomba, the Centre Party M.P. for Nemakonde, said at Hartley on December 5 that 'some people are already starting the thuggery business of the early '60's'. Mr. Sadomba later dissented from the Centre Party and said 'no' to the Proposals. I met African businessmen whose persons and property had been attacked and their families threatened on the telephone. Pearce records the A.N.C.'s vigorous denial of responsibility and the Special Commissioners concluded that there was 'no real evidence' to show that the A.N.C. *National Executive*—my italics—organised violence. At the same time they conceded that 'agitators urged people to take part in violent demonstrations against authority' (para. 379). We also read that bus loads of opponents were transported from considerable distances. All this contrasts with the Rhodesian authorities' failure to commend the Proposals to the people (para. 202). The Pearce Report moreover quotes the Rhodesian Government's memorandum of February 22 which mentions assaults on individuals like Mr. Gondo, M.P., who favoured the Proposals, the burning of *kraals,* slashing of crops, noting of names, the hamstringing and brutal slaying of cattle, burnings and boycotts. It is not clear however why it discounts the examples given in the memorandum of threats issued in the name of the A.N.C. and its Executive.

But whoever was culpable it is strange to read (para. 383) that the intimidation during the disorders and rioting of the first fortnight had no 'lasting or overwhelming effect on our enquiry or on the opinions given to us' and that 'if there was intimidation of a minority by a majority to achieve consensus and solidarity, this is to be deplored but it does not alter the verdict . . . ' (para. 411). Is the intimidation now rampant in a province of the United Kingdom, whose people are better educated and less superstitious than the generality of Rhodesian Africans, neither 'lasting' nor 'overwhelming'?

Not that the verdict, if such it was, was given on the terms agreed between the two Governments. Pearce records as important reasons for rejection of the Proposals distrust of Government, racial discrimination,

the time it would take under the amended constitution to attain majority rule and the lack of communication on what was a deal between two white governments.

A bye-election, a referendum, a public meeting can be, and are, used in many countries as a means of expressing discontent not with the proposition in question but with the powers-that-be. Thus the sophisticated French seized on President Pompidou's referendum of April 23 on the enlargement of the European Communities as an opportunity of voicing disapproval of aspects of *le Pouvoir*. The cry was: 'Why ask us to vote on a matter already decided?' 39.5 per cent protested by abstention; and this figure plus the spoiled or blank papers (7.1 per cent) was the highest in the history of French elections and referenda.

What, one wonders, would be the result of a test of acceptability of the Common Market by the people of the United Kingdom as a whole? The issue may already be accepted as decided; but a test *à la* Pearce would lead to considerable confusion and those attempting to carry it out would almost certainly be tempted to give more weight to those who understood the significance of entry into the Communities. Most British voters have heard of the Common Market whereas the Batonka in the Zambesi Valley had not heard of U.D.I. Yet many British electors, faced with proposals as complicated as those agreed between Mr. Smith and Sir Alec, might exhibit an incomprehension as 'total' as that found in Matabeland North (outside Bulawayo) where 'large crowds well organised and drilled, were dominated by a few politically active cheerleaders'.

With majestic understatement the Pearce Report admits that: 'Clearly there were many Africans who at the end of our labours had at best a limited understanding of the Proposals. Few could understand the full complexities of an elaborate constitutional document' (para. 208). Only in Matabeland North however were the Commissioners not satisfied that 'a majority of the Africans whom they met sufficiently understood the basic principles and implications of the proposals to pass valid judgment on them'. (*ibid.*) How many did they meet? Six per cent of the adult population in the Tribal Trust Lands expressed opinions in public meetings, the disadvantages of which should have been foreseen.

Traders and storekeepers 'for the most part did not come forward'. They feared for their custom (para. 230). What proportion of the 'silent majority' who remained silent abided by the widely publicised endorsement of the Proposals by the Council of Chiefs last December? For tribal Rhodesians the traditional machinery of consultation is not the public meeting, familiar to British democracy, but the hierarchy of family heads, kraalheads, headmen and chiefs through which decisions are debated freely and at length generally accepted. What, again, were the views of the 116,000 domestic servants? They are not all dolts or zombies. The Commissioners were unable to obtain information from them. The notion of a sample survey was taken up and dropped (chapter 7). The approach was in fact a sort of 'one man one vote' for which Conservative

and Labour Governments agreed Rhodesia was not ready.

The better educated, the higher salaried and the more prosperous, those with a stake in the country, tended to favour the Proposals. 'Europeans, Coloured and Asian witnesses were in general well informed on the meaning and implications of the Proposals' (para. 201). Europeans were overwhelmingly in favour. White 'liberals' were desperately concerned that the verdict should be 'yes'. Sir Humphrey Gibbs explains why in his letter to the Commissioner dated February 16. Only ten Coloured gave a negative. Of the Asians questioned, 624 were for, 21 against the Proposals. 9,000 Africans said 'yes'; and that is about the number on the 'A' Roll for elections to the House of Assembly. Ex-detainees were influential opponents in the Tribal Trust Lands and, believe it or not, the unemployed school leavers 'were invariably against the settlement' (para. 230). Should it not have read: 'against the Government'? A settlement would provide work. However one assesses the African answers, the weight given by the Commission accords little with the concept of 'meritocracy' which successive British Governments have recommended to Rhodesia and other parts of Africa.

Both governments are hoping for a 'second opinion' and African acceptance of half a loaf as better than no bread.

How then to elicit an endorsement by representative African opinion of what is something more than half a loaf? Sir Humphrey Gibbs pointed out in his letter that it was 'yes' or 'no' with no option of improved terms. Mr. Ken Mewe, the Methodist Principal of Ranche House College and a member of P.A.R.D. (which stands for People Against Racial Discrimination), wrote in the *Rhodesia Herald* of May 23: that 'the proposals are optimum in terms of the boundaries within which both Governments are prepared to operate at the present time'. He went on to say that the Rhodesian Government could do much to remove some of the suspicion apparent to the Pearce Commission and that Christians in particular could do more to improve communications, showing 'sympathy and understanding not animosity and anger' and continued:

> It has been suggested that Rhodesia should unilaterally implement the terms, presumably in the hope of eventual recognition. If however, the Fifth Principle cannot be implemented, why cannot the British Government recognise the fact now and accept the proposals, whatever the declaration of the Pearce report?

As for sanctions, their purpose, in the Conservative view, according to Mr. Heath, speaking in the House of Commons on March 27, 1968, 'was to bring about a negotiation, and that can be the only justification for the policy of sanctions'.

NOTE: References to numbered paragraphs relate to *Rhodesia; Report of the Commission on Rhodesian Opinion under the Chairmanship of the Rt. Hon. Lord Pearce.* (H.M. Stationery Office £1.20 May 1972)

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THE REBIRTH OF THE WOMEN'S MOVEMENT

by Olive M. Stone

THE 1930s, years of the locust, saw among much other devastation the wasting of the movement for human rights for women, and it is only in the last five years or so that the movement has again become noticeably active. Like any other quickening, its rebirth cannot be ascribed to any one cause. Simone de Beauvoir's *Le Deuxième Sexe,* first published as long ago as 1949, may well have been the catalyst, but it was a long time before its impact was widely felt. The extended Anglo-Saxon versions of her theme, Germaine Greer's *The Female Eunuch,* and Kate Millett's *Sexual Politics,* were published respectively in 1970 in the United Kingdom and 1971 in the United States. In the meantime, the campaign in the United States against discrimination on grounds of skin colour and racial origin had prompted reflection, as well as some largely accidental legal limitations, on sex discrimination, and in 1969 a Professor of Law, Leo Kanowitz, published *Women and the Law.* He there examined the law in many of the United States and exposed their varying discriminations against women; in particular the falsity of the widespread belief that the system of community of gains in the South-Western United States improved the status of married women. In the United States the advertisers had probably also more thoroughly over-reached themselves than elsewhere in their polarised cults of so-called 'feminine' (meaning vacuously dependent) characteristics of the sex object on the one hand and the exclusive preoccupation of all other women with the alleged whitening qualities of washing powders.

In the meantime the cumulative effect of imperceptible changes in public attitudes had become apparent. The facts of the world population explosion had seeped into public consciousness, together with the realisation that what had for centuries been held up as the highest, if not the only, achievement of which any woman was capable, the production of legitimate children (preferably male,) might well be anti-social, especially if often repeated. The assumption that half the human population was never an end in itself, but merely a means to the perpetuation of the dominant half, was under scrutiny. The post-war expansion of many social services, including education, prompted closer examination of the expenditure of public funds. When these are diverted to large charitable institutions, including the Universities, is it rational that one half of the population alone should be eligible for authority in those institutions? In June 1971 there were 3,281 full professors in universities in Great Britain, of whom 3,237 were men and only 44 women. Half this total number of women professors was found in the University of London, which traditionally has a number of women's colleges staffed almost exclusively by women. Cambridge had three women professors from a total of 131 and Oxford four from a total of 118. There was not a solitary woman full professor in any of the seven universities of Wales.

The spread of supplementary benefits and schemes such as legal aid threw increasingly into relief the comparative poverty of the female half of the population and of the children dependent on them. In 1968 43 per cent of husbands but 75 per cent of wives petitioning for divorce received legal aid. In 1971 an estimated total of £93 million was paid by the Department of Health and Social Security to wives living apart from their husbands, while the Department recovered from those husbands contributions amounting to only £8 million.

At the other end of the scale, for example in the legal profession (which has received strong injections of public money through the legal aid scheme) the fact that there is not a solitary woman in the judicial committee of the House of Lords or among the eighteen members of the Court of Appeal was hardly balanced by the appointment in 1965 of the solitary woman member of the High Court, now one among 71 people to hold such office. Now that the former Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division of the High Court has been named the Family Division, it looks even odder that it should be staffed by a male President, 16 male and this one female puisne judges and nine male and one female registrars.

The tradition that the adult able-bodied woman, perhaps highly educated at considerable public expense, could after marriage respectably employ herself only either in domestic duties or their obvious extensions (e.g. teaching the young, nursing the sick) or in unpaid voluntary services (thereby evidencing her husband's prowess in the economic hunting grounds), became increasingly suspect when the records at the same educational institution of husbands and wives might clearly demonstrate her superior intellectual equipment. After about 1960, women have increasingly tended to bear while quite young their two or at the most three children. In many advanced countries more than half the women today have by the age of twenty-six or seven completed their families (see Evelyne Sullerot: *Women, Society and Change,* 1971). Since in these same countries women's expectation of life is increasing and exceeds that of men, this particular manifestation of conspicuous intellectual and social waste must be challenged.

On the introspective plane, the horrors of the 1930s prompted closer examination of the violent and destructive forces present in humanity itself, and speeded the popularisation of psychiatry and psycho-analysis. For many years this had a depressive effect on the women's movement. Freud and most of his followers clearly regarded a woman as considerably less than half a man. Recently, however, some young women writers (such as Shulamith Firestone: *The Dialectic of Sex,* 1970) have re-examined psycho-analysis, and the relationship of cause and effect between the patriarchal nuclear family, with its totally dependent woman and children, and the distortions of the sex drive that lead to neurosis. There is need for more research in this area, which may throw further light on the exaggerated segregation of both women and children in our society.

In the public sphere of paid employment (frequently called 'work', as in 'married women working') it is quite clear that women, married or single, are still predominantly the beasts of burden and very rarely (except for the stars of stage, screen or fashion house) the sacred cows. The virtual absence of women from commercial Board Rooms (with token exceptions in the cosmetics and fashion industries) is notorious. In what might be called the general run of employment, the overall position is clear: women provide about one-third of the labour force of the nation and earn on average about 55 per cent of men's earnings. A new earnings survey taken at April 1971 of employment earnings of men and women in Great Britain, and published in the Department of Employment Gazette for November 1971, showed the following position in respect of men aged 21 and over and women aged 18 and over in all occupations, both manual and non-manual, in all industries:

	Women aged 18 *and over*		*Men aged* 21 *and over*
	Full-time	*Part-time*	*Full-time*
No. in employment (in millions)	5.4	2.5	12.1
Average gross weekly earnings	£17.8p	£7.6p	£32.3p
Average weekly hours	37.4	19.7	42.9
Average gross hourly earnings	47.4p	38.3p	74.4p

A survey in 1970 of average earnings and indices of men and women employees in certain public industries and services (that is, public administration, including national and local government, teaching and the National Health Service, certain nationalised industries and insurance and banking) which was published in the Department of Employment Gazette for April 1971, showed that women were highly concentrated as clerks and on analogous duties in these industries and services, as follows:

Clerks and analogous employees in the above-mentioned public industries and services in 1970:

Men		*Women*	
No. employed	*Average combined earnings on a weekly basis*	*No. employed*	*Average combined earnings on a weekly basis*
255,000	£22.11.6d	500,000	£17.9.10d

Several points emerge from these and other figures. First, in those types of employment in which women are so concentrated that they outnumber men, the earnings of the men, though higher than those of the women, are noticeably below the national average for men. Secondly, large numbers of women and women alone are engaged in part-time employment, and their average hourly earnings are considerably below those of women working full-time. These women have either inescapable commitments such as the care of young children, or the social attitude that only after their husbands' expectations of a full-time cook-housekeeper, valet, and *vade-mecum* have been fulfilled are they free to take outside employment. In either event they accept for part-time work payment far below that normally received for full-time work.

This attitude by women is still widespread, even among the highly educated, and it undoubtedly depresses not only the level of pay women receive in outside employment, but also the legal safeguards for women who for good reason, such as the presence of children under school age, are unable to earn outside their homes.

The Guardian on March 7, 1972, published an article by Anne Poole, of the Sociology Department at Sheffield University, on a survey of women who graduated in 1960. It found that 'the majority of women graduates tend to take their responsibilities as housewives and mothers so seriously that they relegate any tentative career plans to a definite second place'. Most people who have attempted to talk about career prospects for serious full-time women workers know the stress that members even of the women's organisations tend to place on keeping available a good number of part-time jobs, for women whose main preoccupation is clearly intended to be that of housewife (even if this means only unpaid housekeeper to a man by no means too overworked to take a reasonable share in the household chores).

A working party set up by the National Joint Advisory Council published early in 1969 a report on how far existing restrictions on the employment of women and young people should continue, and the extent to which they should continue to be controlled by the Factories Act, 1961. All parties were agreed that the restrictions should continue for young people, but whereas the Confederation of British Industries and the nationalised industries thought that control over women's work should be abolished, the Trade Union Congress wanted restrictions to be retained on women's work, and especially the prohibition of night work. In support of its attitude, the Congress pointed to the multiplicity of women's jobs, since it was assumed that most of them did considerable work in the home, and feared that the result might be that women might overwork, become overtired and more prone to accidents. This means that the Trade Union Congress makes the following assumptions:

(1) That all women, married or single, whether working full-time or part-time, work in the home as well as at their employment;
(2) that few or no men do so, whether married or single; and
(3) that women are more accident-prone than men, even though this is explained by their presumed tendency to overwork.

The evidence for the third of these assumptions is not revealed and it seems contrary to known facts. The evidence for the first two assumptions is far stronger. A recent survey reviewed in *New Society* showed that there was far more sharing of household tasks between spouses in the professional and middle classes than in the traditional industrial classes. (If *The Guardian* survey is right, this suggests that graduate married women may be the drones of our society.)

Such attitudes prompt the reflection that the approach of the Equal Pay Act, 1970, calling for equal pay by December 29, 1975 for men and women doing 'the same or broadly similar work' may be over-simple. It may be necessary to consider not only the type of work done, but

also the seriousness with which it is approached. Perhaps both men and women should be given the option of classifying themselves as either bona fide serious full-time workers (in which case they should receive exactly the same treatment as career men workers now receive), or as supplementary workers only, that is, as people who consider their paid occupation as supplementary to their main preoccupation. Those men whose main preoccupation is voluntary public work (as local councillors or the like) or 'amateur' athletics or sport, could then receive treatment on exactly the same lines as the part-time women workers.

If the recent rise in male unemployment continues, a frontal attack on full-time women workers may be expected, on the spurious ground that they are taking men's jobs. Recent articles in the *Radio Times* on interviews with unemployed men, stressed for example, the indignity of a man being unemployed whilst his wife was the sole wage-earner of the family, and recorded with apparent approval his refusal to take any interest in or discuss with his wife purchases to be made from her earnings. The Select Committee in the House of Lords on Baroness Seear's Anti-Discrimination Bill (against discrimination in opportunities or conditions of employment) may perhaps curtail the wilder exhibitions of such discrimination. The standard reconciliation contract of the Conciliation Court of Los Angeles in about 1964 included the following clause: 'Sometimes men forfeit this right of having their loved ones depend upon them by active brutality or passive weakness, and, upon the happening of either event, women refuse to accept a dependent role. In either case women are robbed of their full dignity.'

This idea that an adult able-bodied woman is respectable or has dignity only if totally financially dependent on a man has inevitably the effect that women's time is considered freely expendable. Someone else is 'keeping' her in any event. The Inland Revenue still gives a man a special married man's allowance for the public service of 'keeping' a wife, although everyone knows that a sure way for a man to save money is to marry his housekeeper. (Of course, unless there is a *joint* application by both husband and wife for a wife's earned income to be separately assessed, all his wife's income is 'deemed to be' a man's income).

Even an article in *The Times* 'Features for Women' of May 3, 1972, on women who founded 'Businesses based on Home' adverted in revealing terms to the question of payment for the owner's own time, viz:

(1) 'The 50 per cent (mark-up) ought to cover office expenses, our own time and leave us with a mark-up of, hopefully, 25 per cent.'
(2) 'I don't know what percentage I make, and I don't cost out my time.'
(3) 'She makes no charge for her own time.' 'I have to make the workroom pay and my time pay, but I do it by the difference between wholesale and retail.'

It is a notable advance that a writer for *The Times* Women's Features considers any woman's time worthy of consideration for payment, since most women's magazines still advertise the cost of garments to be made

up as the cost of materials only, classing the time spent in making up the garments as valueless.

The extraordinary situation is that, when the worst has been said about women in employment, the married woman who spends her time in the home and does not have gainful employment of any kind is entitled only to be maintained, that is, to be kept in bed and board by her husband. She has no legal claim on any asset acquired during the marriage, unless she has herself contributed to it or there is an agreement giving her rights. She is legally classed as her husband's 'dependant', even though able-bodied, childless and in fact earning more than he does. Her right as a 'dependant' is to be maintained, that is, to be kept in bed and board by her husband. This right is in theory enforceable by the courts only when the husband and wife are no longer cohabiting. In fact it is totally unenforceable, as the net expenditure on separated wives by the Department of Health and Social Security and the thousands of men imprisoned for non-payment of maintenance bear witness. The courts may order men to support their dependants, viz., their wives and minor children, but they cannot make them do so. They may make an Attachment of Earnings Order, ordering the husband's employer to make from the husband's earnings 'the normal deduction' in respect of maintenance and other court orders, provided not less than 'the protected earnings' are left to the husband. But the courts cannot compel a man to continue to work for one employer or in any particular occupation. A man can always throw up his job and take another as, say, an agricultural labourer in a tied cottage, where the pay will be so low that the maintenance order must be reduced to little or nothing. (There is at least one reported case of a schoolteacher who did just this.) If, having separated from his wife, the man then sets up house with another woman, she and possibly her children will rank as his dependants, and increase his 'protected earnings'. As a last resort, the courts may imprison a man who deliberately refuses to pay maintenance orders when he has the means to do so. The net result of such imprisonment is, of course, the absolute assurance that the prisoner will have no income and be unable to maintain anybody, including himself, so that he must be maintained at public expense at a cost in the neighbourhood of £23 per week.

In the early 1970s most negotiations, frequently followed by strikes, initiated by organised male workers for increased wages and salaries were based on the increased cost of living. No undertaking was offered nor could any have been enforced, that any part of the increases received would be spent on the cost of living of the worker and his 'dependants'. There is no evidence that a reasonable part of such increases was in fact handed over by these men workers to the wives or mothers who are traditionally charged with the household spending, and what evidence exists is to the contrary. Nor is increased leisure spent in sharing domestic duties.

When her husband dies, again a wife has no right to any part of the property he leaves, although since 1938 she has been permitted to apply

to the court if he has not made reasonable provision for her. The court may, if it thinks fit, on her application make orders for her maintenance from the deceased's net estate. But so obsessed was the legal profession in 1938 with the heresy of 'freedom of testation' that the door was left wide open for a person during his lifetime to remove assets from his net estate, so as to make this provision inoperative.

Pressure to give a married woman some right to assets acquired by her husband during their marriage led in October 1971 to the Law Commission's Published Working Paper No. 42 on Family Property Law. This sets out clearly and readably the present position as regards property rights of married people. Apart from the wife's right to maintenance and certain rights to possession of the matrimonial home these are exactly the same as the property rights of the unmarried. The weakest part of the report is Part 5 on community of property, which shows an inadequate grasp of the differences between different systems of matrimonial community of property. In sub-sect. 2 of this part, for example, the Law Commission groups together under 'Systems of Deferred Community or Participation', (a) Scandinavia, Germany and Holland. These systems are so different that to group them together can only cause confusion. The Dutch system is one of total community, in which everything owned by both spouses at the time of the marriage and subsequently acquired is lumped together into a notional 'community fund', which is in general under the control of the husband and not of the wife. Married women in Holland had no contractual capacity whatever until 1956, and are certainly no suitable model for married women in England, who had achieved full contractual capacity in 1882 in respect of whatever property they might own, even though their opportunities for acquiring it were scant. There are differences between the Scandinavian systems, although they are all systems of deferred community, so that the community is conceived of less as a definite fund than as a method of taking accounts once the marriage has terminated. But in all the Scandinavian systems property owned by both spouses before their marriage is added to the notional community, so that the wedding ceremony still operates as a notional conveyance of property. This legal trick of making a wedding ceremony operate as a conveyance of property owned by one or both partners is one England escaped from in 1882, and it is hoped that it will never again be seriously considered as a part of our law. The Federal German system of deferred community of gains avoids both these major defects. It does not include any property owned by either spouse before the marriage, which continues after the marriage as before to be the separate property of that spouse and subject only to his or her individual control and management. And it is explicitly declared that the system during the marriage is one of separate and not of community property. Each spouse, after marriage as before, continues to manage, control and dispose of his or her property exactly as he or she did before the marriage, subject to certain limitations. For example, in Germany neither partner may dispose of all his or her property without the consent of the other.

The code does not explicitly limit disposal of the matrimonial home, but in practice, because it is likely to represent a major part of the assets of any married couple, the consent of the other spouse will normally be required before the home can be disposed of. When the marriage is terminated, an accounting procedure takes place, and the party who has acquired more during the marriage is required to make a balancing payment (which could preferably be made also in assets rather than only in money) to the one who has received less, so that each finally receives one half of what has been acquired during the marriage. This is the basic theme on which English law should now proceed to write her own variations.

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HONG KONG—A QUICK LOOK

by Pearl Jephcott

HONG KONG evokes an oddly shadowy image compared with that called up by such places as Jamaica or Fiji or Singapore. Off hand, who knows just where it lies on the 2,000 miles of China's coast, or what its current concerns may be apart from acting as a passage way in and out of China and being a lure to the more opulent tourist?

It is quite small of course, only 400 square miles in all. Hong Kong Island, a mere twenty-nine square miles, is largely mountain but has a narrow, urbanised fringe. Pressure for space is such that buildings are continually fanning out onto reclaimed coast land and climbing up fantastically steep slopes. Across a narrow strip of green and milky sea, the 'fragrant harbour' which gives Hong Kong its name, is Kowloon. This, a much older settlement, today comprises sixteen square miles of dense building. Northwards much of the terrain is mountainous and bare but there are also considerable areas of flat cultivated ground, with old villages and a net-work of little footpaths. The frontier with China, less than twenty miles as the crow flies from Kowloon, is in part just a sluggish stream flanked by duck farms. There are also some two hundred and thirty islands, often mistily reminiscent of the Hebrides.

Of Hong Kong's four million population, nearly half live either on the main island or in Kowloon. They are almost entirely (98 per cent) Chinese. Except for Sinkiang pretty well every province in China has contributed to the refugees who thronged into Hong Kong from the late 1940s onwards. They included textile manufacturers from Shanghai and large numbers of Cantonese speaking people of peasant stock from Kwantung.

Apart from a hard-working population and an outstandingly resourceful entrepreneurship, Hong Kong has no natural resources; some of its food and water comes in from China. Its original function, that of a trading post, dates back to 1842, when the island and the tip of Kowloon peninsular were ceded to Britain. Today it is an international financial centre and is increasingly developing its industrial base, producing in particular textiles, electronics, leather goods and plastics. Currently the economy is said to be booming and though there could be short-term set backs the long-term ones appear to be good, subject (as is all Hong Kong's future) to unpredictable political changes. Wages have risen faster than prices and the post-war, largely refugee and desperately poor society has been transformed. Pockets of poverty do still persist as was seen in the first home the writer was privileged to enter. It was that of Madame Chang, a sixty-six-year-old refugee of the early 1950s who had lost contact with all her relations. She had a minute, roof-top shanty, up flights of rickety stairs and without tap or lavatory. She made a living of sorts by reading and writing letters for the illiterate, working from a street-side table.

As with poverty, so have the health problems of the past been largely overcome. Infant mortality has been greatly reduced (to 21.8 per 1,000 live births in 1969), tuberculosis is far less of a menace than formerly and leprosy has been practically wiped out. Today's top killer diseases are those of Western society, with cancer at the head. Hong Kong is also successfully tackling population growth; the birth rate is no longer rising.

The Social Services, including the Social Welfare Department, strike the outsider as being surprisingly sophisticated in view of the tremendous challenges of the last thirty years. There are gaps, of course. Social Security, for example, is much less extensive than in Britain though a modernised Public Assistance scheme has recently been introduced. There are anxieties, too, about the facilities for the day and residential care of children. An example of work that is go-ahead is the Prison Authority's drug treatment centre, claimed to be one of the world's most significant programmes of its kind.

Voluntary organisations play an important part in the Colony's social and educational provision and get very considerable financial support from the Government. There is an exceptionally active Council of Social Service. Some of these services are run by Chinese secular bodies, others are organised by Buddhist, Hindu and Christian societies. The Lutheran Churches of America, Canada and Europe, the Roman Catholic and the Anglican Churches are particularly active in running schools and in social work on the vast new housing estates. Many of these missions moved down into Hong Kong when ejected from China but some have much longer links, as can be seen from tombstones in the Chinese Christian cemetery. Here a 'Soeur Alphonse' (d. 1850) and others of her 'Congregation de S. Paul' lie near another group of Europeans who also served the colony—the five hundred and ten officers and men of the LIX Regiment and thirty-six of their wives and one hundred and seven of their children (d. 1849-58).

Of all the services which Hong Kong has had to set up the most extensive and complex is probably housing. Over a million and a half people have now been provided by the Government with low rental homes. They previously lived in hill-side shacks, insanitary boats and old city slums. It is estimated that another 400,000 people have still to be rehoused. Lack of suitable sites, the need for speed, and the technical competence of the local building industry mean that the bulk of this new housing (as indeed the bulk of Hong Kong's new building in general) has been in multi-storey construction. Most of this new housing is sited on the perimeter of the existing built-up areas but several new towns have also been established. An example is Tsuen Wan, about five miles from Kowloon. A fishing village until 1950 it now has a population of 200,000 and is to expand.

By Western standards the level of the housing provided by the Government (and a Government-aided Housing Society) is low. But so is the rent. A flat for five people in a multi-storey block in the poorer type of accommodation may have a monthly rent ranging from about £1.20 to £2.25.

The flat itself is normally very small, the block (slab rather than tower) often massive, and the estate very large. Figures for the sixty-six public housing estates occupied in 1969 showed that nineteen of them had populations of over 30,000. In one case it rose to 143,000. Densities are exceedingly high and on certain estates well exceed 2,000 p.p.a. An example of one of the early types of flat was that of a widow with four adolescent children. It was single room, perhaps 10 ft. x 12 ft. x 9 ft. Water they drew from a tap (shared with twelve other households) at the end of their balcony and they shared four lavatories at the balcony end with twenty-three other households. Cooking was done in an electric rice pot in the room and on a couple of kerosene stoves on the narrow bit of access balcony that 'belonged' to the flat, but was also a busy, public passage. Conditions have improved in the newer estates but the home's overall floor space, per adult, is still only the size of a hearth rug, i.e. 36 square feet.

Hong Kong has achieved an incredible amount in a mere quarter of a century and especially since this was preceded by four years of Japanese occupation. The existing problems would seem to relate mainly to the rising generation, the 0-25 age group which forms over half the population. To revert to the matter of housing, for example. What may be the effects of the excessively tight physical conditions under which so many, perhaps a million and a half children are being required to grow up? Admittedly it is in keeping with Chinese traditions to live tight, as can be seen in any of the old villages. But there the family and its affairs spill over onto the surrounding space while in a high slab everything is penned inside, and the child more so than the adult. A case in point, and one typical of many seen, was a home where lived a grandmother, her daughter (an amah—but ill and at home that day) and seven children. Two were toddlers, four of school age and a fourteen-year-old girl was in work. It was a one room home, judged to be about 12 ft. x 14 ft. x 9 ft. but had its own sinkless tap and its own lavatory. A couple of two-tiered beds (used as tables and seats) and the stacked cardboard suitcases that substitute for cupboards and shelves took up most of the space. As in very many such homes there was a television set. An unexpected possession was a bird tied to a lead weight on the floor. The toddlers were peaky, listless little things who looked as if they seldom got out. The next four older children were said to get into bad company if allowed out by themselves so unless at school, which would be morning or afternoon, not all day, they probably lived the bulk of their life inside the flat.

The blocks themselves have far more life about them than has the typical British multi-storey. They mostly have external access corridors, shops on the ground floor and perhaps a roof-top or ground level school. Scores of stalls, quite illegal, tend to crowd round the blocks' bases. The Authorities provide equipped playgrounds and large recreation areas, flat, gritty, treeless affairs that do not encourage anything much but football. There are also sometimes play areas on various floors inside the block but they are cheerless and fundamentally uninteresting places and the

children do not seem to get much pleasure from them. Staffed, well-run club premises for children and adolescents are provided in certain blocks and there are a number of big, purpose built community centres. But none of all this really counters the basic problem, viz., easily get-at-able space that is the family's *own.*

Another of today's anxieties connected with the rising generation in Hong Kong is the quality of their education. As yet school is not compulsory though the great majority of the children of primary school age attend. Except in the English speaking schools, which are few, this primary education is free. A high proportion of the children go on to secondary education but this is normally fee paying and has a high drop-out rate, only about one in ten children reaching Form VI. There is a big, unsatisfied demand for technical education and for places at the two Universities. Of the schools' teachers, nearly half are untrained and the schools' standards are very uneven. Private schools undertake a large amount of Hong Kong's education. In 1969 as many as forty-seven per cent of the children at school were in a private, fee paying institution. This held for two-thirds of those in secondary schools. Chinese society places such high value on education and there is such a demand for teaching of any kind that the private school can be very lucrative. Effective control, by legislation, is difficult so that the private school may be able to get away with low standards. The general shortage of school places also means that all but the top level schools, mostly run by Christian denominations, concentrate on pushing their children through layers of examinations. This implies a narrow syllabus, a lot of homework, extra coaching, evening classes etc. It is alleged that even the kindergarten aspirant may have to face an interview with a group of adults! The Authorities are making extensive improvements but they are heavily criticised as not moving fast enough and not pumping nearly enough money into this key service.

There are also considerable problems connected with the work situation of young people, despite the fact that there is no shortage of jobs and that wages are relatively satisfactory for this South Eastern part of Asia. On the other hand conditions often seem poor and for the juvenile these, affecting his health, career and attitudes to work, may be as important as the wage. In Hong Kong a six-day week is almost universal and an 8 a.m.-6 p.m. day, with the possibility of overtime, common. It is only recently that all employees, including shop workers and domestic servants, have become entitled to four rest days per month. Training schemes are few and there is little in the way of welfare provision. This latter would seem a real risk, especally in view of the large numbers of young girl employees, 79,000 aged 14-17, so many of whom work in Hong Kong's major industries. It is also easy to flout the legal requirements as was seen at a small plastics factory where a flurry of girls plainly below the legal age for employment were seen scuttling down the back stairs as the visitors came up the front ones. Two examples of young workers talked with (selected almost at random) were these. The first was a 17-year-old machinist of nightdresses for the German trade. Her earnings were not

disclosed but she seemed content and keen to get on, so keen indeed that she was paying £2 a month for privately run evening classes in the dressmaking trade. The second youngster, a boy of 15 who had left school at 13 was stamping out metal clips on a foot press. He was one of a number of boys and girls in a back alley factory. He worked a six and said he occasionally had a seven-day-week and was on a daily flat rate of about 60p. He wanted to go to sea!

One striking feature in the life of young people in Hong Kong is that they have relatively little leisure and this is so almost from the time they can toddle, since quite tiny children are roped in to 'work' e.g. to help fit one bit of a plastic flower into another. In any case the Chinese parent equates play with idleness and looks askance at anything that tempts youth from its proper goal, the acquisition of useful knowledge. As far as adolescents are concerned the bulk of any leisure they have is probably spent much as in Britain except that there is very little public dancing. Most of the British youth organisations have their counterpart and standards are high as regard trained staff, premises, equipment and also experimental work. But as in Britain they probably fail to reach those judged to need them most. Nor have they identified the leisure time needs of the adolescent girl.

The rising generation in Hong Kong is also said to be following world-wide trends in that it causes more disturbances to society than did its predecessors. Except for drug taking, informed opinion does not seem to think that there has been any marked increase in official delinquency though the age at which youngsters get into official trouble has fallen. The number of those aged under twenty-four who served a jail sentence on drug charges did, however, treble between 1965-69. The extent of the drug problem for all ages and in all classes of Hong Kong society is reflected in the fact that in 1968-69 three-quarters of the total prison population had been convicted on drug charges.

There are other more nebulous matters that would seem to present rather special problems for the rising generation and particularly for the older adolescent and the young adult—some three-quarters of a million of them. They are very hemmed in, geographical and culturally. The Hong Kong student cannot, like his British equivalent, hop abroad for a cheap and educationally valuable holiday. Intensive urbanisation and crowded schools, markets, sports grounds, buses and streets mean there are few easily get-at-able spots where the youngster can ever be apart from a lot of other people. And except for a tiny minority of the more affluent, even his home is unable to provide privacy.

Another of the less obvious problems is the fact that these boys and girls are subjected from a very early age to two cultural patterns. An example was seen at an up-country village home on the day the Pope happened to be visiting and addressing a mass gathering in Hong Kong. The home's T.V., the family glued to it, was perched immediately above the household's ancestral shrine, complete with smoking joss sticks. A more typical instance of divergent pressures is when the youth club's

leader invites the boy to join a club and enjoy himself while his parents urge the duty of devoting any free time to learning. Adults preach filial piety, the mass media (largely Western controlled) tends to laud the rejection of authority. Politically too, it is hard for these youngsters to see any clear cut image of their own country's place in the world. With what can they be expected to identify themselves since their homeland's common past has been so brief and its future is so unpredictable? The more negative aspects of nationalism are not obviously on their mind. But do they, or do they not, feel galled that Hong Kong is still a Crown Colony, a dependent territory whose citizens exercise relatively little political power? That few older people appear to bother about this may be beside the point in the eye of the more thoughtful youngster.

Many of the problems referred to above are offset by the fact that the young are a resilient lot. Given adequate help, and especially as regards education, the rising generation in Hong Kong can be expected to cope. More may be involved than the personal reasons. Since these particular young people are being brought up with one foot in China and one in the West, it is conceivable that they will be called on to play a significant role in China's new relationships with the outside world.

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'AV WE ENY 'OAP FU' BETTR SPELING?

Yes—Within Limits

By Sir James Pitman, K.B.E.

CONCERN about spelling is deep, even in the absence of a national survey—such as there was for reading—which would prove that the standards of orthographic spelling are worse than feared.

The prevalence of poor spelling among those whose mother tongue is English is so obvious that confirming it would seem a waste of money. Moreover, to lift the carpet would disclose a shocking state of affairs which is better hidden from all save those who correct (or despairingly fail to correct!) the spelling errors in essays of teachers in training; supposedly the best spellers because they are the 'sixth formers' from secondary schools.

It is surprising but true that the best way for children to learn to spell orthographically is first to learn to read and write in the Initial Teaching Alphabet (i.t.a). A summary of 47 researches conducted in England and America on spelling compiled by Dr. J. R. Block, is now available in *Educational Research,* the June magazine of The National Foundation for Educational Research, The Mere, Upton Park, Slough, Bucks. Those researches, with carefully matched populations totalling several thousands of children reported that, allowing time for the transition, all the i.t.a. groups of children spelled significantly better in Traditional Orthography (T.O.) than did those taught in the traditional way. That the i.t.a. children more easily learn 'orthographic spelling' is because most words in our Traditional Orthography (T.O.) are: —

a Identical with i.t.a. in being wholly alphabetic; or
b Differ by employing digraphs in place of the i.t.a. characters which have been designed to resemble them and are thus easily separated into the appropriate digraphs; (e.g. th, sh, ch, wh, ie, ee); or
c Differ only by an alternative spelling sufficiently general to be a 'regular irregular' spelling: (e.g. vowel plus consonant plus *e* in the 'long' vowel in *save, here, wives, home, cute, lyre*; and the *ce* with the value of *s* in fa*ce*, nece*s*sary, ni*ce*, innoce*n*t, Lyce*u*m, pu*ce*); or
d Occur so remarkably and so frequently that the learners tend to remember them.

Children immediately concentrate on the words in class d, which might be called the 'shockers', e.g. onky (once), wuhosse (whose), as well as wass (was), etc., which are common; also on such names as Marshbangks (Marjoribanks), which are *not* common. These shockers strike the learner as peculiar and he takes special note of them when they occur. In his desire to learn grown-up spelling, the child finds himself soon mastering what is strikingly brought to his notice.

The adoption of i.t.a. has thus increased the proportion of good

spellers among the most literate, and also of the fairly good and less bad spellers.

For this reason i.t.a. is no threat to orthographic spelling—rather a support. It is a strong ally in the first, and the active, meaning of that word 'spelling'—in the sense of the fingers using the pen or tapping the keys of a typewriter. The learning of spelling becomes easier and the writer becomes consequently less inhibited in what he chooses to spell because he is more confident and less anxious lest he may offend his reader or be despised by him.

It will be considered an ally by most of us in the second meaning of spelling—the passive or receptive sense of spelling for the *reader* of mass communications, that is to say in the passivity of the eye accepting meaning from the printed page. The purpose of print is to make reading as easy as possible and furthermore to facilitate comprehension. The printer goes to considerable lengths to enable reading to be easy and fluent. A daily sale, for example, of over three million copies of the *Daily Express,* with a readership of some nine million, could not be reached and maintained unless the words and meanings are presented in a manner most apt for rapid reading and the easiest possible understanding. That is the *raison d'être* of the printed form.

In that case orthographic spelling is not so much the master of the printer as the servant of the reader. Our traditional spellings are incomparably better for serving the reader than might be any simplified spelling which could be contrived from the present Roman alphabet which set out to relate print to sound more efficiently than does traditional orthography.

In over ten years of experience, i.t.a. has proved that during the learning period a systematic relationship between print and sound is most valuable. It has been found, in use with now more than two million children, that it therefore makes much easier the learning of reading and of writing (the expression of meaning on paper). Children then graduate effortlessly from this transitional medium to becoming fluent readers in the traditional, if less alphabetic, spellings.

In reading, the child faces a personal choice of the two media at the transition. Experience has shown that, as a free agent, he elects T.O. for his reading. He *wants* 'to read grown-up' and puts pressure on teacher and parent to allow him to 'make the transition' as soon as he is able. Often he succeeds too soon in his wish, against his own better interest and against the protests of his teacher—that a little longer on i.t.a. would lead not only to his reading more books and acquiring an even better reading skill in T.O. but also to his developing his vocabulary and language skills, and to his pronouncing correctly words new to him.

In this preference for reading from orthographic spellings, the learner is wiser than 'spelling reformers' suppose. The case for reading from T.O. and not from any 'reformed' spelling in the Roman alphabet is very strong. Since the advent of i.t.a. the dice are loaded even more against the spelling reformer who wants us all to read new spellings in

the Roman alphabet. This 'spin-off' effect from i.t.a. in making spelling reform even more unlikely will come as a great relief to the overwhelming majority—those including the late Bernard Shaw and myself, who have long recognised the supreme merit of T.O. *as a reading medium* once it has been learned. As Bernard Shaw asked me: 'Who wants to read *woz* and what benefit in use do they get from having a new reading medium of that kind, when they can read either *was* or *woz* equally easily and regard *woz* as obscene?'

In so far as Shaw urged reform, he wanted not a new reading or spelling reform but a quite different kind of alphabet. He claimed that what had been carved in stone in the Forum in Rome 2,000 years ago for the Latin speech, was, if right even for Latin, the cause of inevitable inefficiency when transferred unchanged to English. Playing about with an inefficient alphabet, he said, would make reading less rapid and less well understood, and contribute nothing to the speedier and more facile writing which, as an author and 'manual labourer', he desired. His need was for a more efficient tool so that the writer's mind should no longer wait upon the writer's hand but his hand upon his mind. He also recognised that no one would agree to destroy what works well in day-to-day reading, unless the new were functionally better for reading than the old. To him spelling reform was anathema! His aim was not a spelling reform but an alphabet reform.

Let us analyse and expand the reasons why it will not be possible, and would not be desirable, to replace T.O. as the general *reading* medium. *a.* It works too well, and is too firmly established. *b.* It does not suppose a standard pronunciation nor could one be imposed. *c.* Reform by legislation, imposing a new orthography, is unthinkable in Britain, America, Canada, etc., whatever the experience in other countries. *d.* It is much better as a reading medium for rapid reading and ready understanding than could be any medium using the same Roman alphabet related systematically to speech.

a. There is no need to elaborate this point to which Shaw attached overwhelming importance. Shaw's argument was that the great majority of those with power, influence, money and above all votes can read T.O. fluently and with understanding, but only in that printed form which has been conventional for centuries, wherever English is spoken; and that, if politics be the art of the possible, it would be *im*possible, certainly in Britain or in America, to overthrow what has become established as the generally accepted reading medium. Children find that our present medium makes learning to read exceptionally difficult; this however, is another point and anyhow as Shaw further pointed out, children have no power, money, influence or votes!

b. Our traditional reading medium succeeds largely because it supposes no standard pronunciation. It is wishful thinking to expect Americans to accept British pronunciations or the British to adopt American variants, or Australians to adopt either. Indeed, within English-speaking countries, there is no standard pronunciation for some 50 per cent of English

words. (See *Alphabets and Reading* Pitman and St. John p. 124.)

c. Even if orthographic reform by legislation could ever be contemplated, the idea is seen to be ridiculous and impossible as soon as it is recognised that it would necessarily involve an attempt to make the British and Americans assume that they ought all to speak alike!

Either after bitter acrimony, the spellings of each country would diverge in accordance with the variants of its pronunciations and the great benefit of the world-wide currency of conventions of print would have been lost, or else the very principle of relating the printed word to the speech sounds of the reader would go by the board. Moreover, is it possible to predict how any particular reader will pronounce every word he reads?

d. The great advantage that our present medium enjoys is that the printer is able to indicate clearly the meaning of words in countless situations where the meaning would otherwise be ambiguous because the word, when spoken, is itself ambiguous. In speech, the listener cannot anticipate. Our spoken language has many homophones not readily understood because the meaning is ambiguous until resolved by future context. In many of these cases, our *written* language avoids this ambiguity: e.g. *son* and *heir; sun* and *air.*

Probably an important reason why we are able to take from print the meaning of words at the rate of many hundreds per minutes, yet are able to take in speech at no faster than at a few hundreds is because print indicates future meaning more clearly than does speech.

Another reason why reading is faster than listening is because our irrational spellings add what I call 'whiskers' to the shapes of words and thus increase their idiosyncrasy, with no reduction, indeed an increase in the immediacy of word recognition by those who, by habituation, have become skilled readers. It would seem for instance that the word *enough,* by being 50 per cent longer and having that 'descender' below the line of the *g* as well as an 'ascender' (in the *h*), is more striking than the shorter *enuf* or *inuf,* with its single ascender. Compare *what* with *wot* or *graf* with *graph.* The probabilities are that the eye, when conditioned by practice in reading, is helped by just those anomalies which cause so much difficulty during the learning period. After all, the Chinese read fluently enough, and they have no alphabet and no relationship at all from character to sound, depending on what are in essence 'whiskers'.

If then it be agreed that the reform of our reading medium by a systemisation of its spellings in relation to speech, that is to say 'Spelling Reform' as generally understood, is 'just not on', and would be harmful to easy reading, there is at present no proposal available other than the one inspired by the desire to make learning to read and to write easier for children. Thus the only change which is foreseeable is that which i.t.a. is slowly achieving. Nevertheless, I believe that another reform, not as yet on the table, could indeed be very beneficial and accordingly acceptable and therefore possible, but only if our reading medium is left alone for *mass communication* and the proposal for that reform be

limited to spelling for *individual* communicators only.

We need therefore to accept that the Printers' Reader must keep handy the '*Authors & Printers Guide*' and a library of reference books so that his spellings, as well as the typeface, lay-out, paper, etc., may together make reading as fast and understandable as is practicable. He is a professional, and his aims are as stated. But is there any good reason to expect from the non-professional, say a husband writing to his wife, or writing to an hotel to book a room, the same professionalism and the same high standard, seeing that the aims are so different? The hotel clerk will book the room with no loss of understanding if *accommodation* were spelled in any one of many variants. Both parties are hindered if the writer is required to use the dictionary to ensure perfection of spelling, and both are harmed if any lapses from perfection are allowed to prevent or deter communication. There can be no good purpose in forcing upon the individual the standard of the professional printer. Handwriting, save in the case of a few calligraphers, is greatly variant and often grossly substandard. Thus, the aberrations of hand-writing prove that the criterion of communication is effectiveness, not conformity. So why should the criterion of spelling be different, at any rate in such personal communications?

Why then must we have orthographic spelling for individual communications just as if they were mass communications? Ought we to be quite as worried as we are about mis-spellings by teachers in training or by their students? If handwriting varies from individual to individual, so too does speech. We identify unerringly a known voice on the telephone. Why do we need to impose on ourselves an orthography while we impose no rectoscript (if I might coin that cord) and no orthoepy? What rational considerations are there for requiring standardisation for individual communication in spelling but not in handwriting or in speech; what practical considerations are there for imposing an *ideal* and not a *functional* objective?

Spelling reform, in this, the true meaning of spelling reform, could come about tomorrow with no legislation or prior agreement as to pronunciation with those who write and spell English in other countries and with no fuss of any kind, if only we were to accept that we do not all speak alike or write alike and if each one of us were no longer to take offence at the mis-spellings of our friends, nor to worry about our own possible mis-spellings when we write to them. If, as may be expected, 99 per cent of the total of all the words we write is going to be orthographic any way does it really matter if the remaining 1 per cent varies?

For this purpose all we need accept is a systematisation of our digraphs so that we may unerringly know how to spell the 17 or 18 English sounds for which the Roman alphabet has no signs and therefore our orthography has no positive symbolisation. Clearly *th, sh, ng, ae, ee, ie, oe, ue,* etc., will be systematised, and some new ones will be added, such as *zh,* for rou*ge,* gara*ge,* and trea*s*ure. Possibly the curved *w* (or even the angular *w*) could be used for g*oo*d and bl*ue,* as well as in *w*ater and the

th be used in both *th*igh and *th*y. It will not be necessary, and is likely to be impracticable, to introduce a new character to represent the vowel sound in *a*bout, contin*e*nt, Cyr*i*l, at*o*m, *u*pon, etc. However, the dilemma is inescapable: either the speller needs to be required to choose blindly between those five characters when wishing to spell two of the syllables in '*a*ccomm*o*dat*e*' or it will be necessary to provide him with a new character with which to spell with certainty—and the provision of any new character presents great difficulties. The Simplified Spelling Society has worked out and published a system. It is excellent, but the members of the Society don't use it, even for those words the spellings of which they are doubtful!

Such a mixture of predominantly orthographic spellings, interspersed with a few not orthographic but systematic spellings, would be effective functionally and ought to be acceptable for all purposes other than mass communication. At present students and teachers waste millions of hours in *failing* to learn (and to teach) orthographic spelling for individual communication. Thus as readers we accept how they choose to spell!

There are, therefore, three quite different conceptions embraced by the over-loose expression 'Spelling Reform'. The first, already proving acceptable and beneficial, is a 'Learning Reform' which seeks to improve on T.O. but only as a transitional medium for learning to read and write: the second, a 'Reading Reform' which seeks to reform the matter which those who know how to read will be compelled to read. This reform has been pressed vigorously: yet it has consistently failed to achieve anything other than to vary the spellings, in America, of a few words such as *center* and *honor* in place of *centre* and *honour*. This change in the printing of matter intended for mass communication has impeded, not improved communication. Varying spellings in the print of only one country have made books less marketable throughout the other countries of the English-speaking world. No good purpose in helping the reader was achieved.

The third conception, one which is truly a spelling reform, has been and is now deliberately withheld from practical consideration. It is certainly related to spelling but is not so much a reform as a change of attitude: — a new tolerance towards the fact that accurate orthographic spelling is not attainable in individual (as distinct from mass) communication. As an answer to a contradictory assertion, it will be found chastening, if not humiliating, to invite a spelling in T.O. of the words '*vilifie, raerifie, inuendoe, inocuelaet, sueperseed, haras, embaras, plaegi, desikaet, rivitid,*' here spelled in a reformed system.

In time it may become practical to carry out research to ascertain whether spelling would become even less orthographic, or possibly more so, were a new method to be employed, one radically different from those in the past which have for centuries frustrated the teaching of a standard orthography. It is conceivable that the children, so few of whom learn to spell correctly after great attention has been given to teaching standard orthography, will actually learn to spell better, with no such teaching,

if they are taught that in all cases of doubt they may use an alternative and systematic spelling related directly to their own pronunciation, when writing, for example, an informal letter to a friend. This could involve non-orthographic but systematic variant spellings for a few words which will be functionally legible and ought to detract as little from acceptability of the whole correspondence as it will from the effectiveness of the communication. This could happen if spelling were allowed to develop naturally from reading and writing and the learner were to be allowed to make his few mistakes without any sense of guilt or risk of contempt. As has been suggested, the wish to conform has proved to be a strong one when the pupil is making the transition from writing in i.t.a. to writing in 'grown-up' spelling. Thus, on this count also, there is further hope for better adult spelling—within limits!

NOTE:

Even more misleading are the variations of each character, particularly between upper-case (capitals) and lower-case. This is of especial relevance to the look-and-say method. In its pure form look-and-say avoids the phonetic difficulties altogether and in fact jettisons the alphabetic principle, but (leaving aside for the moment whether or not this can be justified) it also fails to recognize that the variations in the form of each character present the child with another series of inconsistencies. It is perhaps impossible for an adult to appreciate how baffling it can be to a child to discover that the indefinite article a can also appear as *A* or *a*; that *the* can be *The* or *THE* or *the*. They may seem all the same to us but to a child, striving to acquire the first elements of reading, these kinds of variations are inevitably perceived as being quite distinctive and inexplicably inconsistent. A simple word like *bag* can appear in at least ten forms—

BAG, Bag, Bag, bag, bag, *bag*, bag, bag, Bag, Bag

[Sir James Pitman, K.B.E., is President of the Simplified Spelling Society and Founder and Designer of the Initial Teaching alphabet.]

OUR EARTH

by Leslie Reid

TODAY there can be no excuse for not knowing what is being said about conservation, about our natural environment and how we are at the same time plundering it of exhaustible resources and polluting it with all manner of noxious wastes. We have been told often enough that the process is accelerating on account of two kinds of closely related expansion, an expanding population and an expanding economy. This earth of ours groans under a tyranny by which more and more people do more and more damage. We have been warned by well-informed prophets what the fate of our sick earth is almost certain to be if their doom-laden prognosis is ignored. And now, no more than a few months ago, far-reaching, not to say revolutionary measures designed to halt, if not to reverse, these lamentable trends have been persuasively outlined.

None of this need be repeated here, and my purpose is to examine basic causes rather than effects, to approach the whole issue from the vantage-point of nature herself, which will mean trying to explain just what we mean by the words 'nature' and 'natural' in this context. Only in this way can we begin to understand what we are doing to our earth, and why the course we are sailing on is likely to become a suicide course.

Everyone knows that our lives depend upon certain factors which we seldom think about because we take them for granted. There are four above all—the radiant energy of sunlight; the gaseous envelope we call the atmosphere; water, both fresh and salt; and finally the soil which is a highly complex amalgam of rock particles, of substances both organic and inorganic, humus and nitrates, and of teeming hosts of bacteria, together with a wide variety of other living things visible and invisible. What everyone perhaps does not know is that these four work one with another in co-operative interdependence over the habitable face of the earth in constantly repeated and dynamic processes whose unresting activity maintains the system by which we live. These processes are self-regulated and self-renewing, the end product of one being brought into play to begin another, a fresh process, a fresh cycle, over and over again. What many of us have begun to realise now is that the time for taking these natural dynamos for granted has come to an end, that the time has come for taking close stock of them. Above all we must understand that they are highly vulnerable, and that to interfere with them is to court catastrophe.

With this in mind let us take a closer look at these processes. The one of which everyone knows concerns rainfall. Winds blowing over the sea take up water in the form of vapour, and this vapour when the winds reach land, particularly hilly land, condenses and falls as rain. This replenishes the rivers flowing into the sea, and thus provides more water for the winds to take up. Without rain, without constantly renewed

rain, there can be no plants, and without plants we perish, not only because there could then be no crops, but for a yet more fundamental reason which brings us to a process of a different kind.

Its name is photosynthesis, and its agents are plants, all green plants that is to say, from one-celled micro-organisms floating in the sea and in fresh water, to the tallest and bushiest trees. They use the gas carbon-dioxide present in the atmosphere, their own green cells and the radiant energy of sunlight, to synthesise their food—sugars—starches—which not only they, but all animals as well, must have directly or indirectly. In this literally vital process the plants give out the oxygen which they and all living creatures take in as they breathe. Plants have been unobtrusively at work in this way throughout the thousands of millions of years of their existence, and there is good reason for believing that the oxygen of the atmosphere was put there in the first place all those aeons ago, and unfailingly renewed ever since by this same subtle alchemy.

Another of these processes, and a significant part of the universal process of life and death, is the nitrogen cycle. When plants and animals die, and when animals excrete, they give back to the soil all those complex substances by which they were built up. When we say that these decay we mean that bacteria get to work upon them, producing first ammonia, then nitrites and finally nitrates. It is these nitrates which dissolve in soil water and thus become available to living plants, and by way of them to animals. The nitrogen-fixing bacteria, living in those swellings on the roots of plants of the pea and bean family, must not be forgotten. It is their business to take nitrogen directly from the air and give it to the soil, which is why clovers for instance can be made, or *should* be made, to play so important a part in the rotation of crops.

Cycles then working away in secret to keep going the scheme of things by which we live, and of which we are a part, component processes co-operating to make up the vast cosmic process in all its barely imaginable complexity. We speak of cycles in the plural because, as we have seen, there are several, each with its own job to do. They are mutually dependent, which means that it is not so much dependence which matters as *inter*dependence. In the streets of nature's city the traffic moves in both directions, and we are dependent upon, and a part of, that city which is a single processive system prevailing over the habitable globe, by virtue of which indeed the globe *is* habitable. Geographers divide it into spheres or ecosystems—forest, savannah, semi-desert, desert, fresh water, salt water, swamp. These are the major ecosystems, and they are susceptible to subdivision into minor ones to an almost unlimited extent.

Consider a small and familiar example, a pond in a farmland field. It is self-contained, easily distinguishable, but has ties linking it with the largely man-made ecosystem of the field in which it lies. More important are the ties which bind all its living denizens, from one-celled micro-organisms to minnows and moorhens, reciprocally to one another. They are connected too with the plants of the pond, both rooted and floating,

just as the plants themselves are bound by the same sort of ties of interdependence as all the rest. The pond in fact is a welfare state, each one of whose citizens, whether plant or animal, is born, lives, dies and decays in a condition of harmonious near-stability with all the others. This is a harmony unbroken by, indeed to a significant extent dependent upon, the violent relationship between predators and prey. Each living organism, each *kind* of living organism, obeys the self-imposed laws of the welfare state. These are few and simple, can be included indeed within one law, a single golden rule which might run thus: 'Live your own life, consult your own interests, but at the same time learn to adapt yourself to the interests of your neighbours, the whole community of living things, together with the environment to which it belongs'. What law more golden than that ought human communities to obey? The humble and unobtrusive community of the pond is ruled by it with complete success and yet has recourse neither to governments, law-courts nor police—does so without benefit of any moral principles whatever. That surely is a very remarkable fact.

The moral is obvious, and so are the problems it involves. One way of trying to solve them is to look at the situation, *our* situation that is to say, from a historical point of view. This should bring out more clearly the many and far-reaching ways in which our community differs from that of the pond, and at the same time help us to understand how we have come to our present pass, and to see where we have gone wrong. History, in other words, but much more than is usually described as such. We shall have to include prehistory, to go back to the time when humanity set out on its tremendous adventure, the time when man became man, a million or perhaps a million and a half years ago.

We are animals, and at the time when we evolved into human animals we, that is to say those early ancestors of ours, lived in the manner of all animals today, either hunting for their food as carnivorous predators, or else as herbivores, living directly upon plants. They are known as hunter-gatherers. What is astonishing, and for our subject highly significant, is that hunter-gatherers they remained until about 10,000 years ago, which on the time scale of evolution is rather like saying the week before last. So for the greater part of his entire history man has lived in the way all animals live now.

These hunter-gatherers, men and women of the Old Stone Age, were adapted members of a great community of living things, complex and diversified living things, bound to one another, like the inhabitants of the pond, by a network of radiating ties. Their impact on their environment was gentle, offering no violence to those cyclic processes which governed then, and still govern, all life on earth. Their demand on its resources was moderate, and above all confined to those which were capable of renewing themselves—water, plant substance, animal substance. Their activities produced no waste which one or another of those processes, the nitrogen cycle for instance, could not bring back into use. If these people destroyed, they also renewed.

Two questions, both of primary importance, pose themselves at this point. Why did the hunter-gatherer phase endure for so long, and why did it at last come to an end? It endured because it was a success, because it worked, and it worked because it conformed to the prevailing cyclic system in a condition of stability. Life in those days must have been hard, beset with recurrent crises of greater or lesser severity. Earth was no Garden of Eden, though we may suppose that most of the time food was there for the taking. But it had one characteristic in common with the Garden of Eden. It was static, enduring, stable. There were changes of course, but they were local, and of a kind to which men could adapt themselves. In spite of them, an overall stability prevailed, a state of affairs having many advantages. But the price of stability is stagnation. Life, and above all human life, is dynamic, goes on, but not in the same way as before. Sooner of later there will be far-reaching evolutionary change. To use that word so frowned upon today and so misunderstood, there will be progress.

So we come to the second question. The change which gradually supplanted the dubiously blissful Garden of Eden where hunting and gathering was the way of life was a revolution of major importance. We call it the Neolithic Revolution, the New Stone Age, when man learned to keep domesticated herds instead of hunting wild animals, and to grow crops instead of collecting grasses, nuts and fruit. He became in fact a farmer. That meant the gradual ending of one kind of stability, and the beginning of an entirely different kind. The stability he brought to an end was that by which he lived in equilibrium with his environment, and the one he began was that by which he could settle down in one place. Without *that* kind of stability (which meant the absence of the other) he could never have achieved civilisation with all its graces and its disgraces. Without agriculture, without reserves of food, whether on the hoof or in the granary, he remained a hunter-gatherer over the face of the earth.

Broadly speaking it seems true that Neolithic Man seldom engaged in what today we call mixed farming. He was either a herdsman, in which case periodic wanderings in search of fresh pasture might be called for, or else he was a grower of grain, when again at times he would have to move on if, for instance, the fertility of his fields became seriously diminished. It is just in this dwindling of pasture and deterioration of soil that we come upon the price he had to pay for the comparative comfort and security of a settled existence. Human innovations of this kind are so demanding, so intensive and so reckless. In their eagerness for quick returns men almost invariably ignore long-term results.

Nature knows better, is moderate in her demands, always counts the remoter cost, and is more concerned with long-term results than with short. She is patient and long-suffering. In the stability of a natural ecosystem exhaustion of the soil is unknown. Wild plants grow in a mixed community of several kinds, not in an extended monoculture, and a highly demanding one at that. In nature there is no wholesale felling of forests so as to put more land under crops. This is not only the destruc-

tion of a valuable ecosystem, but causes rainwater to run off the surface instead of soaking in where it is needed. Wild animals graze or browse selectively as between one kind of plant and another, which means that their food-supply is portioned out. Where there are herds of cattle, with their thousands of nibbling mouths and trampling hooves, the situation is far otherwise. At the worst the consequence is complete removal of the living mantle of plant life, causing soil erosion and wind-scoured dust-bowls.

That was the beginning of our assault on the environment, and though there were serious results here and there, on the whole the environment with its cyclic processes held its own. Then came another revolution, a thing of yesterday so far as its origin is concerned. This of course was the Industrial Revolution, and it brought us the questionable gift of an industry mechanised by virtue of gluttonous contraptions requiring to be fed continuously with fossil fuels, coal and oil that is to say, both of them non-renewable. To make the contraptions themselves, as well as the commodities they are responsible for, we plunder our planet of metals also non-renewable.

But this is a revolution by no means confined to industry. It affects agriculture almost equally, and today we find ourselves landed with a sort of agro-industry, favouring field after field, hedgeless and prairie-like, for the most part devoted to the same crop.

Beyond question then it is clear that in our latest and worst revolution we are raping our earth, and in the process contaminating it with wastes in wide variety, solid, liquid and gaseous—coal tips, refuse-tips, industrial effluents, crude oil, smoke, sulphur-dioxide, to mention only a few. These few, together with the rest of their kind, have one thing in common. They are all waste-products of a kind which our natural environment refuses to recognise, wastes which we don't want and don't know what to do with. Unlike natural wastes they are incapable of joining some fresh process, of re-cycling themselves.

So what, basically, initially, must we do, short of returning to the primal and static innocence of hunting and gathering? Obviously the first necessity is to cultivate the long-term view, which means a sense of responsibility towards the generations yet to come. Only then can we hope to cure the ills that now beset us. And perhaps we can find hope in an unexpected direction. When manned satellites began the exploration of space, and still more when astronauts set course for the moon, the first of the wonders they saw was a sphere hanging in a void, a parti-coloured sphere, dappled with cloud-shapes. There it was, presented to human gaze in a manner never known until then, our ecosphere, our earth, our home in the immensity of the universe. Seeing it thus through the eyes of those brave men, how can we fail to think of it with respect, with affection, and with a determination that come what may we will give up thinking of it and treating it as a bottomless treasure-chest and an equally bottomless refuse-bin at the same time, that we will think of it as a home, and begin treating it as a home should be treated.

THE UNIT OF ACCOUNT

by B. Narpati

A CURRENCY of account must not necessarily be a means of payment used in the country or abroad. Its utility is to furnish a uniform standard of value for the rights and obligations of contracting parties. Various currencies of account were in regular use for many centuries: the *Fiorino* in Genoa, the *ducato di banco* in Venice, the *Florin Banco* in Amsterdam and the *Mark Banco* in Hamburg. These were the most famous. After the devaluation of the Swiss franc in 1936, the original parity of the Swiss franc used in the B.I.S. was maintained as a currency of account.

The International Monetary Fund has apparently referred to a U.A. in article 4 section 1a, which prescribes that every member's currency will be expressed in gold or in dollars with the gold parity as it existed in 1944.

In many countries the use of a gold clause is illegal and therefore any clause that referred to a fixed gold parity had to be avoided. A reference to a unit of account with a fixed gold parity was equally dangerous. It might indeed be construed as a gold clause and be declared null and void in some countries. That was the main reason why the U.A. of the E.P.U. was chosen.

Unfortunately the E.P.U. was dissolved in 1958 and as a result the unit of account, used in the loan certificates, had to be defined. This definition became very complicated indeed as it had to include a solution for all the events that could happen in the monetary field.

A great many economists are recommending floating parities for the national currencies, or wider margins, or crawling pegs. This tendency cannot but be favourable to the use of a unit of account as defined in the latest issues floated.

The advantages of a common European currency for the formation of a genuine capital market are obvious. Such a currency would no longer be exposed to the unstable trend of the economic and financial situation and policy of a single country.

The U.S. dollar, when utilised in the case of an issue mainly placed in Europe, plays the role of a common unit of account. For such operations, the dollar mainly serves as a yardstick. The savings collected for the purpose of such issues are seldom dollar assets, but assets expressed in DM, Florins, Lire, French francs, Belgian francs, etc., and which are all grouped under one common denominator, the U.S. dollar.

The U.S. dollar is and will finally remain a national currency, the trend, value and confidence of which is mainly determined by such factors as the situation of the balance of payments, the internal economic development, the political situation and the monetary policy of the United States. A national currency does not in all circumstances offer the necessary solid basis on which an international capital market must be built up.

With the intention that no one would be in a position to reduce its commitments unilaterally through devaluation, or to suffer the consequences of unilateral revaluations by others, from 1961 the unit of account of the former European Payments Union has been utilised for the issue of international bond loans.

The unit of account does not eliminate all exchange risks since it is subject to a change in its gold value. It however confers the greatest stability possible on the commitments undertaken. A change in its gold value is only possible in the case of a change in the parity of all the reference currencies, whereby at least two thirds of all the reference currencies must undergo a change in parity in the same direction—devaluation or revaluation. Therefore, the unit of account is as stable as the most stable reference currency.

Because of this stability, the conditions in respect of interest rates of the unit of account loans will therefore be between those relating to the hard currency loans and those ruling the soft currency loans. Contrary to the loans expressed in national currency, the unit of account loans were conspicuously stable and were also far less influenced by the uncertainties which have characterised the international monetary situation over the past few years. The only unfavourable possibility for the investor is a unilateral revaluation of the national currency, or a revaluation of the national currency which is greater than that of the unit of account.

The stability of the unit of account also applies in the case of all the reference currencies being no longer linked to gold. In this case the unit of account loan would be converted into a loan expressed in the reference currency which shows the smallest deviation from its gold parity at the time when all the 17 reference currencies still had a value expressed in gold.

The unit of account loans offer interesting advantages to institutional investors, especially those who must constitute a long-term reserve to cover risks in several foreign currencies. An investment in units of account makes it possible for the exchange risk to be limited. A monetary spreading of the investments over the main West European currencies is obtained at the same time. The unit of account may indeed be described as the most serious effort so far made to give the European markets a unity pending the creation of an official European currency.

The European U.A. is a monetary yardstick used for measuring the contractual obligations arising from a loan, but is not a means of exchange. Its essential character is that of attempting to stabilise as much as possible in a loan agreement the respective obligations and rights of the parties involved. The U.A.'s value is defined in terms of a gold weight, with which the 17 'reference currencies'—those of the countries forming part of the former European Payments Union and not including the dollar—are linked through their gold parity.

In substance, the bondholder enjoys not a gold guarantee but an exchange guarantee in terms of the most stable currency among those forming part of the group considered. (A gold guarantee would be illegal in some

countries and burdensome for the issuer, given that a general revaluation of gold cannot be ruled out.)

In the case of the bondholder the protection offered by the U.A. seems to be fully satisfactory though he certainly misses the windfall gain that could be obtained in the case of revaluation of one of the currencies included in an exchange option loan. The U.A. market should be particularly stable as isolated events affecting one or another of the currencies could have no repercussions on the value of the U.A.

Vigorous development of an international market for U.A. issues could certainly exercise some influence on the level of interest rates in the national markets.

The mechanism in question is relatively new and can perhaps be improved. It needs above all to be given time to enable it to become an element familiar to investors, issuers and the capital market in general. It might be considered whether the U.A., as a possible means of promoting the aims of European integration, should preserve its present form or be based on a lesser number of currencies. But this system will not easily become very popular owing to its complexity. To a large extent its success nowadays depends on the tribulations of the currencies at present used in the international issues.

FLOWERS ON CRETE

by Jackson Webb

THERE is a strange and unexpected beauty about island flowers, something we cannot feel on continents.

The rugged south coast of Crete lies bleached and featureless under the white sun late into November. The grape arbours over the deep courtyards are twisted bare against the sky. Nothing stirs through the hot thundery afternoons. There are no sounds but the roaring of the cicadas and the invisible click-clicking of the hoes in the stony soil.

Beyond the patchwork of dry, shingle-covered fields, only the clusters of olive groves show in the heat-haze, blowing now silver, now dusky green, and the steady dark flames of the cypresses that line the road to the few square stone houses of Paleochora village.

When it seems that life will never revive again, the surf rises from nowhere with a grumbling of stones down the miles of empty coast. The wind begins rhythmically from the cold north in long tapering gusts. The sparrows jump noiselessly from branch to branch. Slowly the long fingers of clouds issue out over the water from the lightless clefts in the White Mountains and the first rain comes, large warm drops falling straight on the flat roofs and the mud-domed ovens, harder and harder, splashing up in a blue mist from the courtyard stones.

Then the days are richer and darker. Something new has come; it is as if suddenly the sun has spun off its course behind the chaos of black clouds tumbling down over the tundra like doom. December comes in a half-night of beating rain and hail and enormous gales that clatter the bamboo fences around the fields and throw up the wild arms of the carob trees along the roadsides.

The few warm days of the Halcyon in early January reveal a confusion of new water courses over the sodden fields and walled paths. Bright pools are standing everywhere in the brittle yellow stubble. The island is washing into the sea; down the coast, as far as the eye can see, a band of rich brown water is moving out into the dim expanses.

It is grey weather, warm and damp. Magically the anemones begin to glow from the shadows, tiny cold fires of purple and crimson, then yellow and white, parting over their black-button centres. One never expects the Mediterranean anemones. So fiery and strong they seem for first flowers—yet real flowers of the winter, smelling only of earth and rain. Alone, they cover the rock ledges and trace the paths and the tops of the fallen houses with blots and smears and scorches of colour, bursting over a false, lace-like green.

Then, higher among the rocks come the little lavender irises, rising just two or three inches from the ground on their thick bold-striped stems. These, with the rust-coloured sand lilies by the sea, are the sweetest smelling of the Cretan wildflowers.

The heather and gorse blossom, in bands of luminous violet and orange-yellow, send a mild, pleasing resinous fragrance far out to sea. Soon only the ridges and boulder-tops on the mountainsides above show through this brilliant new mantle which rolls and billows fantastically over the sharp angles of the island. But Crete is too old; the stone hills have no sheen or gloss of their own, no receiving impulse to life any more. This piling of colours around the huge erratic rocks is too clear and sudden; and somehow melancholy.

Over the poor fallow lands of wild grass and white, round sea stones another plane of flowers rises, higher-stemmed and branched; very intricate, the tiny sparks of anise florets fluttering hard at the very tips of their invisible stalks, and ganglions of blue bell-flowers and the tall lavender which the women will gather at Easter to cover the bier of Christ.

And the wild gladiolas appear in myriads, with the little tipped cones opening sword-like magenta flowers from the top of the stem downward, so bright that one is struck by something like a memory of them. It is the longest-lasting of the Greek wildflowers, budding low in the terraced wheatfields, unseen, even as it dies.

In April, the quick rush of colour is already fading. The expanses of stocky purple lupins have gone from the cold stream gullies where the masses of ferns are hanging, giving place to the lighter whorls of mauve ebony which is endemic to Crete, growing horizontally in the shade from the banks of loose rocky soil.

The field huts are still deserted and shut, though the new grass comes closer across the vineyards, bright green under the canopy of flowering trees. The bees swarm in clouds among the still-leafless almonds which have bloomed pink and white by the walls. In a few days the petals lie scattered in rings at their feet and banked up against the sluiceways, seeming to have belonged to something else, not to these bare, dead-looking shapes with the same frozen buds.

In the groves where the fruit has hung like Christmas lights under the leaden sky, the orange trees begin to blossom, then the lemons and tangerines, bestowing an indescribable sweetness on the air.

Finally the poppies open in gross lakes of scarlet, advancing like paper imitations of the first anemones. The plough turns them over with the jungle of daisies which stand shoulder-high to the mules and oxen.

The violets stand in mounds over the threshing floors and along the dripping fences, pouring down over the banks onto the rutted road. The officers from the town's new garrison weave through them on their motor-cycles, whirring in and out of gear, grinding the horns on their sidecars.

The same year is born again. That is the sadness of wildflowers here, a sadness of constant, inconsumate revolution.

The soldiers are out tramp-tramping down the roads. All around them, the yellow season has begun again, as ever before. The last few colours are passing to the coast where only the tiny pink starflowers outline the rocks on the clean sand, showing in miniature what has happened.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

BRITISH DIPLOMACY AND ITS OPPOSITE NUMBER

The Memoirs of Lord Gladwyn. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £4.50.
Nasser. Anthony Nutting. Constable, London. £3.95.

These two highly interesting books make a good pair. The careers of Lord Gladwyn and Nasser overlap even if Lord Gladwyn was born in 1900 and at the present time is going as strong as ever, while Nasser was born 18 years later and died in 1970. Neither man is mentioned in the Index of the other book though Lord Gladwyn does refer to Nasser more than once in his text. Yet in a sense they complement one another in the light they throw on international history and particularly British foreign policy during the last 30 or 40 years.

Lord Gladwyn is in every sense a big man who has held positions of the highest prestige and influence, becoming Britain's permanent representative at the United Nations and finally Ambassador in Paris. In spite of all this indisputable success the question is left with us whether he has quite attained his full opportunity. In one of the most fascinating passages in a book full of good things he refers too modestly to his professional strength and weakness.

> 'Perhaps my rather rash tendency to put my thoughts on paper as soon as I have any, resulted in my being a reasonably good adviser even if a poor diplomat. A successful professional diplomat is surely a well-informed, agreeable and socially-minded character with a profound knowledge of his fellow men and a certain natural cunning, who knows exactly when to slip a word in edgeways that will influence the mind either of his own chief or that of the foreigner with whom he is negotiating. To be successful he need not have any fixed principles and indeed he is likely to operate more successfully if he has none. His chief function is to be an operator or entremetteur, in other words, a tough sensible man of the world.'

He does not define the character of the adviser although he gives some examples but leaves us to include him among what he calls the 'grubs' as compared with the diplomatic 'butterflies'. All this may be true of Lord Gladwyn but it is not an obvious truth. His personality is so striking, his wit so varied and uninhibited in more languages than one, his reluctance to suffer fools gladly so noticeable as it seems that the references to himself as a 'grub' must seem an affectation. Yet I am sure that it is a genuine self-assessment.

What gives the book exceptional interest is his frank and detailed accounts of the policy-making processes in which he was involved at so many critical moments. Perhaps in the end his intellectual contribution to post-war planning and the establishment of the United Nations will loom the largest. But his revelations of what he and others actually thought and wrote around the time of Munich are an education in themselves. It is so easy for all of us to be wise after the event but here we have some of the best brains in the country operating without that advantage. The same frankness helps us to understand every stage of the development of his attitude towards Europe before, during and after the period in which he worked alongside General de Gaulle.

One passage only is somewhat upsetting. Although our Ambassador in Paris at the time of Suez he bears no kind of responsibility for that disaster since

he was most carefully kept out of it. His final summing up should be all the more interesting and is as follows:—

> 'As a general observation it may be said that Suez only showed to what an extent our politicians, and indeed the great bulk of our people, were then living in the shadow of our Imperial past with small conception of the real problems that awaited solution. Compared with all this, the 'moral' aspect which distressed so many people so much, though important, is rather secondary. A blunder, as Talleyrand said, is worse than a crime; and it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that, as things went, Suez was a blunder.'

Is this another example of an upright Englishman who does not like to use moral language for fear of being thought a prig? Lord Gladwyn must be aware that the moral aspect he refers to did not only distress large numbers of people at the time but has continued to do so from that day to this. To many of us the failure to recognise the overwhelming force of moral principles in international affairs would be a major defect although, heaven knows, there is endless room on any particular occasion for debating their proper application. But of such down-grading of the moral factor there is no other trace in Lord Gladwyn's narrative. The book, even apart from its high intellectual and professional qualities, is a noble monument of selfless service which well qualifies the author to end with a moving appeal for a new spirit of national sacrifice.

For his life of Nasser, Mr. Nutting possesses and deploys a strong equipment. The extraordinary Suez episode over which he resigned from the Government will always seem to some of us his finest hour in politics but it was inevitably self-destructive. It abruptly terminated (up to the present at least) a political career of splendid promise. Since then he has made himself a genuine authority on Middle Eastern politics and particularly on Nasser himself whom he first encountered in his ministerial days. He is highly informed and totally honest, but it would be too much to expect him to be devoid of all so-called bias. Understandably perhaps, but somewhat regrettably, he is here much less than generous to his old chief, Lord Avon. That apart, however, his life of Nasser, well-embellished with autobiographical touches, can fairly take its place as an addition to history.

A buyer for a large bookshop told me that when very hard pressed he would read the first chapter of a new book, the last chapter and one in the middle. Mr. Nutting would come exceptionally well out of this case (to which I have not confined myself). The opening chapter is called, most appropriately, The Years of Subservience. In the first paragraph we read—'On July 23rd, 1952, a group of young army officers seized power in Egypt . . . after two-and-a-half thousand years of taking orders successively from Persian, Greek, Roman, Byzantine, Arab, Kurdish, Turkish, French and British pro-consuls, the people of Egypt were at long last to regain their national statehood'. In his summing up, while not hesitating to underline the failings of Nasser he salutes him as a remarkable man. His contribution to Egypt has guaranteed him a place in history.

> 'He gave a sense of dignity and national pride to a people who had known little but humiliation and oppression for two and a half thousand years, and his achievement transformed a nation of backward, down-trodden peasants, ruled by a corrupt and alien tyrant and occupied by a foreign army, into a community of independent citizens with a stake in their own soil. He planted the seeds of a modern industrial society.'

He stresses the advances in social welfare and above all education.

He seems to find Nasser's greatest weakness in what he calls his failure

to understand his fellow Arabs. In his Arabian dealings during the last part of his reign he is convicted of many errors. 'Finally', says Mr. Nutting, 'he was impelled to overact against Israel and so to precipitate the very holocaust which ever since he came to lead Egypt he had tried to avoid'.

Mr. Nutting speaks from internal if affectionate knowledge when he describes Nasser's attitude to Britain —

> 'During and after the Suez crisis in 1956 it became a commonplace for Anthony Eden and other British Ministers to accuse Nasser of nursing a vicious hatred of Britain and of seeking to evict every British economic and commercial interest from the entire Arab world. In fact, these accusations were based on a fundamental misunderstanding of the situation. Nasser greatly respected the British for their achievements in history and for their commercial and industrial skills.'

In Nutting's well-documented account Sir Anthony Eden had decided even before the nationalisation of the Canal that 'Nasser was the incarnation of all the evils of Arabia who would destroy every British interest in the Middle East unless he himself were speedily destroyed'. In an earlier passage he has made no bones of the fact that 'as the appetite can grow with eating so Nasser's ambition expanded with the success he achieved in October 1954'. Sir Anthony Eden may indeed have been premature in rejecting the possibility of a reconciliation with Nasser but on the facts given here Nasser himself was far from blameless.

When all is said Nasser was determined to liberate Egypt from British control within a short period. Which of us today will say that he was wrong? But was it ever to be expected that Britain in the 1950s would 'go quietly' where so many strategic and economic interests were or seemed to be involved. Comparisons with Nehru and Kenyatta and in a different sense de Valera spring to mind, but in the case of Egypt the past humiliation had been greater and the break had to be perhaps that much sharper. Which suggests that the hostile clash between Britain and Egypt was inevitable, and all things considered we can be glad that it was relatively quick and painless. Mr. Nutting teaches us once again the old lesson that to understand all is to forgive all.

LONGFORD

THOMAS HARDY AND 'ONE RARE FAIR WOMAN'

One Rare Fair Woman: Thomas Hardy's Letters to Florence Henniker 1893-1922. Edited by Evelyn Hardy and F. B. Pinion. Macmillan. £4.00.
Thomas Hardy and Rural England. Merryn Williams. Macmillan. £3.95.

Thomas Hardy's letters to Mrs. Florence Henniker — or those that have survived the hazards of time and the decisions of the recipient and later custodians—were written over a period of thirty years, until her death in 1923, five years before his own. They met in 1893 for the first time at a house-party in the Viceregal Lodge, Dublin, when he was nearing 53 and she 38. The Hon. Mrs. Henniker, daughter of Richard Monckton Milnes the first Lord Houghton and apparently happily married to Major Arthur Henniker of the Coldstream Guards, was acting hostess for her widowed brother the second Lord Houghton and Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and Thomas Hardy and his first wife were among the guests. This was only one of many such invitations he had accepted during his rise to fame in the past ten years, and in his sad way he enjoyed mixing in distinguished and aristocratic circles.

There were many who knew or guessed the tensions and frustrations he suffered through his eccentric and unpredictable wife, Emma Lavinia. All the evidence is that at this time their marriage had reached a stage of extreme

incompatibility. T. P. O'Connor recalled that after he entertained the Hardys at dinner Mrs. Hardy returned the next day to talk about her husband: 'You know, he's very vain and very selfish. And these women that he meets in London society only increase these things. They are the poison; I am the antidote.'

By contrast, it is clear that in their ten days of social and literary conversational exchanges Thomas Hardy and Florence Henniker grew to like each other. She made him feel how delighted she was to entertain the author of *Tess* and hear him talk about his work in progress, *Jude the Obscure*. They talked also about her own writings and publications, and before the year was out he collaborated in writing one of them and recommended her work to his friends in London circles. He confided to his note-book, 'a charming *intuitive* woman apparently' on the evening of his arrival at Viceregal Lodge. During the visit he notes one of the dinner parties when Mrs. Henniker played the zithern, while an A.D.C. sang and played the banjo. One day he went over Guinness's Brewery with Mrs. Henniker and several of the guests. 'On the miniature railway we all got splashed with porter, or possibly dirty water, spoiling Em's and Mrs. Henniker's clothes.' Nothing of this is spectacular or important in any way, but in the letter that followed his return to England it is clear that Hardy's mind was centred on his new friend. Instances abound: 'I sincerely hope to number you all my life among the most valued of my friends', 'If ever I were to consult any woman on a point in my own novels I should let that woman be yourself'. He had one brush with her when he rebuked her, after they had both been reading Shelley's *Epipsychidion* and had exchanged views, for having allowed herself 'to be enfeebled to a belief in ritualistic ecclesiasticism. My impression is that you do not know your own views. You feel the need of emotional expression of some sort, and being surrounded by the conventional society form of such expression you have mechanically adopted it.'

Whether Hardy 'consulted' his friend about the character of Sue Bridehead in *Jude* or not can only be surmised. Some people see a resemblance between the fictional character and Florence Henniker. No doubt he detected, and reflected upon, a certain frigidity or holding back on her part during their occasional conversations in carefully circumscribed meetings. An isolated note he made in July 1893 (quoted in the *Life*) may have significance: 'I often think that women, even those who consider themselves experienced in sexual strategy, do not know how to manage an *honest* man'. How far Hardy would have gone towards expressing his love for Mrs. Henniker is again only conjectural, but Mrs. Henniker, though reputed 'fast' by her elders, is described by Miss Evelyn Hardy (one of the two editors of the *Letters*) as 'though conventionally religious, she was also gay and worldly, to the extent of liking pretty clothes and accepting, if not courting admiration'.

A discreet interpretation of the *Letters* might be that the ardour felt by Hardy, and no doubt communicated during their occasional meetings, was gently but firmly rebuffed or regulated, and that by 1896 the correspondence had settled down to a pleasant routine of confidence about their daily doings, their ailments and similar chit-chat. Here and there literary opinions are given and acknowledged. In poetry, Shelley was Hardy's favourite; he could read Henry James, 'and taken in small doses I like him exceedingly, being as he is a real man of letters'. He was sharp on Meredith, regretting his 'errors of method. A child could almost have told him that to indulge in psychological analysis of the most ingenious kind in the crisis of an emotional scene is fatal.'

Galsworthy's people he found 'too materialistic and sordid to be interesting'. When the *Letters* were submitted to Sir James Barrie after Hardy's death in 1928 that wise and understanding friend wrote to his widow Florence Hardy:

> 'I have read the letters to Mrs. Henniker.... They show that here was a lady of great charm to him, for whom he had more regard than for any other person in an important time in his life.... She was delightful and cultured and could take him on holiday from himself (for which I bless her). But she did not in these letters draw blood, so to speak; there is no indication to me that she influenced his work.'

It is in a number of Hardy's poems that we look for confirmation of Hardy's emotional involvement. They are: 'A Broken Appointment', 'At an Inn', 'The Division', 'A Thunderstorm in Town', 'Wessex Heights', 'In Death Divided' and 'Last Love-Word'.

Particular thanks are due to Miss Evelyn Hardy and Mr. F. B. Pinion for their scrupulous and scholarly editing of *One Rare Fair Woman*. Their full and informative foot-notes should endear them to all Hardy-lovers.

A book of an entirely different kind but valuable to all students of the intentions and methods of Hardy in his fictional survey of the Wessex rural scene is Dr. Merryn Williams's *Thomas Hardy and Rural England*. The author leads off with a challenge: 'The version of Hardy which has become established sees him as the novelist of a vanishing way of life, with a nostalgic yearning for old-fashioned rural simplicity and a deep hostility to the disruptive forces of urbanism, industrialism, even education'. She refers to the Victorians who wanted him to go on and on writing novels like *Far from the Madding Crowd*, and says they 'would have liked to reduce him to a mass entertainer, giving support to their own conventional and misleading views of what the English countryside was like'.

Arguing that Hardy, born 1840, grew up in a locality still buzzing with the trial of the Tolpuddle Martyrs, she shows how his whole viewpoint derived from a deep awareness of the restrictive poverty of the English agricultural labourer, quoting statistics of rural depopulation and the migration of labour and making valuable comparisons with the novels of such Victorian writers as Richard Jefferies, George Eliot, Margaret Woods and Charles Kingsley. One vivid chapter discusses 'The Theme of Seduction', as treated in *Adam Bede*, in Margaret Woods' *A Village Tragedy* and in *Tess of the d'Urbervilles;* and after cogently tracing economic and social relationships as depicted in the Wessex Novels, Dr. Williams reaches the conclusion that Hardy's imaginative insight has gained for him the final recognition as 'our most important country novelist . . . whose insights and concerns are still at the centre of our experience'.

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

THE FATHER OF VERISMO

Giovanni Verga. Alfred Alexander. Grant & Cutler. £3.85.

Giovanni Verga was born in Sicily in 1840 and died fifty years ago. He had produced nearly all his significant work by the time he was fifty, and moped, litigated and philandered the rest of his life away, always maintaining that he was working on his magnum opus *The Cycle of the Damned*. Of this, but one chapter of the first instalment was to be found amongst his papers when he died. Not until Benedetto Croce wrote a critical study of his work in 1903 did he begin to be fully recognised in Italy. Significantly perhaps, D. H. Lawrence translated two of his novels in the 1920s, but until Dr. Alexander's book there has been no biography in English, and little known here about him.

Despite that, Verga was an important novelist who, having in his youth fallen under the spell of Zola, proceeded to become the vanguard of the Italian *verismo* tradition. Although ultimately ousted in the public eye by D'Annunzio and Pirandello, his two major novels *I Malavoglia* and *Mastro Don Gesualdo* are of fundamental importance as primary links in that Italian chain which stretches virtually unbroken to the work of Alberto Moravia and others today.

A literary enigma then who fully merits an up to date critical biography. Unfortunately that is not exactly what we have obtained from Alfred Alexander who, aside from a considerable reputation in the field of medicine and an ability to write entertainingly, has two great loves: Opera and Sicily. All this combines in his book. We are treated to graphic descriptions of Sicilian cholera epidemics, their symptoms and treatment; to scholarly dissertations upon nineteenth century Sicilian history, the iniquities of the Bourbons and Sicilian links with Britain (including Maida Vale); and above all to a vast backstage canvas of the operatic intrigues of the Puccini era. This last springs from one small item in Verga's literary output: he wrote a play called *Cavalleria Rusticana* which had some measure of success.

The young composer Mascagni saw the play and decided it had potential for an opera he wanted to write for a competition. Librettists were engaged, Verga's permission scarcely even sought, and the resulting opera was a runaway success, beloved by succeeding generations as the companion piece to Leoncavallo's *I Pagliacci*. Poor Verga stood not to gain a penny, hence the years of litigation with Mascagni and his unscrupulous publisher, Sonzogno. Eventually Verga settled for a moderate lump sum instead of a percentage of the proceeds, and never ceased to regret it. Further bitterness came when the great Puccini abandoned his plan to write an opera based on Verga's *La Lupa; La Boheme* appeared instead.

Small wonder perhaps that when Pirandello came to speak at Verga's eightieth birthday celebrations in Catania, the guest of honour declined to attend on grounds of 'contempt, because you left it too late'. Likewise he shrugged off the Senatorship bestowed upon him in the same year by the Italian Prime Minister, Giolitti, accepting it but grudgingly.

This study has charm and fascination, but inevitably leaves the reader feeling thwarted. Surely there was more to Verga the novelist than his relentless pursuit of *La Vie de Boheme* with its attendant intrigues, girl friends and moods of black depression. There must be some deeper explanation of those final thirty years of literary inactivity. Dr. Alexander has produced an interesting vignette; we will no doubt one day read the full critical biography that Giovanni Verga deserves.

DAVID FINGLETON

CONGO EXPLORER

Brazza of the Congo. Richard West. Cape. £3.95.

However many narratives of African exploration we may have read — Livingstone, Stanley, Burton, Du Chaillu, Mary Kingsley, Trader Horn — we plunge into a fresh one, keen for adventure in the unknown, among strange, often hostile tribes, and the fight against climate, disease, terrain.

Pierre de Brazza's 1875 expedition up the Ogowé in French Equatorial Africa was as adventurous as any. An Italian nobleman naturalised into the French Navy, he was gentle, pacific-minded, relying less on firearms than fireworks to impress the natives, though at times he had to shoot his way out

of tight corners. He wanted to trace the river to its source in the hope that it led to the great lakes; but for him, as for Livingstone, Mr. West says, it was pleasure enough to be in the wilds, study native life, befriend the people, relieve some of their sufferings.

His party of three fellow-whites and porters endured hardships and perils. Where famine raged and food was scarce they had to supplement their manioc ration with grasshoppers, grubs, moths, caterpillars, white ants. With spare boots ruined, they had to walk barefoot. They narrowly evaded an attack by the Apfouru tribe but won the trust of other tribes en route. By the end of 1878 Brazza was back in France, an acclaimed hero.

The next year he was off again, this time to the Upper Congo. Further journeys earned him the governorship of the colony. His tolerant policy, however, did not please the French and Belgian industrialists anxious to exploit the rubber, palm oil and other resources with cheap forced labour. From 1896 onwards the French and Belgian press, backed by King Leopold, ran a smear campaign against his 'gentleness' with the natives. 'He keeps on practising philanthropy, not colonisation.' He was accused of 'administrative incapacity, financial squandering, political carelessness'. In 1897 he was dismissed — and seven years later recalled from retirement to head a commission of enquiry into the cruel, corrupt practices of the rubber companies; but after his death in 1905 his report was suppressed.

Fellow-commissioner Challaye wrote of him: 'His name will symbolise in the history of the world a new native policy of psychological intelligence, of sympathy and justice—the only colonial method that suits a democracy like ours of civilisation and freedom'. But West thinks his name is remembered, even in France, only because of Brazzaville. The book covers other explorations in the country and a journey by the author himself. Well written and referenced, it brings the story up-to-date as well as evoking the background of Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*.

TREVOR ALLEN

SHORTER REVIEWS

Brief Lives (Allen Lane the Penguin Press, £7.00). This substantial volume of 900 pages has a dual purpose. First it contains 1,081 brief biographies, 'covering 1,103 men and women . . . chosen for their importance in the literature, art, and music of the Western world'. These contain bare statistics of information, prepared afresh by the associate editor, Emily Morison Beck, and other researchers. Second, there are short essays of comment on 211 of the lives. 'These were meant to give the reader', writes the editor, Louis Kronenberger, 'intellectual stimulation and civilised pleasure; and were to be written, at the highest level of criticism and appreciation, by many of the best writers of our time'. Many are specialists like Robert Gittings on Keats; others have a pet interest in their 'life'. Assessment is not the aim; for after all this is a book for pleasure as well as information: a reference book 'combined with a bedside book for reading'. Many readers will be frustrated, inevitably from time to time. Where do the arts begin and end; and what are the standards to be followed? The Editor accepts all the difficulties. It is a matter for personal judgment; and the line drawn will no doubt be contested by readers. For example, Mr. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes is not

only included, but given an article as well. But F. W. Maitland, as great a jurist and much greater as a writer, is entirely excluded. In general terms, however, this volume provides a vast amount of useful information and will give much pleasure as well.

The American Mafia: Genesis of a Legend (Appleton - Century - Crofts, New York). This is a fascinating study by Professor Joseph L. Albini of Wayne State University, who seeks to disprove the common view that the Mafia is an integrated Sicilian-American organisation. The author has spent four years in research; apart from examining the vast amount of literature and reports on the subject, he has also obtained information from police and informants in the underworld. He concludes that syndicated crime, dependent upon the demand for illicit goods and services, 'is American in origin and its participants have been, at one time or another, representative of virtually every group—native and ethnic—in America'. He declares that 'there is no evidence that the "Mafia" as a secret society ever existed in Sicily'. It is a system which involves a 'complex of patron-client relationships that intertwines the legitimate with the illegitimate social structure of Sicily'. In America syndicated crime was already in operation before the Prohibition era. However during that period Italian, Sicilian and Jewish patrons established themselves and have continued through their families and connections to retain their prominence and establish the legend of an American Mafia. Yet, Professor Albini concludes, 'since Italians and Jews have slowly lost their minority group status and now have legitimate pathways to upward mobility we can expect a gradual decline in their participation in syndicated crime'. Their place is being taken by Black syndicates. Professor Albini recognises that his conclusions differ from those of the Kefauver Congressional investigation.

In **The Idea of Landscape and the Sense of Place 1730-1840** (Cambridge University Press, £3.60) Dr. John Barrell discusses the impact made by the great painters Claude and Poussin and their contemporaries in so many aspects of art and cultivated life. By subtle ways of influence through travellers, landscape gardening was affected and even poetry reflected changes in perception and language. The author quotes illustrations from Thomson ('The Seasons'), Gilbert White of Selborne, Cowper, and we all remember Pope's saying: 'All gardening is landscape-painting', 'just like a landscape hung up'. The garden laid out by Henry Hoare at Stourhead in Wiltshire is a case in point, thought to be constructed on a scheme derived from Claude's *Coast View of Delos with Aeneas*. Nearly 100 pages are devoted to an examination of the poetry of John Clare and the historically famous Enclosure of Helpston.

Private and Controversial (Cassell, £3.50). Lord Platt, M.D., former President of the Royal College of Physicians, member of the Royal Commission on Medical Education, recalls a busy medical life in this autobiography. Trained at Sheffield University, 'a very advanced school of medicine', he became physician to the Royal Infirmary there, served in North Africa, Italy and India during the last war, and for the next twenty years as Professor at Manchester University. On modern research and experiment, techniques of investigation, the conquest of bacterial and other diseases, current problems of euthanasia and abortion, he is both critical and tolerant. He calls himself an Opsimath —one who learns late in life—and imparts his learning with grace and wisdom.

Contemporary Review

Founded 1866 incorporating The Fortnightly

September 1972 Vol. 221 No. 1280

LET THE PEOPLE SPEAK!

by Val Gielgud, C.B.E.

THAT the Welfare State has certain immense advantages no one but a fool would deny. Contrariwise quite a number of people are beginning to ask themselves whether the general principle of 'feather-bedding' from the cradle to the grave is not destroying initiative, side-tracking imagination and producing, if not a nation of hypothetical robots, a nation in which basic vitality and 'standing on our own feet' are not by the mere process of steady erosion being dropped into the discard.

The British, as their continental onlookers know well—if they have read any history—are a singular race. They have been able to absorb an infinite variety of immigrants, such as Dutch and Huguenot exiles—both to our advantage—and seem prepared in this day and age to extend the same indulgence to West Indians and Pakistanis, largely because the drearier and more squalid jobs necessary to the functioning of our society are no longer acceptable to what used to be called 'the working classes', except at a price that this same society can hardly afford to pay. Also, though at the moment it seems to be forgotten, the British have never known when they were beaten! It was no less an authority than one of Napoleon's Marshals in Spain who remarked ruefully 'I broke their centre. I rolled up their flanks. And still they would not realise the situation, and would not run.' It is a tribute, even at a time when such words as Patriotism and The Empire have become not only not 'with it' but actually pejorative, that we might do well to remember. True, we are not facing an Armada from Spain, a Grand Army encamped on the cliffs above Boulogne, nor a Hitler-occupied Europe. What we are facing is something that is by all means more subtle, and may easily prove more deadly: the threat of small and vocal minorities against a normally civilised way of living.

To that way of living the contribution of the so-called Creative Artist is immensely important. Mrs. Whitehouse and Lord Longford may be criticised for their campaigns by certain people; nevertheless there is quite a good deal to be said for the individuals who believe that actors should act as opposed to sitting about or demonstrating in Trafalgar Square, and that writers should be prepared—if they really feel the compelling impulse to be writers—to eat rusks in a garret, rather than expect to be provided with a diet of oysters and champagne by a grant

from the Arts Council; a grant which only too often is accepted not only without gratitude but with ostentatious contempt because it is not larger! As far as 'porn' is concerned there has always been, and I fear there always will be, a market for filth as such. What reasonably liberal-minded people must fear is that the 'Permissive Society', the Theatres of Cruelty and the Absurd should reach the stage which was reached in the Germany of the late 'twenties, when Hitler was swept into power by a Middle Class which had been sickened by the nauseous exhibitions of Berlin nightclubs and the boring propaganda-dramatics of Brecht—so cosily spoken of by his admirers as 'Bert'—so that equally nauseous excesses and brutalities of the Nazis were accepted as an alternative almost with a sigh of relief. Censorship is probably today almost axiomatically regarded as a bad thing. It will be a bad day for this country if we are offered the alternative between limitless permissiveness and anarchy.

No one will deny that it was a good thing for Actors' Equity to establish contracts which should save chorus-girls from being stranded God knew where, and ordinary players from being paid a starvation wage to keep weekly Repertory Theatres alive against all the laws of probity and economics. A case can certainly be made out for writers who have to see their books read by dozens upon dozens of readers in Public Libraries, which have paid the price of a single copy, possibly a 'review' copy, or—worse—have the books roneoed or otherwise reproduced, which I believe is by no means unknown, with no sort of royalty benefit to the author. Both actor and writer suffer from the handicap that, if their motives and their workmanship are honest, they are defenceless beyond the average. What they do is more important to them than how much they can get out of it. Which is what gives them their importance in the all-over *spectrum* of the body politic. It may be harsh, it is almost certainly true that genius, particularly creative genius, does not flourish against a background of comfort. Persistence, self-discipline, courage in the face of disappointment and rejection-slips, all combine to squeeze the best out of the creative artist, and to establish his *status* in the community. To hang around waiting for Communion with the Muse is too often to risk being caught in an embarrassingly awkward situation with the lady!

The vexed question of the Subsidised Theatre is a case which seems to me very much to the point. (I write not entirely without experience, as for several years I served on the Drama Advisory Panel of the Arts Council.) It may well be, and probably is, true that no organisation like the National Theatre can survive and flourish without the subsidy which underwrites the importance of a National Theatre to the nation's culture. What raises the occasional apprehension, if not uncertainty, in the on-looker's mind is that a personality like Mr. Tynan, whose popular fame is based in part on his use on TV of a four-letter word usually unacceptable in any domestic sitting-room, should be announced first as 'Dramaturg' and later as Literary Adviser to an organisation calling itself 'National', when it appears from what Mr. Tynan says and writes that he is hardly a lover of our nation; when we learn that Lord Olivier, who has filled the

post with the virtues and distinction to be expected of him, is to be succeeded by Mr. Peter Hall, who is without doubt a producer of originality and intelligence, but must also be held responsible for running the Royal Shakespeare Theatre splendidly into the 'red', from which he assumed, not without justification as it proved, that he would be bailed out by an annually increasing grant from public funds. Without such support Opera and the Royal Ballet may die. A public which pays its 'pop' idols more than it pays its Prime Minister must make up its mind if the game—particularly as exemplified by some of the productions at the Aldwych Theatre—hardly next door to Stratford-on-Avon—is worth the very considerable candle. Have we any reason to suppose that Mr. Hall, when he takes over the great new erection on the South Bank, will have studied some of the elementary rules of economics, or whether once again the public is to be treated as a milch-cow, with little regard for the elementary fact that people go to the Theatre for Entertainment—by which I do not mean strip-tease, the crudities of the Royal Court, nor the sort of farce which exists on the axiom that it is genuinely funny to see an elderly gentleman, especially if he is in orders, losing his nether garments. The most savage and serious indictment that can be brought against the contemporary *avant-garde* in the Theatre is that it has succeeded in making Entertainment a dirty word. Its devotees might well brush up their history. Both the Greeks and Shakespeare knew quite enough about cruelty and sex to make use of both ingredients in classical terms and form. There are other ingredients to be found in the Theatre. There are even certain qualifications regarding sex and cruelty which are worth observing. At the moment such qualifications are not 'trendy'. That does not mean that they are dead.

All of which brings me back to the heading of this article. I believe—and I have more than a little evidence to support that belief—that there is a vast body of opinion in this country which 'has not spoken yet'. It is unorganised. It gets no backing from so-called 'intellectuals'. It is not 'with it'. It would seem to have little representation in the House of Commons, which is in danger of being categoried as 'The House of Awfully Commons'. It would seem to be at the mercy of minorities, led as a rule by singular gentlemen enhaloed with what were once cloth caps, who, because they control, through the blessings of Nationalisation, the Railways and the Mines, to mention no others, believe that they are in a position to be both our masters and our tyrants. I believe that they too might with advantage brush up their history. The British have at differing times cut a 'bloody baronage' down to size; have cut off a royal head; and have reduced their monarchy to a condition of being generally respected, and even loved, while in practice it neither rules nor governs. With that tradition behind us, are we really going tamely to submit to the *ukases* of Messrs. Jones, Greene, Scanlon and Buckton? Are we prepared indefinitely to be pushed around by persons who have neither the essential guts out of which tyrants are made, nor the belief in Traditional Privilege which during that much-denigrated age of the Victorians equated

Privilege with Responsibility? If so the outlook is black indeed. But, as I have said, the British are a singular race. If for too long too many of them have imitated the dormouse, there is a good deal of evidence that they are beginning to stir in their sleep.

We have had Too Much Government for Too Long. All we ask of Government is that the Queen's Peace should be preserved; that the trains should run—reasonably on time; that sewage-works and telephone exchanges should operate properly; that our countryside should not be unreasonably defiled by litter-louts, nor made hideous by the limitless use of transistor-sets; in short that the normal civilised man and woman should be able to live a normal civilised existence without let or hindrance. I suggest that we have had too much of the Bureaucratic Nurse-Maid, and that this is a point of view which our Representatives in the High Court of Parliament might with advantage make abundantly clear.

After which it may seem tiresomely trivial to revert to the problem of the Subsidised Theatre. We must all rejoice that, largely owing to the good works of the Arts Council, new theatres are being built all over the country; that there is much evidence of a general Dramatic Revival in Britain—even if some of us may look a little sideways at some of its 'fringe' outcrops, and the determined efforts by some young directors to butcher Shakespeare to make themselves a holiday, and to make their wash-pot of the Aldwych. If at the moment the Theatre is not in a particularly healthy state, it is certainly not dying—as it has been supposed to have been for about as long as I can remember.

But we are forced back on to the equation, without the acceptance of which that health cannot survive, that Privilege—in the shape of grants of public money—demands a sense of responsibility. The artist must develop common sense and do his elementary sums of addition and subtraction. The municipal authority must achieve a sympathy with characters whose ways may seem strange, just as their 'gear' may seem outlandish or faintly ridiculous, and realise that there is inevitably a gulf fixed between the artistic impulse and the municipal balance-sheet. We need that impulse just as much but probably little more than we need sensible administrative competence.

Nor can I resist adding that the Theatre is sorely in need of critics who can and will criticise, as opposed to riding hobby-horses! *Si monumentum requiris*. . . . Our greatest contemporary peril is the influence of vocal minorities who, under the 'intellectual' umbrella, seem to possess and exercise undue power of access to the *media* of mass-communication. With the addiction of TV in particular to the problems of the so-called 'common man' we are in grave danger of becoming, all of us, a part of 'show-biz'; so that we may come to regard our personal joys and sorrows, our intimate relationships, as no more than so much camera-fodder. Can no one be found, when faced by the intolerable impertinences of the TV interviewer, who will simply retort 'Mind your own bloody business!' or words to that effect? Or are we resigned to becoming a nation of rather second-rate amateur exhibitionists? Personally, I do not believe so.

THE OLYMPIC GAMES: MUNICH 1972

by Arthur Musselwhite

THE first Olympics were held in 776 B.C., at Olympia, Greece. They followed once every four years until 393 A.D., when they were abolished by the decree of the Roman Emperor Theodosius, Greece having become a Roman Province.

The first games consisted of a single event, a race from one end of the stadium to the other. Then followed the discus, javelin throwing, chariot racing, etc. Originally it was for one day but later extended to seven days. The period between the Games became known as the Olympiad.

The Games were governed by high principles; all taking part were on an equal footing without material reward. If they won they received a wild olive branch with the victors passing into folklore and honoured by song writers and sculptors. Women were not allowed to compete.

A French scholar and educator, Baron Pierre de Coubert (1863-1937), was the moving spirit behind the modern Olympic movement. He convened an international conference at the University of Sorbonne in 1894 to discuss the matter and two years later the first Olympic Games of modern times were held in Athens at a marble stadium specially constructed for the purpose. It was a modest event, with only thirteen nations participating. This stadium is still in existence.

To-day the movement is regulated by the *Comité Internationale Olympique,* from Mon Repos, Lausanne. An important rule is that competitors must be amateurs. The Olympic hymn is sung before the start of each competition followed by the kindling of the Olympic flame brought by runners from Olympia each year since 1936. Before each Games there is the Olympic oath. An athlete from the host country mounts the rostrum and declares:

> We swear that we will take part in the Olympic Games in fair competition respecting the regulations which govern them and with the desire to participate in the true spirit of sportsmanship for the honour and true glory of our country and the true glory of sport.

Pierre de Coubertin expressed the spirit of the Games well when he said: 'The important thing is not winning but taking part. The essential thing in life is not conquering but fighting well.'

At the 69th session of the international Olympic committee held in Amsterdam from May 7-16, 1970, the committee awarded the 1978 Games to Montreal. The representatives of the defeated cities expressed their disappointment at the I.O.C. decision. There was the Soviet comment that the I.O.C. evidently regarded the staging of the Games as a western monopoly. Los Angeles also made no bones about their disappointment.

One is astonished at the enormous energy directed to the Olympic ideal. It transforms towns. New sports centres are created for future use. Even new towns come into existence.

Apart from being a festival of international sport the future of the

Games brings about international team work so that the Olympiad could be a basis for friendship between European and other Continents, regardless of political differences. Munich aims at a gay Olympia; Helsinki was a friendly encounter; Melbourne was unpretentious efficiency. Then there was the splendour of Rome; the exotic atmosphere of Tokyo and the pageantry of Mexico City.

The Olympic village in Munich includes, for the first time, a place of worship for the world's religions, forgetting all divisions of creed and ideology. There are Olympic exhibitions of world culture, demonstrating how each continent has benefited from another. Africans will see how their art has inspired and enriched modern European movements of Impressionism and Expressionism. Archaeology is represented with an exhibition of the excavations of the city of Olympia itself. Another exhibit is the technology of the Olympics, including electronics, chronometry, data processing with the modern design of sports equipment and apparatus.

The organisers have taken into account that there will be 29 separate languages. Thus, the extensive use of symbols will ensure simple and readily understood communications. In fact, a new language will need to be resolved—the language of symbols, forms and colours. Colour will play an important part. The azure sky, the silvery lakes, the green plains leading to the Alps and the clear silhouette of the mountains extends even to the design of containers for lunches and drinks!

Preliminary rounds are to be held in neighbouring towns: football and canoeing at Augsburg; yachting at Kiel; equestrian events in Riem, a suburb of Munich.

At Kiel, on the occasion of the Olympic regatta, large ships from all over the world will be gathered. Some of these great sailing vessels are over 300 years old and it will be the first time the training ships in commission have come to the Olympic yachting events.

On April 26, 1966, in Rome, the I.O.C. held its 64th session and entrusted the XXth Olympiad to Munich. One of the requirements was that all necessary installations were to be in a complex involving a minimum of travel and that the site must be in a green countryside.

The site is Oberwiesenfeld, only four kilometres from the centre of Munich. The stadium can accommodate 80,000 spectators, with the covered stadium to hold up to 12,000. The covered swimming pool has seating for 9,000. The equestrian stadium has a capacity for 30,000, the cycle track seating for 5,000 and the indoor volley-ball stadium holds 3,500. There is a 950 feet high television tower.

The Olympic village will accommodate 12,000 competitors and team personnel. The press will have its own Press centre. The television centre serves 70 television and 120 radio stations.

A network of 34 kilometres of roads and 32 bridges has been constructed with separate systems for competitors, officials and journalists: also, to keep the environment attractive, a combined transport system consisting of an underground railway, a suburban transit railway and tramway and road networks with a total capacity for 100,000 passengers per hour in

either direction. All installations will be hidden in a landscape of hills, lakes, turf clearings, avenues and groups of trees. An artificial hill 780 metres long and 55 metres high, is generously planted with trees. Eight hundred lime trees, all about 30 years old, have been taken from the Munich avenues. By September, 1972 a total of 2,250 large and 2,500 small trees and 180,000 bushes and shrubs will be growing at the Olympic site. An artificial lake of 86,000 meters is now completed.

The American writer, Thomas Mann, once said: 'Munich is a most human city, its welcome is sincere; it stands for the freedom of the arts; it is a city where one cannot escape the consciousness, the experience and the fascination of two superimposed impressions; a people at home and the wide world as its guest.'

Finance involved the figure of £129,500,000. This covers underground railways and additional tram and rail services and the wages of 5,000 workers employed every day, including Sundays, for more than two years.

Three-hundred-and-sixty-five gold medals, 365 silver medals and 382 bronze medals have had to be cast and will be contested. The route for carrying the Olympic torch is about 4,000 miles and passes through many countries by day and by night. Each torch bearer will carry the torch 1,000 meters and the weight is one-and-a-half pounds. Each runner will be able to keep his holder as a souvenir.

The opening ceremony was held at 15.00 hours on August 26, 1972 and performed by the Federal President. In the official gazette there is an ordinance declaring the Olympic grounds off limits to ladies of 'easy virtue', which we guess is a measure designed to safeguard the 'amateur' character of the Olympia!

The modern Olympic movement can be divided into three periods: 1896-1912, when the Games were dominated by the British Empire, the United States and Europe; 1920-1932 which saw an increase of competing nations and from 1936 onwards when the Games became world wide.

In 1904 America won every gold medal except one. The American, Ray Ewry, became the greatest-ever Olympic champion by winning eight gold medals in three competitions between 1900 and 1908. In Stockholm, in 1912, the U.S. still achieved more gold medals than any other competitor, in spite of the fact that the amazing runner Jim Thorpe—an American Indian—was disqualified for professionalism.

After the war the Games were resumed at Antwerp in 1920. Here the famous 'flying Finn', Paavo Nurmi, made his debut in track and field events, winning the cross country and the ten thousand metres. Other Finnish athletes brought the Finnish gold medals total to nine, equalling the U.S. position.

In 1924, 44 countries participated in Paris. Paavo Nurmi dominated the Paris Games by winning the 1,500 metres and the 5,000 metres, setting a new world record. He went on to win the 10,000 metres cross-country so that the Finns won 10 gold medals.

In 1928 an Asian appeared on the list of champions, Midio Oda of

Japan, who won three events. 1932 saw the introduction of the Olympic village. In that year the competition was extremely fierce. America still provided the outstanding athletes: Eddie Tolan set up a new sprint record; the 400 metres was won by William Carr, after a memorable duel with another U.S. runner, Ben Eastman. Other U.S. Champions were: George Saling (hurdling), William Miller (pole vault), Lee Sexton (shot put) and James Bausch (decathlon).

A British school master, Thomas Hampson, set up a new world record at Los Angeles, winning the 800 metres. Then came the Italian Luigi Beccali, who won the 1,500 metres and the Pole, Janusy Kusochinske, who triumphed in the 10,000 metres.

Berlin, in 1936, was a memorable occasion when the American Negro, Jesse Owens, assumed the mantle of Paavo Nurmi. Hitler attempted to turn the Games into a glorification of the Nazi State. He had a stadium built on a colossal scale by the standards of the thirties, designed in neo-hellenistic architecture. Owens won four gold medals, setting up two new Olympic records and causing Hitler to walk out of the stadium—presumably these victories contradicted the Führer's theories on race.

Jesse Owens admits that his victory was due to the help and encouragement of his greatest rival, Luz Long, the German athlete whom Hitler had kept in the dark. It was Long who advised Owens to draw a line a few inches at the back of the board and aim at making his take-off from there. In the qualifying rounds Owens had fouled in the take-off. This of course placed Owens in the lead, but Long showed the true spirit of the Games, to the disgust of the Führer. Luz Long was killed during World War II in Sicily.

In London's Wembley stadium in 1948, the U.S. again won far more gold medals than any other country. In field events Owen Smith, Willy Steele and Wilbur Thompson scored easy victories. The Swedes did well in field and track events. Henry Eriksson, Thore Sjöstrand, John Mikälsson, John Ljunggren and Arne Ahman all achieved gold medals.

The now well-known Czechoslovak athlete, Emil Zátopek, achieved distinction with a gold medal and a new world record in the 10,000 metres. Zátopek has been in the news as an outspoken opponent of the Soviet occupation of his country. In 1952, in Helsinki, Zátopek achieved an incredible feat, never attempted even by Nurmi. He won first the 5,000 metres, then the 10,000 metres and went on to gain a gold medal in the Marathon as well. As a final touch, his wife, Dana Zátopkova, took the gold medal in javelin throwing.

It was in Helsinki that the Soviet Union emerged as a major contender on the Olympic scene. Vladimir Kuts won both the 5,000 metres and the 10,000 metres.

In Rome, in 1960, there was no single dominant athlete. The U.S. slipped from 15 in 1956 to 9. Ralph Boston (U.S.) finally defeated the broad jump record set up by Jesse Owens in 1936. In winning the 100 metres dash Armin Hary, of West Germany, achieved the first ever German gold medal in a track event. The Soviet Union now began to creep up

with 5 gold medals in track events. The only triple winner was Wilma Rudolph of the U.S. who won the 100 metres dash, the 200 metres and was a member of the victorious U.S. women's 400 metre relay team.

In Tokyo, 1964, it was a U.S.-Soviet affair with America gaining 36 gold medals, as against the Soviet Union's 30. The United Kingdom's performance in terms of medals was the best since 1908. There were four British Olympic Champions: Lynn Davies, who achieved 26 ft. 5¾ in. in the long jump; Mary Rand set a new world record in the women's long jump, 22 ft. 2 in.; Ann Packer won the women's 800 metres and Ken Matthews took the gold medal in the 20 km walk.

In the women's gymnastics the remarkable Vera Caslavska of Czechoslovakia achieved an easy and graceful victory, while in the women's pentathlon Irina Press of the Soviet Union set a new world record.

A record number of 6,000 competitors from 112 nations converged in Mexico City in the summer of 1968—just 72 years after King George I of Greece had been able to invite all the competitors to breakfast in Athens.

These Games produced some astonishing new feats and world records were broken or equalled in 16 events although some performances were distorted by the effect of the high altitude. The reduced air pressure favoured sprinters because of the diminished air resistance, but penalised long-distance runners who needed as much oxygen as possible.

Other memorable record-breakers were: Tommy Smith of the U.S.A., who clenched his fist in a 'Black Power' salute in receiving his Gold Medal. Jim Hines, also of the U.S.A., who recorded 9.89 secs. in the 100 hurdles and also made a demonstration of the 'Black Power' salute. Because of the altitude the unknown runner from Kenya, Kipchoge Keino, took the gold medal from the record-holder Jim Ryan with ease.

The Winter Olympics were instituted in 1924. The most dramatic of these was held in Innsbruck in 1964. On this occasion there was no snow, even in February, a situation unknown in Alpine memory. This meant that the Austrian Army was brought in to transport snow from the Brenner in lorries! The snow was laid and brought into condition by the men stamping the course out with their army boots. Skiers reported that the ski runs were among the best they had encountered. Another unusual event was that Britain won the tobogganning event with a record run. The next winter Olympics were held at Sapporo, Japan.

Who will be the outstanding competitor in the Munich Games? Twenty-six-year-old Chi Sheng from Taiwan promises to be a star attraction. Her training record in the U.S.A. is phenomenal. She has lost only two races out of 125. She grew up on the outskirts of Hsin-chu, a city of 564,000 inhabitants near Taipei, but has been training in America. Asked recently if she would become an American citizen she replied: 'My skin is Chinese, my eyes are Chinese. If I became an American I would feel funny. I am just an ordinary Chinese.'

She is certainly assured of a massive audience. It is estimated that more than 800 million people will watch the games on television.

WHO ARE THE GREEKS?

by Thomas Anthem

WHO are the modern Greeks, and what are their claims to be descended from the Ancient Greeks? 'The only people of genius in the history of the world', according to Nietzsche, himself a genius, albeit an 'evil genius', as some people held. A generation ago, the cheap-Jack novelists of Britain and America were disposed, in their ignorance, to defame the fair name of Greece by their 'cloak and dagger' ascription to the character of Greek seamen and other nationals who came from that famed little country in the south-eastern corner of Europe, a country *'with traditions more golden than those of any other nation of the world'*. One may ask; 'Was it jealousy that inspired the hate and resentment of uncultured and un-thinking foreigners?' For one reads that the Duke of Wellington 'preferred' the Turk to the Greek, although Mr. Gladstone, at the beginning of this century, had no hesitation in branding the Turks as 'those assassins of the Christian races of Europe'.

Today the modern Greek has no need to apologise for his birth or his nationality, for the thousands of young students — British, American, German and Scandinavian — pouring through Athens and the Greek countryside each summer, fully assume his descent, as they do that of the peerless Parthenon, from his forebears of the Fifth Century, B.C. And not even the presence of the Greek Colonels in the seats of the mighty spoils this conception of Hellenic history. In days gone by, foreign scholars were said to have been driven into paroxysms of fury and vituperation by the controversy over the subject of the descent of the modern Greek, for it was considered that, whereas the evidence was meagre and uncertain, the emotions aroused were enormous and precise.

Two world wars changed the foreign view dramatically, and especially the second universal upheaval, when Britain found herself alone, with only the small ill-equipped army of Greece to face the big battalions and tanks of Hitler and Mussolini. Churchill's comment on the situation as it unfolded sent a wave of admiration for the Greeks throughout the world and blasted for ever the destructive theory of the German Professor Fallmerayer who, in October 1829, in a small volume on the Morea during the Middle Ages, wrote: *'Der Hellenen ist in Europa ausgerottet'*. (The Greek race has been exterminated in Europe.) Without any desire to engage in the erudite controversy, Churchill nevertheless effectively demolished Fallmerayer's sweeping view. Of the heroic performance of the Greeks in Albania against a million Italians he declared: 'Never did the glory that was Greece shine so brightly as in these days'. The glowing tribute went round the world. And later, on the Rupel Pass, in Bulgaria, where the Greeks were outnumbered six-to-one by the Germans, aided by big tanks and all the devices of mechanical warfare, Hitler said afterwards that the Greeks were the bravest troops that the Wehrmacht had met until that date.

Until October 1829 it had been generally accepted by British Liberals,

bankers and armament firms, that the 19th century Greek was a direct and not unworthy descendant of Miltiades. But Fallmerayer contended that, under the successive Slav and Albanian invasions, and owing to the constant penetration of Venetians and Genoese, the original Greek stock had disappeared from the mainland. The Fallmerayer theory was not without its backers, but as the years rolled by it became very apparent that it could not stand up for all time. It was already being subjected to severe blows. Language, it has been asserted with good reason, is the most distinguishing mark of a people, and Fallmerayer's supporters would say that the Greek tongue at that date bore less relation to the Attic dialect than did the demotiké then currently spoken. But the late Dr. William Miller, with whom I was acquainted, who for 40 years was Athens correspondent of the old *Morning Post* and wrote some books on Greece, was quite certain that if Plato were to return to earth and bought an Athenian newspaper he might at first find the print strange, but soon he would be reading his 'own language' with facility.

An enthralling morsel on the continuity of language through the ages was supplied by the late Hilaire Belloc in one of his books. He related how, travelling in the mountains of Greece, he met an old peasant woman who wanted to converse with him. 'I did not know any modern Greek,' he said, 'and still less any classical Greek. I had only a smattering of Homeric Greek (the most ancient Greek), and in a wild thrust, so to speak, I fired this last shot. Imagine my amazement when the old woman answered me without any hesitation! '

The cultured participants in the descent controversy found it difficult to contend that the sleek merchants of the Ionian Islands, the poor peasants of the Morea, or Peloponnesus, or the brigands of Macedonia and Olympus bore any striking resemblance to the participants of a pan-Athenaic festival. Yet, whatever the doubts and inconsistencies on this issue, it became evident as the 19th century progressed that the modern Greeks do, in fact, possess many physical and intellectual attributes which are recognisably Hellenic. The most dominant trait of the ancient Greeks, said the late Harold Nicholson, a great classical scholar, was curiosity; that of the moderns is personal inquisitiveness.

And not merely the inquisitiveness common to all human nature. Dr. William Miller vividly illustrated this intense Greek curiosity by telling how, on returning suddenly to his lodgings in a Greek village, he found the household busily going through his belongings. But if he felt irritated by this unwonted liberty with his possessions, he was not less pleased to find that not a single item was missing when he made a careful check-up. Next to intense curiosity, there has never been a political animal so passionate as the Greek, and Harold Nicholson was right in holding that the modern Greek was more like the ancient Greek than the modern Italian is akin to the Roman. I would agree that the foreign tourist of today, if he expected to find 'Praxitelian young men' discoursing upon the nature of the good, would be distressed by the contrast provided by the toothless and unshaven screams of the Pirasus boatmen.

Yet, even the Periclean Age had its fried-fish-shop side, and if Modern Greece is approached from the Aristophanic or New Comedy rather than the Sophoclean angle, the resemblance to the ancients is apparent, even startling. Not without justification has it been said that Greeks are 'the talkers and debaters of the world'. The eloquence of the average Greek is pronounced. The beauty of Greek women, and not infrequently men, in any age, is legendary. The late Dean Inge, of St. Paul's ('the Gloomy Dean'), prided himself on being a noted classicist, but he perpetrated some positive howlers on the origin of the Modern Greeks. His greatest illusion was in presuming that the long straight nose, running down from the forehead, attributed to the classical Greeks, had existed only in the imagination of the Fifth Century artists, but subsequently he had to recant and admit that they got their models from the gymnasia of Athens!

The reader will feel both interested and amused if I disclose that I found the long classical Greek nose, running straight down from the forehead, reposing beautifully on the face of my own Greek father, who was of peasant stock, though himself a seaman. He came from Galaxidi, on the Corinthian Gulf, whose population had escaped massacre or blood admixture by the Turks. The local Mayor's parlour was decorated with pictures of handsome Galaxidi men who had fought in the War of Independence, and Dean Inge would have been intrigued to know that every one had a long, straight nose. My three sisters had beautiful Greek features and were admired everywhere in Scotland, where we were born. A Glasgow artist expressed a desire to paint my youngest sister after seeing her at a Press ball. Dean Inge was undoubtedly one of the most brilliant minds of his age, and I would agree with George Bernard Shaw that he was 'the greatest asset that the Church of England possessed', but it is obvious from some of the views I have quoted, especially on Greek beauty that his knowledge was unsound and entirely wide of the mark. He did not, for one thing, think that the modern Greeks were a good-looking people; on the other hand, he considered, perversely, that English public schoolboys were 'the best modern representatives' of the ancient Greeks. Surely an inversion and utter distortion of the force of heredity and the working of the genes and chromosomes!

Inge did not give God much credit for reproducing the Greek race according to the scientific or natural pattern he had set. That ancient Greeks should, with the passage of time, become English public schoolboys must remain one of the classic mysteries of history, but I suspect that the strange notion of the one-time Dean of St. Paul's emanated from his snobbery rather than his knowledge of Greece.

Considering the amount of ignorance and prejudice that have intruded on the vastly important theme of the ancestral background of the modern Greeks, I shall take the reader a little farther along the road of authoritative investigation. Even the highly reputable *Manchester Guardian,* for long the champion of Greek causes, especially under its illustrious editor C. P. Scott, and its leading editorials written by Balliol scholars, had this astonishing comment to make in a footnote to my challenge to their view-

point: 'There does not seem to be much racial affinity between the ancient Greeks and the modern. The similarity is in some respects real, in some very doubtful, and in some altogether fanciful. Between the character of the ancient and the modern Greeks there is no proof whatever of racial affinity. There is no doubt considerable racial affinity between the Greek of today and the heterogeneous Slav-diluted Greeks of the Byzantine period. But the racial affinity between the Greeks of today and those of the Periclean period is *probably rather slight*'.

Slav dilution to any appreciable extent is something every educated Greek today, throughout the whole world, repudiates with characteristic Greek anger, and Socrates would have dismissed the notion as a sublime sophism. I had challenged the *Guardian* leader-writer to name a single characteristic or quality—intellectual, moral, spiritual, or physical—in which genuine Greeks today differed from the accepted authoritative views concerning the character of the Greeks of old. The reader can judge how much satisfaction I derived.

But let us now turn to some of the really profound non-Hellenic experts who brought their scholarship to bear on a subject which has too often been an amiable topic for the enthusiastic dilettante and the pretentious British 'know-all' journalist. First and foremost one must mention Dr. Albert Thumb, Dr. Phil., Litt. D., Professor of Indo-German Philology in the University of Strassburg, who, in 1913, delivered, in the Rylands Library, Manchester, what must rank as one of the most erudite lectures of all time. Fortunately, his views have been preserved for posterity in the Bulletin which was published a year later, and I treasure a copy of the lecture in my own bookcase. Dr. Thumb deals with the hundreds of ancient Greek skulls examined by Professor Virchow—dolichoephalic, mesocephalic, and brachycephalic—and gives the comparative figures for each group in a simple table.

> Now, what are the conclusions from these tables? he asks. That the Greeks have become Slavs, that 'no drop of Greek blood is in the Modern Greek', is certainly not proved by the quoted numbers. Fallmerayer's followers gain little help from anthropology. *It seems almost as though the Slavs had not left any physical traces.* The language of the Modern Greek is a very valuable testimony for his ancestry; Modern Greek is certainly not Ancient Greek, but in spite of many differences it is a legitimate child, a natural development, of Ancient Greek. All attempts to detect in the Modern Greek grammar, in phonology and accidence or in syntax foreign influences must fail, because what has been thought to be foreign and modern had already begun to develop a long time before the invasion of Slavs and Albanians, partly even before the Roman epoch.

The learned professor saw many similarities in the customs and beliefs of the ancient and Modern Greeks.

> We see everywhere that Ancient Greece still lives on in Modern Greece. As the Ancient Greeks believed that springs, rivers and lakes, woods and trees, mountains and ravines are filled with Nereids, Nymphs and Dryads, so according to beliefs today wild life is populated by Nereids, the old name being used for all sorts of elves.

In Greece today the bride is conducted into her new home, the dead are buried with ceremonies which the Greeks already used 2,000 years ago. Even a modern folk-song has an old ancestry: the song of the swallow,

which brings spring, is still sung in Modern Greece. Finally, Dr. Thumb delivers his mortal blow to all the doubters and detractors in these words:

> The Greeks today are descendants of the ancient Hellenes, not in the sense that each can trace his origin back to an ancient Spartan or Athenian, but they are descendants in this sense, that in the modern people *ancient blood flows largely, and in some districts almost purely, and still more so in the higher sense that the modern race shows a natural development of ancient Greek national character.*

If this is not 'racial affinity' in the best and most precise sense of its meaning, then the English language is incapable of expressing the truth in any form whatsoever. I suspect that the *Manchester Guardian* leader-writer got himself into such a fuddle over his original wild and extravagant assertion that he floundered into the incomprehensible comment: 'The similarity—in some respects real, and in some altogether fanciful—between the Greeks of today and the modern Greeks is no proof whatever of racial affinity.' I think also that if he had mixed more with modern Greeks, as did Tom Driberg, he would have been infinitely more impressed with their character, and looked for the reason in their ancient ancestry.

Sir Richard Jebb, one time Professor of Greek at Cambridge, who had travelled extensively in Greece and made a close study of the people, declared in a lecture at Edinburgh, *The Athens of the North:*

> The ties which connect the Greeks of today are chiefly three—race, character and language . . . the essential continuity of the Hellenic race is signally shown by the evidence of national character. Not one link is wanting in the chain which binds the New Greece to the Old. . . . The story of this undying Greek nationality is rich with all the colours of the most varied romance.

The modern genuine Greek, like his illustrious ancestors, is a born philosopher, with the same intense passion for politics and love of learning. His brilliant mind and refined nature are obvious to every competent observer. He is profoundly spiritual, with that childlike naïveté which Neitzsche noted. And he is eternally boyish—'you Greeks are all boys; there is not an old man among you. You are all young in your souls', says the old Egyptian in Plato's dialogue. His morality, especially among the the peasant class, where the best blood is preserved, is proverbially high. And, despite the Colonels and Papadopoulos, they are in spirit and practice of their everyday social life the most democratic people in the whole world. It is true that the modern counterparts of Phidias, Homer and Aristotle may not be evident in the Greece of today. This is always the cry of the critic, but 400 years of Turkish misrule were hardly conducive to the production of great works of art in a people so hypersensitive as the Greeks. What other race has been dragged so low and survived?

GREEK WORDS

by David Vessey

IT is natural that when we think of Greece we think first of Athens in the fifth and fourth centuries B.C. This period was, beyond cavil or dispute, a Golden Age in the cultural history of man. We recall with awe its undying triumphs: the tragedies of Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides; the comedies of Aristophanes; Thucydides' *History;* the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle; the fiery rhetoric of Demosthenes. And yet we should not forget that, in contemplating this brilliance, we are seeing only a small part of the panorama of Hellenic civilisation in antiquity. It is wrong to overlook archaic Greece, reflected in the Homeric epics, revealed by the excavations of Schliemann and his successors, and still speaking to us—in riddles but in Greek—from the Linear-B tablets found on the mainland and in Crete. Much lay before, and much after, Greece of the *poleis,* Greece divided into small, rival communities (of which Athens was one), only occasionally united against a common threat, more usually in overt or covert hostility with each other. From the earliest times, the Greeks had been an expansive people, thrusting out colonies and trading-posts around the Mediterranean, to Asia Minor, to Italy, to North Africa. Alexander of Macedon and the dynasties that followed him spread the ideals of Hellenism in Asia and in Egypt. After 146, mainland Greece became part of the Roman Empire, its destiny, like its culture, inextricably linked with that of its new masters. After the fall of the Western Empire, Hellas survived in the Byzantine, 'Romaic' State until 1453 (though for a time, after the barbarous fourth Crusade, Constantinople and Greece were ruled by Franks, whose castles can still be seen, intruders in the Hellenic landscape). It is a long, diverse but organic history. If the Romans conquered the world by arms and held it by laws, turning Alexander's fragile dream of universal hegemony into a lasting fact, Hellas brought Rome and the world spiritually and culturally under her yoke.

Literature reflects and mirrors the society in which it is created. Changes in social conditions produce equivalent shifts in the form and nature of art. It is a threadbare truism to say that Greece—meaning Athens—was the birthplace of democracy. The Hellenes also knew kingship and tyranny, oligarchy and anarchy, internal strife (*stasis*) and ruinous wars. Democratic Athens was a slave-owning, xenophobic, imperialist power. In their heyday the Athenians were ruled effectively by one man, Pericles, who, for all his moderation, was closer to tyrant than to democrat. Athens' enemy, Sparta, founded her polity on apartheid, repression and militarism. Under Alexander and the Hellenistic monarchs the Greeks were familiarised with oriental ruler-worship and the divine dynasty. In Egypt, the Ptolemies were Greek Pharaohs, hailed as gods and saviours. With her conquest by Rome, Greece became subject to a foreign power which, though it covered its cultural nakedness with the garments of Hellenism, was in other ways no less alien than the Persia of Darius and Xerxes. The Byzantine

Empire was a bureaucratic, cosmopolitan autocracy, akin to Tsarist Russia. Such variety in the political and social climate produced a literature of stunning richness.

In Alexandria, the Ptolemies established the greatest library of the ancient world. In the third century B.C., the whole corpus of Greek literature was made available to scholars, who came from all over the Hellenic world to study there. These Alexandrian savants were painstaking codifiers of learning. They envisaged literature as a static hierarchy of genres, epic and tragedy at its head, 'humble' elegy and lyric at its base. Unlike modern man, who tends to think in a utilitarian or teleological manner, the ancients, and not least the Alexandrians, thought aetiologically. For each genre, they sought and named an inventor or founder (*heuretes*) and ranked his followers in canons of excellence.

To them, as to us, the first Greek poet was Homer—first and best, founder of the epic genre. The *Iliad* and *Odyssey* remain at the beginning of European literature as perfect, symbolic edifices. As Herodotus remarked, Homer gave Greece her gods. The two epics may be seen as the ancestor of all Greek literature: for the Hellenes they were the moral, religious, historical and literary Qu'ran of each generation. The learned Alexandrians were the first to debate a 'Homeric question' subjecting the epics to minute critical analysis. In modern times, attitudes to Homer—the name is itself a hypothesis—have changed more radically than Zenodotus and Aristarchus could have envisaged.

The language, story and style of Homer are traditional. This fact was recognised as early as the eighteenth century by Wolf. Later such men as Lachmann and Wilamowitz elaborated the view that Homeric language is unique because it is derived from a bardic heritage. The fact that Homer was dependent on the resources of an *oral* tradition, long-growing and maturing, was finally demonstrated by Milman Parry. We now know that Homer's verse, constructed from repeatable formulaic units, and Homer's subject-matter were bequeathed to him by countless illiterate predecessors. His originality—if we accept the notion of a master-mind, as we should—lay in crystallising in wondrous form what he had inherited, in his choice and arrangement of formulae, in poetic sublimity, in dramatic unity. The idea of an oral Homer can and should be linked to a deep aesthetic belief in the artistic cohesiveness of the *Iliad* and of the *Odyssey*. Our apprehension of this unity must be in part subjective, but the blind Homer of legend need not be replaced by the blind Homerist. Homer was to the ancients and remains to us as the greatest of poets, and this truth is not lessened by our awareness that the Homeric epics differ in origin and kind from any other poetry known to us. How they were committed to writing we shall never know. The conditions that produced them were unique and unrepeatable. All future epic would be literary, and the language of the oral poet—at once terse and diffuse, simple and ornate—cannot be artificially reproduced in a literate society.

The poetry of Hesiod was produced only a little later than that of Homer. The Greeks liked to envisage a contest between the two bards.

Hesiod was the first poet of social change and realism. The *Works and Days* is a didactic manual for farmers with a pragmatic moral (as Virgil realised) that wealth can be obtained only by hard work, that the sluggard must starve, that life is harsh and uncompromising in its demands. But this legendary competition (*agon*) between Homer and Hesiod was for poetic primacy, not philosophical veracity. The world of which Homer sang had little in common with Hesiod's. Homeric epic is not concerned with the peasant-farmer or with the problems of subsistence in a world of toil. In the *Iliad,* we move in a fictive age of heroes, among supermen with their own scale of values. The common soldier at Troy is an expendable commodity and plays no significant role in the conflict of 'godlike' princes. In the *Odyssey,* we see perhaps a deeper consciousness that not all men are heroes: Eumaeus is a Homeric voice of Hesiodic man. Hesiod detested the violence in which Homer's heroes gloried. He saw that man was engaged in a war to survive in the face of a hostile environment. In Hesiod, too, we find for the first time a concern with the meaning and demands of Justice and of Right in human society. In the confrontation between Homer and Hesiod can be seen an emblem of that unresolved tension that pervaded Greek thought: between myth and reality, between dream and waking, between human pessimism and heroic idealism. This conflict was to underly Attic tragedy, Platonic philosophy and much else.

With the division of the Hellenic world into *poleis,* there arose a metamorphosis of poetry. The growth of political and social individualism in geographical Ionia is echoed by the lyricists and elegists of the seventh and sixth centuries. (At this time there was also a brief flowering of poetry at Sparta—evidenced by Tyrtaeus and fragments of Alcman—that would soon die, never to be reborn.) The poets of whom we know so little—Archilochus, Mimnermus, Alcaeus, Sappho, Anacreon—tantalise and enchant us, for we can detect in their verses authentic personalities with hopes, fears and desires that we still share. The lyric impulse manifested too in the ceremonial, public ode. This poetic form was to be perfected by the aristocratic Theban Pindar in the *epinikia* which he wrote to celebrate victors in the athletic festivals of Greece. Pindar ranks as one of Europe's purest and truest lyric poets. His imagery (like that of his contemporary, Aeschylus) is outstandingly rich, densely-packed and various. He wrote, as Horace said, 'like a river careering down from the mountains and overflowing its banks' (*Odes* 4.2). But his verse was held in majestic restraint by a complex metrical system (it is ironic that his name should much later have become attached to experiments in *vers libre*). Pindar's heroic, traditional outlook contrasts sharply with the hedonistic pessimism of the personal lyric.

Pindar is, as far as we are here concerned, the last great poet outside Athens until the creation of the Alexandrian library. The extension of Hellenic culture by the armies of Alexander again altered the course of Greek literature. Polis was succeeded by cosmopolis. The epithet 'Alexandrian' has sometimes been used pejoratively. But literary trends arise from historical change. In Athens, there had existed a truly 'popular' culture.

By contrast, in cosmopolitan Alexandria under the Ptolemaic monarchy, poetry was written by scholars for a small, highly-educated, intensely critical audience. It was coterie literature, terse, polished, allusive, brittle. Novelty of theme and treatment was sought at all costs. It was what we can, after E. R. Curtius, most aptly designate mannerist literature. Mannerism is an outgrowth of classicism. The Alexandrians (like the Roman poets of the first century A.D.), faced by predecessors whose supremacy they could neither deny nor supersede, turned to the cultivation of style and artifice. Mannerists are saturated in the work of their classical forerunners. They favour excess over temperance; they place *ars* above *ingenium*. As Curtius has written, 'the mannerist wants to say things not normally but abnormally. He prefers the artificial and affected to the natural. He wants to surprise, to astonish, to dazzle . . .'[1] Alexandrian poetry was 'unnatural', studied, stylised, *buchmässig*. At times precious or pedantic, it also reached great heights of virtuosity. The Alexandrians worked in a literary hothouse, and it is not surprising that they produced exotic blooms.

Three figures epitomise the era: Callimachus, Theocritus and Apollonius of Rhodes. These writers have much in common, even though they stood at the centre of a controversy about the nature and purpose of poetry, which divided them into opposing camps.

Only Callimachus' *Hymns* and some of his epigrams survive complete. He had a wide-ranging talent. Apart from compiling a massive catalogue of the Library, he composed extensively in verse. The *Hymns*, although burdened with antiquarian learning, are enlivened by touches of humour and imagination. His exquisite epigram on the dead Heracleitus has achieved widespread fame through the translation by William Cory. In this century, the discovery of papyri containing fragments of Callimachus' *Aetia* has greatly enhanced our understanding of his theory of poetry. The *Aetia* were a collection of narrative elegies, in which the poet sets out to give the 'causes' or 'origins' of various festivals, rites, names and institutions. It was written late in his life and, at the beginning of the first book, he included a defence of his literary ideals. In essence, Callimachus believed that the age of the long poem was past, and that poets should concentrate on brief, finely-woven, scrupulously polished works. He disliked and rejected the tumid verbosity of pseudo-Homeric epic. He is said to have remarked that 'a big book is a big bore'. Such views necessarily set him at variance with Apollonius of Rhodes whose *Argonautica* was, by the standards of the time, a big book. Posterity may have exaggerated the extent and acrimony of the poetomachia, but its existence is not to be doubted. In the event, the Callimachean poetic was to exert a profound influence, not least at Rome. In the late Republican and Augustan period, Callimachus' viewpoint played a formative role in the development of Latin poetry. Ultimately, through the genius of Virgil in the *Aeneid*, a compromise between Callimachean criteria and epic was achieved.

Theocritus shared Callimachus' approach to poetry. He is best known as the founder of the pastoral genre, but there is much besides bucolic in

the *Idylls.* In the *Adoniazusae* (*Idyll* 15) he paints a witty picture of bourgeois life in Alexandria. In the same poem and in his encomium for Ptolemy Philadelphus (*Idyll* 18) much light is shed on the nature of Hellenistic monarchy in Egypt. Like Callimachus, Theocritus tried his hand at short, mannered poems on epic themes. But it was in the bucolic *Idylls* that Theocritus vindicated for all time his claim to the title of poet, and assured himself a place in the history of European literature. His skill with word and image, the evocative power and music of his verse inspired Virgil and have not yet lost their fascination.

Apollonius' epic on the voyage of the Argonauts is equally deserving of study and respect. It is remembered today chiefly for its supposedly romantic account of the love of Jason and Medea, which taught Virgil a great deal when he came to write the fourth book of the *Aeneid.* Our understanding and appreciation of all the Alexandrian poets has undergone a transformation in recent years, not least in respect to Apollonius. Though saturated in Homeric language and motifs, the *Argonautica* is, in its intellectual attitudes, profoundly and consciously un-Homeric, even counter-Homeric. Like the other Alexandrians—and here the influence of Euripides is important—Apollonius took an irreverent, anthropocentric view of life which is in purposeful antithesis to Homer's heroic ideals. In the *Argonautica,* the gods are humanised; man, despite his imperfections, is deified, the centre of his own cosmos. Gilbert Lawall has termed Apollonius' Jason an 'anti-hero';[2] it is true that the epic is essentially picaresque. Jason is an emblematic portrait of Hellenistic man: questing, cynical, opportunist, rootless. He lives in a harsh world where heroic virtue is irrelevant and inadequate, and his success springs from his unheroic qualities. Though the Argonautic story belonged to the age of legend, Jason's spiritual home is Ptolemaic Alexandria. The *Argonautica* is an urban epic, the product of an age in which the old values and traditional foundations of Hellenism had passed away.

When we listen to Greek words, we hear first the voice of articulate Athens. But we should not be deaf to other places and other eras. They too have much to tell us.

NOTES

[1] E. R. Curtius, *European Literature and the Latin Middle Ages* (trans. W. R. Trask, London, 1953), p.282.

[2] G. Lawall, 'Apollonius' *Argonautica*: Jason as anti-hero', in *Yale Classical Studies* 19 (1966), pp.119-169.

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GREEK EPIGRAMS

by Donald Bruce

LEDA

'Break your arrows', said Jove
To mutinous Love.
Cried Love, 'Thunder on,
You omnipotent swan'.

SILVER AND GOLD

Seeing my merely silver hair
Brought under his dominion,
Love laughs, and mounts the distant air
On contemptuous gold pinion.

THE RENEWAL

Lilies of the valley shoulder lances,
Priapic tulips hoist their horns.
Tart pink the currant bush enhances
Lascivious April dawns.
No tree is lopped too bare
To blossom everywhere.
So shall not I,
Though Time impatiently
Has met me on my way,
Also don a lover's livery?

THE WELCOME

Pale you seem to me
As crocuses beneath the rain,
Risen from the darks, a Persephone,
To earthly arms again.

STELE

Here youth's troubling beauty lies
Mourned in marble exequys:
Forgotten, save that such as these
Were loved by ugly Socrates.

IONIA

Do not weep to die
Far off from home:
From every sky
Blows the same doom.
Straight is the way below,
No matter where or how.

GREECE THE NEW PLACE

by R. E. Witt

IN our contemporary society of western Europe philhellenism is much in vogue. Romantic and remote, Hellas arouses ardour and passion. It is the land we dream of and fall in love with and go to whenever we can. As the holiday paradise of tourists from France, Germany and England, Greece is proclaimed by the travel agents in their glossy brochures as the New Place. Hotel comforts entitle it to enjoy favourable comparison with what we take for granted when we stay at resorts on the north-west side of the Continent. Sunshine and swimming on the islands, architecture and all the other monuments of the classical past, Byzantine churches and monasteries make us dizzy with delight. With all this very proper emphasis on the things we shall see, we are in some danger of forgetting the people we shall meet and their way of life.

One whose total of visits since 1950 is not far short of thirty can hardly be expected to think of Greece as the New Place. Any tourist, of course, whether he finds himself in Greece or elsewhere, will come across fresh and unforeseen experience if he turns to an odd corner with his eyes wide open—and strange sights abound in Greece, as at Athenian Plaka, or Meteora, or Mistra, or Athos. If the epithet *new* is peculiarly apt for the Greece I know, the meaning is that with each further visit the list of my friends grows longer and longer.

How lucky the Greeks are to live in the land of the old gods and heroes of early Mediterranean civilisation! Not that my friends there today are any more godlike or heroic than the average Frenchman, or German, or Englishman. They are simply normal Mediterranean people, abnormally shrewd and kind, likeable for themselves and for their tradition, and ebullient in their zest for life. Dwelling just where so much great history was made ages ago, the contemporary Greek seems born to take a share in the world's destinies. Here, after all, in the realm of Greece is the cradle of European civilisation, the home of the city state and of political science. No wonder that the modern inhabitants are proud of their past.

A book of mine with the title *Greece the Beloved* was meant to be a token of affection and gratitude. My own life has been in some measure hellenised. This is due not merely to geographical and historical influences but even more to warmhearted association with Greeks whose unstinted help has smoothed away a tourist's problems in their country. Let us always bear in mind that we are not entering a land flowing with milk and honey. Indeed, in the parched summertime the sight of flowing water is rare enough. As they show us around, our hosts may tell us the oft-quoted creation tale, in which the Greek mainland and the islands were the stones that the Great Maker in his last fling shook out of the bottom of his bounty-laden bag to fall over the waters of the eastern Mediterranean. It is a commonplace that Greece's plague has for ages been her dearth of natural resources. But in compensation for this the Almighty has bestowed

upon her a landscape loveliness unsurpassed anywhere else in the world, besides a race of people of equally unchallengeable hospitality. In this connection, the Greek language, both ancient and modern, refuses to distinguish the foreigner and stranger from the guest who is welcomed: each is *xenos*.

To write about Greece as an eternal idea is not sheer hyperbole. Trying to rediscover the whole of Periclean Athens in the modern capital is palpably silly. And yet the contemporary scene is still crowned by the Acropolis, and there still is the Parthenon, which embodies the eternal idea of the greatest statesman the city ever knew. *Idea* is as typically a Greek word as *xenos*. It never loses the meaning of *form* or *shape*. There, overhanging Athens, we can see the outward manifestation and monumental shape of the archetypal thought in the mind of Pericles, his idea of making the city of Pallas Athena the most cultured and the most beautiful in the whole world.

Even in English such words as *idea* and *ideal* take us at once out of the realm of brute fact, of human imperfection, of ugliness and evil and suffering, into the sphere of the spirit, or if you like into the kingdom of Platonic proportion, of truth and beauty and goodness, of absolute values. This is the world which classical Greece symbolises. When you find yourself, for instance, at Delphi it is not hard for you to yield to the spell. In haunts such as this the ancient ideas and values abide with their own immortality, and throughout the territory of Hellenes today you can breathe the same air and worship the same sun as their forebears in the days of Miltiades and Plato, Phidias and Hippocrates, Aristotle and Alexander. You are treading the same earth as those early pioneers of European civilisation. For it was here that they sowed the seeds of a culture which in the ages to come was to spread around the shores of the Mediterranean and blossom forth with renewed glory in the West. Shelley was not greatly exaggerating when he exclaimed: 'We are all Greeks. Our laws, our literature, our religion, our arts have their root in Greece.'

An Englishman's natural habitat is not the southern end of the Balkan peninsula. Yet to voyage around sea-girt Greece and her islands is not strange to him, being born and bred an islander, whatever the marks he bears of an industrialised western society. He knows something about ships and storms. He belongs to a race that has taken to the water, and like ancient Athens and Crete has ruled over the waves.

We can find parallels between Crete in antiquity and Britain in modern times. The spacious island (*megalonesi*) of King Minos is the English tourist's unfailing fascination and the archaeologist's own labyrinthine riddle. But there is no mistaking it as a one-time sea power. Like Britain it looks outwards to the four points of the compass. Crete lies in the midst of Egypt, Palestine, mainland Greece and Italy. Britain turns east towards Greece itself and Asia, south to Italy and Africa, west to America and north across the Arctic waters to the Pole. The British are as geographically extroverted as the ancient Cretans and indeed the modern Greeks. We may still profess pride in our insular freedom. Yet we are ever scan-

ning the waves on our horizon for the trade that will bring us our livelihood.

So the British tourist in Greece has learnt from the North Sea, as it were, to understand the eastern Mediterranean. As I stand on the shore of an Aegean harbour, remembering my own birth at England's chief passenger seaport, I can appreciate the general meaning of all the Levantine bustle and even indulge in the momentary dream of being a rich Greek shipowner one of these days.

Dreaming, however, tends to drive us back to the days of long ago—and never more so than when we find ourselves at some spot where Greek history was made. When Byron wrote *The Isles of Greece* his nostalgia sprang from first-hand knowledge. He had himself been a traveller out there in the then enslaved land of Sappho and Miltiades. Many of the poet's compatriots have the same experience nowadays as they begin looking at this New Place. We join the three hundred Spartans in their defence of Thermopylae. We hear Pericles speaking about the Athenians killed in the first months of the Peloponnesian War. Our mind's eye recreates Phidias' masterpieces—the gold-ivory Athena of the Parthenon and the Zeus of Olympia. We creep up close to the Delphic oracle to listen not to a modern guide but to the Pythian priestess herself. The man with the ugly face has just told her he is sure of only one fact, his own total ignorance. She answers that nobody in the whole world is wiser than he is. Back in Athens we watch that same Socrates drink the hemlock as the sun once more sets over the Attic hills. We recall perhaps that the great philosopher was by profession a sculptor and that his representation of the three Graces was reckoned good enough to be set up on the Sacred Way at the western end of the Parthenon. The work has vanished. So has the cup of hemlock. But the immortal sunlight on the mountain at nightfall reminds us of Socrates and of Hellenic civilisation travelling westwards to lands he never knew.

Fifth century Athens could have invoked Socrates as its typical representative. He could fight for its empire in battle at Delium and yet challenge its traditions in debate at Athens. He passionately upheld what historians of civilisation pin-point as classical ideals: man as the measure of all things, man as the creature of the city state, the rule of Logos, the concatenation of wanton brutality, sin, and retribution (*Hybris, Ate and Nemesis*) in human life, and liberty under the authority of law. Nevertheless, Socrates was condemned to death by hemlock as one guilty of unauthorised innovations. In his search for truth he rejected too much that was old and traditional and introduced too much that was new and revolutionary.

Greece, with a far longer record of civilisation than Great Britain can boast, has experienced far more political upheaval than we have had, both from without by invasion and from within by revolution. Long before the beginning of the Christian era the Greek mainland was overrun by intruders from the areas to the north and north-east, first the Achaeans with their capital at Mycenae, and then the Dorians. The consequences of the

Macedonian and Roman conquests centuries afterwards were momentous for European civilisation, and the subjugation in either case was as thorough as what the Turks enforced when Byzantium fell in 1453. Even though the Byzantine Empire before this had lasted a full thousand years, yet during this period parts of what is now modern Greece had from time to time been occupied by foreigners—Saracens at Salonica, Normans at the Pireus, Slavs at Corinth, and Venetians in Crete. Grimmer than all other occupations, of course, was that by the Italians and Germans during the second European War.

The phenomenon of violent change from within the city state or *polis* was an extremely common experience in ancient Hellas and was called by the technical name of *stasis*. To those of us with a taste for philology the name *anastasis* for the great Orthodox Feast of the Resurrection must be of peculiar interest, especially as with the addition of a further prefix the word becomes the stock Modern Greek term for *revolution*: *epanastasis*. When we think of the revolutionary violence, for example, in 1821 or 1944 we are reminded perhaps of an unhappy fact of geophysics, that this is a land doomed through faults in its crust to sudden and devastating earthquakes, like those of the Ionian Islands in 1953 and Santorini in 1956. The course of Greek history can hardly be characterised as smooth, especially when it is compared with that of a country like our own in western Europe. National temperament, itself influenced by terrain and climate, plays its part in the shaping of politics. An Englishman and a Greek assessing each other might be content with the mutual evaluation of 'phlegmatic' (*psychraimos*) and 'mercurial' (*evexaptos*).

If this is true, then we have a ready explanation for obvious differences between developments in the two countries—our well-known British talent for compromise and our sociological belief in the inevitability of graduality, as contrasted with what some of us think is typical of Greece, a sudden rush towards innovations and an inordinate longing for changes. David Holden has just published an important book, *Greece without Columns*. At the end he veers towards a cyclical view of Greek history. 'Thus Greece may travel onwards, as it has done for so long as the world has known it: onwards and around, neither stopping, ending nor beginning, but journeying as if in circles for ever.' An attractive doctrine, but surely one-sided if we concentrate on periods other than the Byzantine. For again and again the country has been shaken by sudden upheavals. In modern days statesman after statesman has twisted the course of events. The nation has been promised 'pie in the sky' by leaders whose voice is like that of the Apocalyptist: 'I saw a new heaven and a new earth . . . the former things are passed away. . . . Behold, I make all things new'. Holden's dictum does not dwell enough on the historical breaks, the haphazard and catastrophic changes. Political life in the Balkans has the look not of a smoothly revolving wheel but of a smouldering volcano.

Novelty for novelty's sake, according to the writer of the *Acts of the Apostles*, was the guiding principle of people in Athens in the first century. They 'spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell, or to hear

some new thing'. As we stand on Mars' Hill in Athens today we can share in the fascination felt by the intelligentsia, including the foreign residents and the tourists, at the missionary's Good News, his so-called Gods from Abroad. Five centuries earlier another Athenian, Socrates, had appeared to his conservative contemporaries to invite them to believe in just such non-national but newfangled gods. The pagan martyr by his death made it easier in the days to come for Christians to preach their gospel to the Greeks.

If we enter an Orthodox Church in any Greek city or village, we are physically dwelling in the same country as Socrates and Plato but spiritually in another world. When we pass from the Hermes of Praxiteles at Olympia to the Pantocrator at Daphni we are indeed taking leave of the old for the new, of the serenely benign Protector for the divine Judge who from his heavenly dome looks down upon us sorry creatures with scant approval. If somehow Socrates could join us on our aesthetic and theological tour, his professional eye would doubtless be thrilled with the anthropomorphic perfection of the sculpture. Once his characteristic curiosity about Christianity's revolutionary theology had been fully (if ever!) satisfied, then after gazing up at the mosaic at the Daphni Monastery (for him a completely New Place!) he might assent to the opinion, voiced by our own Sacheverell Sitwell, that here is the one portrayal 'which convinces of life after death, and the immortality of the soul'. The Pantocrator's stern frown would surely not have been strange to Socrates.

Unless we who come from western Europe can appreciate Byzantium, the New Rome on the Bosphorus chosen by the first Christian emperor as his capital in the East, we shall never understand the full meaning of Greek civilisation. For a whole millennium that civilisation did in fact travel onwards, in the words of Holden, and neither stopped nor ended its achievements. The glories of Byzantine architecture are for us to see whether at Saint Sophia in Constantinople or in the churches of Thessalonica. Painting and manuscripts can be particularly well studied at Athos and Meteora. Textiles in the Benaki Museum of Athens and even in London's Victoria and Albert Museum remind us that the Greeks of the Byzantine Empire never lost the skill of the ancient Penelope.

The Fall of Byzantium created a new situation. Then it was that the Greeks lost their freedom for four hundred years. Under Ottoman rule they were politically helpless. Precisely at this moment came the great miracle of European civilisation; the flight of learned Greeks to western countries. The Renaissance, with all its stupendous consequences, sprang phoenix-like from the corpse of captured Byzantium.

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DO WE NEED A REFERENDUM?

by Enid Lakeman

'WE haven't been consulted' is a cry raised by those British electors who feel they are being dragged into the European Community against their will. Their demand for a referendum on the subject raises questions that go far beyond that immediate issue.

Established British practice assumes that we have a representative democracy—that is, that we elect representatives and then leave them to make decisions on our behalf. Save in relatively rare polls on local matters, we have nothing corresponding to the direct democracy seen above all in Switzerland, where any constitutional change must be, and almost anything may be, submitted to a yes/no vote of the people. Direct democracy asks the opinion of the people on individual questions of policy as they arise; representative democracy asks the people only to select representatives, whose opinions on any question decide the action taken.

Whether the governed are going to be satisfied with this latter method of government must depend partly on the extent to which the machinery for electing representatives gives confidence that they will in fact be representative of the opinions of those in whose names they act. It seems clear that this confidence is now to a large extent lacking, and the time is appropriate to consider how best that situation can be remedied.

There are basically two solutions, which are not mutually exclusive. One is to accept that the majority opinion of the elected body will sometimes—perhaps often—be contrary to that of the electors, and give the electors power to overrule their representatives by referendum. The other is to elect the representatives in such a way as to reduce to a minimum the likelihood of conflict between their opinions and those of their electors.

To ask the electors whether they wish a certain thing to be done or not seems a straightforward procedure, but it may present difficulties. Over the period of years since public opinion polls began to be taken on Britain's accession to the European Community, the 'yes', 'no' and 'don't know' figures have fluctuated to a most unusual extent—suggesting a widespread uncertainty and a tendency to vote according to the argument that the voter last heard. This accords with another poll finding, which is that large numbers feel they know too little about the subject and would rather leave the decision to their M.P.s. This suggests that the referendum procedure may be satisfactory when the people being consulted fully understand the question, as is the case when, for example, a town is polled on whether it wishes its cinemas to open on Sundays, but not when the matter is more complex and less familiar.

A further difficulty may arise in regard to the framing of the question; anyone who has been concerned with public opinion polling knows how difficult it is to frame a completely neutral question, how easy to load it in favour of one answer or another. One poll found that it got diamet-

rically opposite results according to whether it asked 'Do you wish this country to join the Common Market?' or 'Do you wish to see a United Europe of which this country would form a part?' Moreover, it is not safe to assume that the response to the question would be in fact a response to that question alone, unaffected by other considerations. That other considerations may play a large part was very evident in the French referendum on the admission of the United Kingdom to the Community; anyone who followed the French press during the campaign leading up to that vote could not fail to be aware that it was being treated as a vote of confidence in the government.

Even so, a referendum would be a much more reliable indication of public opinion on the subject than would the other expedient sometimes urged—a general election on that issue, under the British system. That measures (and pretty crudely) popular support for each party, not for any one item in a party's policy. Even if we had, for example, all Conservative candidates supporting entry and all Labour ones opposing, the votes cast for those respective parties would be no measure of public support for their respective policies, since there would be nothing to show how many votes were given to a party because of that item in its programme and how many in spite of this. There might be many thousands of Conservatives who hate the idea of joining but who hate even more the prospect of a Socialist government and who therefore vote Conservative to avert that worse evil—and equally there might be many pro-marketeers voting Labour to prevent a Conservative government. In fact, all parties have both pro- and anti-Market candidates, and this might be thought to give some scope for the expression of the voters' opinions on the subject. In practice, however, it does not, for the elector has to vote for a pro or an anti, not according to which he prefers but according to where he happens to live. A Labour supporter living in Ebbw Vale must vote for Michael Foot; if he moves to Stechford he must vote for Roy Jenkins. Does a Labour vote in Ebbw Vale and in Stechford mean the same thing or the opposite? There is a small number of people who feel so strongly about this one matter that they will vote against the party they normally support, and this might result in pro-Market candidates polling consistently better or consistently worse than their anti-Market colleagues of the same party, but no such tendency is visible in the last general election. For instance, leading anti-Market Conservative Enoch Powell increased his majority by the same amount as did Conservative Richard Hornby who was already speaking out for entry at a time when his party was still opposed.

In a few constituencies, the choice offered to the voters has included an official Conservative candidate and an Independent anti-Common Market Conservative. All such Independents have polled very few votes, but it is recognised that this is no proof that very few Conservatives agree with them. There cannot be only 960 anti-Common Market Conservatives in Henley, but their candidate attracted only that number of votes because of the widespread fear of 'wasting one's vote' on a candi-

date thought to have no chance, thereby risking the loss of the seat to an opposing party. Moreover, even if it were possible to deduce from the election results the state of public opinion on a given subject, there is no guarantee at all that this would be reflected in the House of Commons. There was a British general election which came near to being fought on a single issue—and which, moreover, was not complicated by any 'split votes'; this was the election of 1886 fought by Gladstone on Irish Home Rule. The pro-home rule candidates polled almost the same total of votes as the anti-home rule (slightly more when allowance is made for the many uncontested constituencies), but the resulting House of Commons had an anti-home rule majority of no less than 104.

An alternative to the referendum does exist, and this is a general election under a different system, which allows a free choice (with no risk of 'splitting the vote') between different candidates of the same party, and ensures that the choice expressed by the voters will be reflected faithfully in the result. That is the single transferable vote form of proportional representation. It consists in electing several M.P.s together, each by a quota of the votes, the elector voting by numbering candidates in the order of his preference—thus instructing the returning officer to give his vote to the candidate he has marked 1, but if the vote cannot help to elect that candidate (because he has enough votes without it or because he has so few votes as to be without hope of election), not to waste the vote but to transfer it to the candidate the voter has marked 2 (and if it cannot help him either, then to the one marked 3, and so on).

To see how this would operate, consider the city of Leeds as one 6-member constituency, assuming the same candidates as stood in 1970 and the same support for their respective parties. (In reality, the parties' votes would differ, to some unknown extent, because there would be extra Liberal and Communist votes from those parts of the city where those parties had no candidates, and because nobody would need to hesitate about voting 1 for a candidate thought to have no chance. There would also almost certainly be fewer than six candidates for any one party, since no party could hope to capture all the six seats.) Under the present system, anyone in Leeds wishing to support the Conservative Party must, if he lives in the North-East division, vote for Sir Keith Joseph (pro-Common Market), while if he lives in North-West he must vote for Sir Donald Kaberry (anti). With the single transferable vote, he can still give full support to the party if he wishes, by numbering all its candidates 1, 2, 3, etc., but cannot do so without selecting one of those candidates as preferable to the rest; he can vote 1 for Joseph or 1 for Kaberry, as he prefers. Similarly, a Labour supporter could put first either Charles Pannell (pro) or Denis Healey (anti), or any other Labour candidate. In the 1970 election, the total of votes cast in Leeds was 234,705, so the quota needed for election would be one more than one-seventh of this, 33,530—that being the smallest number of votes that could be obtained by each of six candidates but not by more. Suppose Joseph got 30,000 first preferences while another pro-Common Market Con-

servative got only 5,000 and was therefore eliminated from the bottom of the poll; it must be expected that most of the latter's supporters would direct their votes to be transferred to Joseph, who would therefore attain the quota and be elected. Similarly, if there are at least one quota of anti-Common Market Conservative voters, they will elect an anti-Common Market M.P. In the 1970 election, each of the two largest parties polled over three quotas (Labour 117,359, Conservative 100,301) so they would elect three M.P.s each (actual result, four and two), and in each case these would be predominantly pro or anti according to which of those opinions was in the majority among the party's voters. (The Liberals, with half a quota of votes, could not have elected anyone on the actual 1970 votes, but might have done so with the aid of extra votes obtained for the reasons referred to above.)

The first general election in Ireland under this system (1922) did produce a popular verdict on a similar question—whether or not to accept the Treaty offered by Britain. Within each party the voters had a choice between pro- and anti-Treaty candidates; the majority preferred the pro-Treaty, and there resulted a corresponding pro-Treaty majority in the Dail.

As a test of public opinion on a single issue, such an election has several advantages over a referendum. Its verdict is not affected by extraneous considerations, such as the wish to give a vote of confidence or no confidence in the government. It avoids facing an M.P. with the moral dilemma of whether to stick to what he believes to be right or to vote for what he knows the majority of his constituents to want—since, if substantial numbers of voters are of a certain opinion, they will be represented by an M.P. who is of that same opinion. It enables parliament to be influenced, over a period of time, by public opinion on whatever matters the public feel to be important—the Common Market issue would have affected all elections since it first arose, candidates would have been obliged to discuss it more than they have in fact done, and consequently the electors would have been much better informed. They would have been able to leave the technicalities to their elected representatives, while at the same time ensuring that the general inclination of those representatives was for or against the European Community as the case might be. Moreover, if it was felt that a referendum on some questions was nevertheless desirable, the two institutions could be combined without risking the awkward consequences of perhaps having a government defeated on a series of its most important policies—since the parliamentary majority could never be far out of line with the popular majority, as it often is under the present British system. The use of a broadly similar system in Switzerland enables the referendum to work well there.

The question at issue being one of entry into a community, none of whose members except France uses an electoral system anything like the British, it will be appropriate if it leads the British people to consider the possibility that their elections might be made more effective.

THE CONNECTION BETWEEN SEX AND VIOLENCE

by David Holbrook

RECENTLY, Mr. Sandy Wilson, novelist and dramatist, author of *The Boy Friend*, wrote to *The Times* to express doubts about very young children seeing the latest James Bond film, *Diamonds are Forever*. In this film a half-naked girl is strangled with her own brassière. Today, since the *Oz* trial, many people seem to assume that children are not harmed by such 'sexy' scenes. Is there any connection? I believe that such scenes are definitely harmful to children—though the 'proof' must be explored at a very deep level. Such scenes evoke primitive phantasies of a very early kind. To enable us to see what is wrong, we need to study the work of the child psychotherapists, and others who have plumbed man's inner life.

Freud found that children had a sexual awareness, the revelation of which shocked many people at the time. But Melanie Klein went deeper, and found that children had dark, brutal and aggressive phantasies that were truly horrible, arising naturally out of the hunger to exist, and their need to survive. Human culture, and the natural moral sense, are ways in which we humanise our phantasies and 'reform' them. But as Dr. Gregroy Zilboorg says in his *The Psychology of the Criminal Act*, while everyone has these primitive phantasies, we do not know what makes people start 'acting' them out. Yet when people resort to 'fun killings' or sadistic murders, they may be acting out the primitive phantasies of early childhood.

I believe that the sadistic act of watching sex in the cinema or on the stage is a way of arousing primitive phantasies which, in a few instances, could lead an already disturbed individual to murder or rape. There is plenty of 'evidence' that we should *not* continue to pour out sadistic phantasies in our culture, at a time when violence is on the increase.

Melanie Klein's contribution to psychotherapy derives its originality (and its relevance to education and creativity) from the fact that she was especially concerned with the analysis of children. Since psychoanalysis traces the origins of personality problems to infancy, it is appropriate that the study of infants should generate further developments. D. W. Winnicott's life-long study of babies and their mothers has advanced psychoanalytical thought even further. But Melanie Klein, by taking into account children's symbolic acts of play rather than the verbal associations of adult patients, explored the unconscious worlds of children even as young as $2\frac{3}{4}$ years.

The effect of working with children was to discover the ease with which they move between the unconscious and conscious world: 'Phantasies that work through only very slowly and partially, and often very intellectualised and disguised, in the dreams and free associations of adults, come out with startling directness and detail when played out openly by the small child' (H. Guntrip, writing on Melanie Klein).

Melanie Klein's great importance is in the direction she takes in exploring the way in which intense aggression is aroused in the infant at an astonishingly early age: 'fused with his sense of personal need particularly in the form of infantile sexuality, to create a sadistic emotional life which makes the infant terrified both of himself and of the fate of his love-objects, and fills him with persecutory anxiety over their phantasied retaliation against him'.

The infant's first anxieties arise because of his very mode of (oral) relationship. On this, Guntrip's comment is most illuminating: the child, he says, cannot abstract himself from his body. 'The child is an intensely "embodied person" . . . emotionally preoccupied with embodied persons. His phantasies are all of bodies, attacks on bodies, getting something out of one body and into another body with fears of retaliatory reversals of this procedure, of robbing and injuring bodies and healing and repairing the damage done to them.'

The child, I would add, from Winnicott's insights, does not wholly distinguish between reality and phantasy. And his first all-important relationship is the intense, instinct-impelled one of suckling at his mother's breast. As Winnicott has indicated, nursing has a very special atmosphere —in which an extension of the mother's personality becomes a psychic envelope in which both mother and child live for a time. Such later observations make it even more relevant to speak as Guntrip does of the relationship between infant and mother as a kind of *coitus*.

Consequently the child experiences rage and jealousy in proportion as he has already become insecure owing to the fact that he feels the parents are getting something from each other by exchange and incorporation of bodily substances and organs—the only way in which the infant can experience anything—while he himself feels excited, stimulated with needs and longings but left out, ignored and unsatisfied. (I am following Guntrip's discussion of Melanie Klein's observations.)

This kind of envy is behind pornography and 'brutally frank' approaches to sex education. In early infant phantasies the child's mind becomes far more Cimmerian than even Freud was able to reveal. As the psychiatrist Ernest Jones has said, 'there were dark fears of possibilities that the most gruesome fairy-tale had not dared to explore, cruel impulses where hate and murder range freely, irrational phantasies that mock at reality in their extravagance. Mrs. Klein's unsparing presentation of the cutting, tearing, gouging, devouring phantasies of infants is apt to make most people recoil.'

Yet these phantasies, exploited in the 'adult' cinema and stage today, are the basis of the commercial exploitation of anxiety in our culture. The images outside the 'sex' cinema are the images of infantile phantasies of the cruel 'combined parents' and the imaginings they arouse are sadistic.

As Guntrip points out, the origins of some neuroses are in anxieties arising from such infantile phantasies: 'a neurosis is conceived as a repressed inner world of internal object-relationships constituting anxiety or danger-situations of both a persecutory and depressive order, in which the ego launches phantasied attacks by oral, anal, and ultimately genital

means on its parental images, and fears retaliatory attacks in turn from them'.

In terms of our consideration of the realm of phantasy in actual living, as in education or the arts, we need to take into account the effects of this world of internal objects on the reality sense. The impulse to make restitution (the reparative urge) normally helps the child to seek inward integration, with consequent development of the capacity to discover the reality of the outer world. If, however, anxiety is severe, there may be a disturbance of this process. Melanie Klein said that if the child's relations 'to its imaginary objects are too powerful . . . it cannot adequately attach either its sadistic phantasies or its restitutive ones to its real objects, with the result that it undergoes disturbance of its adaptation to reality and of its object-relations'.

A child needs to exert both love and hate on its 'real objects' in order to find inner and outer reality. Out of its inward work towards integration the capacity to deal with the real world develops. Since 'work' in this inner world is done symbolically, we have here one link between creative imagination and behaviour, of great significance for education, culture, and ethics.

In culture and education, if we accept Melanie Klein, we can no longer believe that imaginative experience contributes to living by enabling people to 'get things out of their system', or to gain insight by merely living through vicarious experiences, or that the imaginative experience of cruel, violent, obscene or horrifying experiences can provide an 'outlet' or 'safety valve'. The truth is that a subtle dynamic process of constructive ordering and maintenance is continuously going on in the inner world, where reparative effort seeks to overcome threats of disruption. If phantasy material arouses great inward anxiety, it may be necessary for so much energy to be diverted to dealing with the inner world that there is a 'disturbance of adaptation to reality and of . . . object-relationships'.

Here the implications for culture may well reverse the whole trend of our thinking, e.g. about 'necessary' or 'useful' violence or sex in entertainment. Cannot the same thing happen to children who are exposed to symbolic phantasies which are calculated to *seem* real? Cannot such experience be 'stimuli from the external world', which are felt to be 'nearly as alarming as the phantasied domination of the internalised objects'? And might they not contribute to a kind of 'surrender of initiative and the execution of activities and intellectual operations'?

Could a similar process in adults, by the arousing of inward anxieties in a sensational culture, lead to a disturbance of the reality sense? Melanie Klein's theories, which suggest a delicate balance in the way we build bridges between inner and outer reality, should, I believe, make us think seriously, and with some alarm, about the increasing tendency in our culture, because of its commercial basis and consequent need to draw the attention of large numbers of people, to function often by provoking deep anxieties. Do these not provoke in consequence the diversion of reparative effort away from 'real objects', and foster withdrawal from life? Is not

this the effect of the increased proportion of schizoid art in our culture, with its exploitation of hate and its inversion of value? At the time of writing, a film has just been launched in which a woman becomes pregnant by the Devil. Such play on 'bad internalised object' phantasies inevitably has the effect of driving sensibility back to primitive fears and to the barbarism of irrationality, akin to that of witch-hunting and other psychological horrors of the Dark Ages of the past.

Yet today, even educational organisations in England align themselves behind those who would thrust pornography and subversiveness on children, thereby endangering their relationship with the world of reality, by promoting primitive anxieties associated with the 'primal scene', paranoia, and withdrawal from life. And these 'progressives' cannot see the political danger of irrationality and paranoia fostered by a culture based on primitive hate in phantasy.

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CHRISTINA ROSSETTI: STRATEGIES OF LONELINESS

by John Adlard

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI, who made Sir Walter Raleigh want to cry, also earned the limited approval of Dr. Leavis. But surprisingly little has been written about her poetry and what has been written is often wrong-headed. It comes as a shock to find that only a few years ago Louis Macneice was writing: *'Goblin Market* has perhaps a certain charm but is thin and flags and cloys; . . .'[1]

'Charm' is no word to apply to *Goblin Market,* which is a desperately serious poem. It can hardly be 'thin' with so complex a genesis. From the start we recognise that it bears *some* relation to English folklore, and indeed in Cornwall people 'put themselves in the fairies' power by eating or drinking something on the sly, when they had surprised them at one of their midnight frolics; or *by accepting a gift of fruit.*'[2] The italics are of course mine. Laura, too, accepts fairy fruit, but whereas Cornish folk were carried away to fairyland, she simply pines and seems doomed to die.

As long ago as 1933 Sir Ifor Evans[3] pointed out that Thomas Keightley was a friend of the Rossetti household and suggested that his *Fairy Mythology* (1828), read by Christina as a child, played an important part in the evolution of *Goblin Market.* He drew attention to Keightley's 'numerous illustrations in which dwarfs and goblins are portrayed' and also to the scene he quotes from *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* in which the fairies offer fruit to Bottom.[4] Then, amazingly, Sir Ifor printed the beginning of Keightley's quotation from Bovet's *Pandemonium* (1684) without giving the reader any inkling of what follows, which is nothing less than a fairy market:

> At some times they would seem to dance, at other times to keep a great fair or market . . .
>
> The place near which they most ordinarily showed themselves was on the side of a hill, named Black-down, between the parishes of Pittminster and Chestonford, not many miles from Tanton. Those that have had occasion to travel that way have frequently seen them there, appearing like men and women of a stature generally near the smaller size of men. Their habits used to be of red, blue, or green according to the old way of country garb, with high crowned hats. One time, about fifty years since, a person living at Comb St. Nicholas, a parish lying on one side of that hill, near Chard, was riding towards his home that way, and saw, just before him, on the side of the hill, a great company of people, that seemed to him like country folk assembled as at a fair. There were all sorts of commodities to his appearance as at our ordinary fairs; pewterers, shoemakers, pedlars, with all kind of trinkets, *fruit* [my italics] and drinking-booths . . . It was once in his thoughts that it might be some fair for Chestonford, there being a considerable one at some time of the year; but then again he considered that was not the season for it . . . At length it came into his mind what he had heard concerning the Fairies on the side of that hill, and it being near the road he was to take, he resolved to ride in amongst them . . . Though he saw them perfectly all along as he came, yet when he was upon the place where all this had appeared to him, he could discern nothing at all, only seemed to be crowded and thrust, as when one passes through a throng of people . . .[5]

Goblin Market was completed in April, 1859. Perhaps, some time between April, 1853, and March, 1854, when Christina Rossetti was in Somerset with her mother, running a school, she remembered the fairy market in Bovet, for Blackdown, the scene of that market, is in Somerset.

The 'little men' trading at Goblin Market are half animals: one has a cat's face, others are like a rat, a snail, a wombat or a ratel. This does not seem the stuff of English folklore and Sir Ifor Evans admits there is nothing like it in Keightley; but Dr. Briggs, in *The Anatomy of Puck,* has written of the 'mingling of the ghosts, devils and fairies of popular belief.'[6] Goblins may be devils, such as the animal-headed devils in paintings of the Temptation of St. Anthony by, for instance, Lucas van Leyden and Martin Schongauer. It is not unlikely that the sister of Dante Gabriel Rossetti would find a source in some Dutch, Flemish or German pictures, and though St. Anthony is not himself like Lizzie and Laura, the situations are rather similar.

'A Love of Animals, and more especially such animals as are frequently regarded as odd or uncouth, rather than obviously attractive' is the fifth of seven rather long-winded 'ideas . . . characteristic of Christina Rossetti' listed by her brother William in his preface to her *Poetical Works.*[7] 'With the lower animals,' wrote Theodore Watts-Dunton, '. . . she had a strange kind of sympathy of her own. Young creatures especially understood the playful humour of her approach. A delightful fantastic whim was the bond between her and puppies and kittens and birds . . .'[8] Her 'first real excitement,' according to William Sharp, '. . . was afforded by a visit she paid with Gabriel to the Zoological Gardens. The two amused themselves, after their first vivid interest, by imagining the thoughts of the caged animals. Christina thought the birds should be honoured by plaintive verses, but Gabriel narrated such whimsical biographies of the birds and beasts that poetry gave way to fun.'[9]

There is nothing whimsical about the animal shapes in *Goblin Market.* They represent the playful, odd, even uncouth, animality without which we can never experience deep joy. A sexual interpretation of the goblin fruits and their juices (together with the 'gums and juices' of *The Prince's Progress*) is quite justified; Christina Rossetti is startlingly explicit about the pleasures tasted by the dead Jeanie,

> Who should have been a bride;
> But who for joys brides hope to have
> Fell sick and died
> In her gay prime, . . .

And among the shrill voices of the goblins there is another tempting voice that sounds 'kind and full of loves.'

Fairy harlotry is notorious, and for a glimpse of it Christina had only to read in Keightley of the 'lascivious chases' of fairies in *Polyolbion.*[10] Keightley also quotes from a play where a fairy says, 'My name is little little Prick'—clearly not the prick of a needle, for the fairy continues:

> When I find a girl asleep,
> Underneath her frock I peep
> There to sport, and there I play . . .[11]

Fruit is associated with sensuality in the berries gathered by the fairies for Titania's ass-headed lover in the passage quoted by Keightley, and the summer streets of Christina Rossetti's London seem to have been one vast fruit market:

> Rare and refreshing fruit for the parched lips of Londoners was cheap and plentiful, and always temptingly displayed. Red and white currants sold on the street stalls were laid out in little heaps on cool green cabbage leaves, . . . Raspberries were sold in pottles like the strawberries, and there were glorious gooseberries, green and red and yellow, laid out like the currants on cabbage leaves, and the fruit stalls and the fruit baskets were at every street corner all the summer through.[12]

There is a whole world of violence in the imagery of *Goblin Market*: a lily is borne down by a flood, flowers are beset by wasps, a town is fiercely besieged, an earthquake smashes a watch-tower, lightning strikes a mast. Thus, as Christina sees it, the onset of sexual passion can shatter a life. Laura is saved by her sister; Christina looked up to Maria Rossetti, and the poem ends with a tribute to a sister's love:

> 'For there is no friend like a sister
> In calm or stormy weather;
> To cheer one on the tedious way,
> To fetch one if one goes astray,
> To lift one if one totters down,
> To strengthen whilst one stands.'

And when she had been saved by her sister,

> Laura awoke as from a dream,
> Laughed in the innocent old way, . . .

Such wishful thinking—that one might, after that onset of sexuality, return to the 'innocent old way', to the calm relationship of sisters. Christina Rossetti's heart longs, in the 'Dedicatory Sonnet' of 1880, for a 'quiet home'.

In the poem *Maiden-Song* there are three sisters instead of two:

> Long ago and long ago,
> And long ago still,
> There dwelt three merry maidens
> Upon a distant hill.
> One was tall Meggan,
> And one was dainty May,
> But one was fair Margaret,
> More fair than I can say,
> Long ago and long ago.

The 'and' in the refrain gives a cheerful bounce to a phrase that is wistful in other poems:

> As long ago, my love, how long ago.

> Snow had fallen, snow on snow,
> Snow on snow,
> In the bleak mid-winter
> Long ago.[13]

Maiden-Song was written soon after a stay in the Surrey countryside with Anne Gilchrist, who was a vigorous walker. 'The movement,' wrote one of Mrs. Gilchrist's friends, 'the air and sunshine, the aspects of nature, brought out her bright points, and animated her conversation.'[14] *Maiden Song* must be animated by that movement, air and sunshine shared with

Anne Gilchrist, for whereas in *Goblin Market* the sisters were shy and retiring (and whereas in *The Prince's Progress* the waiting princess only sleeps or weeps) Meggan, May and Margaret seem to be always merry and very often singing.

When Meggan pluckt the thorny rose,
  And when May pulled the brier,
Half the birds would swoop to see,
  Half the beasts drew nigher,
Half the fishes of the streams
  Would dart up to admire,
But, when Margaret pluckt a flag-flower
  Or poppy hot aflame,
All the beasts and all the birds
  And all the fishes came
To her hand more soft than snow.[15]

This perfect sympathy with beasts and birds makes an interesting contrast with the perils and conflicts of the girls' dealings with those animal shapes in *Goblin Market*. A similar sympathy is found in *Bird or Beast?* and *Eve*. Likewise, Blake's Little Girl Lost was taken care of by beasts, beasts usually thought dangerous, licked and carried naked and sleeping to their caves. Anne Gilchrist, with whom Christina Rossetti had been staying, was the wife of Blake's biographer. Watts-Dunton writes of Christina that Blake's 'influence upon her was very great.'[16]

In *Maiden-Song* the merry, singing maidens are claimed speedily by herdsman, shepherd and king, whereas in *The Prince's Progress* the Princess sleeps and weeps as she waits and the Prince delays, delays. The idea appears to be that a positive happiness will attract (in Blake's phrase) a 'mental Prince'. Often, in her poems, Christina Rossetti seems to see herself as a princess, or at least a lady of rank, and when she was over thirty it was to a fairy princess that a child at once compared her.[17] This should be borne in mind when reading *The Heart Knoweth its own Bitterness,* which Georgina Battiscombe has called 'the key to her secret': [18]

You scratch my surface with your pin,
  You stroke me smooth with hushing breath:-
Nay pierce, nay probe, nay dig within,
  Probe my quick core and sound my depth.
You call me with a puny call,
  You talk, you smile, you nothing do:
How shall I spend my heart on you,
  My heart that so outweighs you all?

Mrs. Battiscombe concludes that Christina had 'no commonplace horror of sexual intimacy' but felt 'the inadequacy of the demands of the flesh.' Surely it was the inadequacy not of the demands but of the demander, whether Collinson, Cayley, or, as Lona Mosk Packer would have it, William Bell Scott. Ripening early and splendidly, she knew she was a princess and required a prince. She spoke out in another poem of sisters, *The Lowest Room,* comparing Victorian husbands with Homer's heroes:

'Calm in the utmost stress of doom,
  Devout toward adverse powers above,
They hated with intenser hate
  And loved with fuller love.

'Then heavenly beauty could allay
As heavenly beauty stirred the strife:
By them a slave was worshipped more
Than is by us a wife.'

Yet she knew of at least one contemporary of such stature, the husband in her poem *In the Round Tower at Jhansi.* Lacking such a man, she turned wholeheartedly to Christ, but in no spinsterish fashion. He was the Divine Lover to whom she gave herself unsparingly:

I full of Christ and Christ of me.[19]

Her waiting was like the waiting of Tennyson's Mariana, but her alertness and humour were unlike anything in the character of that rather dreary lady. Nor did she drift dying down the river like the Lady of Shalott. In more than one poem (*Confluents* is an example) she realised that she *was* the river and that however strongly she flowed, she could never fill the sea.

NOTES

[1] *Varieties of Parable,* Cambridge, 1965, page 72.
[2] Miss M. A. Courtney: *Cornish Feasts and Folk-Lore,* Penzance, 1890, page 121.
[3] B. Ifor Evans: 'The Sources of Christina Rossetti's 'Goblin Market',' *Modern Language Review,* XXVIII (1933) pages 156-165.
[4] Lona Mosk Packer (*Christina Rossetti,* California and Cambridge, 1963, page 143) prefers as a source the *Sagen und Märchen* which Christina read in her childhood German lessons. She does not explain this preference.
[5] Likewise we have Laura not 'discerning even one goblin' and the goblins who 'trod and hustled . . . Elbowed and jostled' Lizzie. Christina's goblins were 'little men'; Bovet's fairies were 'of a stature generally near the smaller size of men.'
[6] *The Anatomy of Puck,* London, 1959, page 119.
[7] *The Poetical Works of Christina Georgina Rossetti,* edited by William Michael Rossetti, London, 1904, page ix. All quotation of Christina's poems is from this edition.
[8] Theodore Watts-Dunton: *Old Familiar Faces,* London, 1916, page 188.
[9] William Sharp: 'Some Reminiscences of Christina Rossetti', in his *Papers Critical and Reminiscent,* London, 1912, page 75.
[10] Thomas Keightley: *Fairy Mythology,* London, 1828, Volume II, page 150.
[11] *Fairy Mythology,* Volume II, page 140. The seeming milk-maid in *The Prince's Progress* is a harlot-fairy; her sinister eyes are green, the fairy colour, and like other victims of fairies the Prince sits down with her under an apple-tree.
[12] George R. Sims: *Glances Back,* London, 1917, pages 179, 180.
[13] From 'Echo' and 'A Christmas Carol'.
[14] Walter White in *Anne Gilchrist, her life and writings,* edited by H. H. Gilchrist, London, 1887, page 120.
[15] Earlier editions have 'plucked' for 'pluckt' and 'draw' for 'drew', which seems to me preferable.
[16] *Old Familiar Faces,* page 189.
[17] Lona Mosk Packer: *Christina Rossetti,* page 162.
[18] Georgina Battiscombe: *Christina Rossetti* (*Writers and their Work*: No. 189), London, 1965, page 21.
[19] 'The Heart Knoweth its own Bitterness'.

THE MIDDLE EAST AS I SAW IT

by Victor Coverley-Price

WHEN a politician turns his eyes towards the Middle East, he sees past troubles, present troubles and troubles still to come. At one time or another I have visited almost every country in the Middle East and in my opinion it takes only half an eye to see that the whole region is rich in beauty and interest. During the last war in Europe I served there as a diplomatist and for this reason I am not going to say anything about the political situation. My happiest memories recall the times when I was able to roam freely with my sketch-book and water-colours.

Opinions seem to differ about the meaning of the term 'Middle East', but I consider that it includes all those countries round the eastern end of the Mediterranean, the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf, extending as far east as Iran. I was first tempted to visit the region when, as an undergraduate at Cambridge, I made my way with a rücksack through south-eastern Europe and spent several exciting days in Constantinople, now known as Istanbul. It was there that I painted the first two pictures that I ever had in the Royal Academy. At that time, about four years after the end of the 1914 war, there was still a British Military Headquarters in Constantinople, where I had to get vaccinated. By a stroke of luck, the Medical Officer turned out to be a former member of my College and, in the course of conversation, I told him that I was a member of the Cambridge University Signal Team which had recently won the Signalling Challenge Cup from Oxford for the second year in succession. He at once put me in touch with the Officer Commanding Signals, who arranged for me to visit the Dardanelles and to explore a large part of the Gallipoli Peninsula, where some of the fiercest fighting of the war had taken place. I still have a sketch of Anzac Cove that I made on the spot and one of the spent bullets that I found in the decaying trenches. I bathed twice from the ship in the Dardanelles, where H.M.S. 'Iron Duke' and other warships were lying at anchor. On the return voyage I lay on the deck amidst a huddle of troops and equipment and I shall never forget the romantic sight of the Sea of Marmora by moonlight or the wonderfully glowing minarets of the great Mosques as we approached the Golden Horn at dawn. As I finally left for the Black Sea via the Bosporus I added more impressions in my sketch-book.

Less than a year later I was sitting on a hill above Trieste when a ship from Alexandria entered the port. Instantly I felt that I must somehow get to Egypt and my determination strengthened as, travelling as cheaply as possible (but never scrounging a lift), I made my way to Florence, Rome, Naples and on to Brindisi on the heel of Italy. From there I sailed, as a deck passenger, to Piraeus and I had been in Athens only a few days when I heard that a ship would shortly sail to Alexandria. I bought a small tin of biscuits and two tins of sardines—not much for two days' voyage—

and hurried back to Piraeus in time to take a space, again as a deck passenger, in the forepart of the ship.

It had always been a thrill to set foot for the first time on the soil of a country that was new to me and when I stepped ashore in Africa, a continent of boyhood dreams, I could hardly believe that I was really awake. There was no hurry and it was normal to walk or to ride a donkey or a camel. I used a few days, staying at the Y.M.C.A., to visit the Citadel and the Mosques, the Pyramids of Giza, the Sphinx, Sakkara and Memphis, making sketches of all of them. Then I hired a camel and, wearing the Arab costume that was most suitable in the intense heat, I joined a party of two Egyptian Arabs and two Sudanese and travelled southwards for several days in the Libyan desert. We rested during the hottest part of the day and moved largely at night, when I practised steering by the stars. The desert has a peculiar fascination, particularly when the huge moon is rising and all is silent around. Eventually I explored the Oasis of Faiyum and then went on south to see the magnificent ruins of Luxor and Thebes. I was able to visit the Tomb of Tutankhamun, which had been discovered only two years previously, and to see many of the marvellous objects extracted from it in the Museum in Cairo. When I sailed from Alexandria for Genoa I never imagined that, later in life, I would see many parts of north, south, east and west Africa and would fly across the middle.

I was not in the Middle East again until December, 1937, when I passed through the Persian Gulf and landed at Basra, coming from India and the Far East. I had joined the Diplomatic Service in 1925 and the intervening years had been occupied by service in Germany, Mexico, Roumania, Canada and Japan, with an interlude at the Foreign Office in London and seven months as a member of a geological expedition in Peru. On this occasion I spent Christmas Day in Baghdad, where the British Ambassador very kindly invited me to join his dinner party, and I made my first acquaintance with the land of The Arabian Nights. I contrived to make an evening visit to the ruins of Ctesiphon, which looked wonderful in the moonlight.

My next official post was to be The Hague, but I still had a fortnight in hand so decided to cross the Syrian Desert by Nairn Transport to Damascus. Some people abhor deserts: for me they have a strange attraction and I have travelled in several in widely separated parts of the world. Here, in Iraq and Syria, I and a few other travellers drove all the afternoon and throughout the night. At first there were a few black bedouin tents, then little sign of life until we stopped at Rutba Wells towards midnight. At the gate of this fort-like enclosure there were two picturesquely clothed Arabs with silver-sheathed daggers at their waists. In less than an hour we were bumping on again into the darkness, with stars glittering overhead. From time to time I saw jackals and one or two foxes in the headlights and they revived my memory of the hyaenas that had roamed round my bivouacs in the Libyan Desert. But these eerie surroundings seemed much more congenial than some of the 'new development areas'

which have recently invaded the English landscape.

I found Damascus fascinating, but I was a little shaken when the soldier who accompanied me in the Citadel told me that he had been a member of the guard when, before dawn that very morning, two convicted murderers had been hanged in the public square less than 100 yards from my hotel. However, there were plenty of picturesque sights to dispel gruesome thoughts: strings of loaded camels, oxen ploughing the red soil and colourful figures riding donkeys. When I drove on over the Lebanon ranges to see the magnificent Temple of Baalbek I had splendid views of snow-capped Mount Hermon and, during the long descent to Beirut, the blue Mediterranean lay gleaming in the sunshine. The evening light on the snowy hills behind the port made a perfect picture.

I hired another car for the journey northwards along the coast to Tripoli and then inland to Homs, Hama and Aleppo, where I proposed to take the train through Turkey to Istanbul. Despite inclement weather, I enjoyed the varied landscape and managed to make a painting of the Citadel at Aleppo. It was only while I was at work on this that I learned that I had had a lucky escape. Someone told me that a dozen cars had been held up and robbed by bandits a few miles from the town, shortly after I had passed that way.

There was some spectacular scenery through the Taurus Mountains, but the second day's journey beyond Ankara seemed long and tedious and I was relieved to arrive for the second time in Istanbul, even though it was winter.

A few days later I was at my desk in Holland. The 'phoney war' started in 1939 while I was still at The Hague and I was lucky to be transferred, before the invasion of Holland, to the Department of the Foreign Office which dealt with the Middle East. I prefer to forget the incessant work of those hectic years when, besides professional responsibilities, I had nocturnal duties as a member of both the Air Raid Precautions Service and the Home Guard.

Then in 1942, at about the time of the battle of Alamein, I was transferred to Cairo; not to the British Embassy, which dealt with Egypt, but as a Political Adviser to the Minister of State whose sphere included the rest of the Middle East. There was no question of flying there direct. Together with a number of officials who were on their way to the Middle East and beyond, I sailed in convoy, heading slowly towards America. After about ten days my old ship and two others left the convoy and turned southwards for West African ports. We soon lost sight of one another and there was some reason to believe that our presence would decoy enemy submarines away from the Mediterranean. One calm moonlit night when I was taking a turn as a lookout on deck I felt like a sitting duck. Eventually we arrived at Takoradi and learnt later that neither of the other two ships had reached its destination. After four or five days in a transit camp, we were flown via Lagos, Kano, Fort Lamy and El Fasher to Khartum. The hot desert looked very forbidding from the air. Then we made our way, partly by rail and partly on the Nile, to Cairo.

I was extremely tired, for I had been working all-out since 1938 and the long journey was no picnic, but it was thrilling to be back in the Middle East. This time I filled in a lot of gaps. In the course of my duties I visited Palestine and Iran, where I travelled uncomfortably from Teheran to Isfahan and Shiraz and back by way of Hamadan, Kermanshah and Baghdad. Transport was the problem. I started from Cairo in a Royal Air Force aircraft, but after that I had to get lifts on lorries and petrol tankers. In one lorry I was nearly killed when the driver, under the influence of opium, crashed it off the road. When I was ascending the formidable Paitak Pass in another lorry, it was all but pushed down a precipice by a long Russian convoy. But I saw the Golden Mosque at Kum, the astonishing ruins of Persepolis, Yezdikhast, the Bazaar and Blue Mosque at Isfahan, the tombs and other wonders of Shiraz and many other gems. Not the least of these was the evening glow on the Persian hills.

Later on I accompanied the late Lord Moyne, the Minister of State's Deputy, on a ten days' mission which consisted almost entirely of conferences, sometimes held in intense heat. We flew more than 11,000 miles, visiting Khartum in the Sudan where we stayed at The Palace where General Gordon died, Asmara in Eritrea, Addis Ababa in Ethiopia where I had a most interesting conversation with the Emperor Haile Selassie, Nairobi in Kenya where we stayed with the Governor and I contrived to make an excursion to see hundreds of zebras and many giraffes, Mogadishu in Somaliland where we stewed in our shirt-sleeves and Aden where I bathed among large jelly-fish with a one-legged Australian airman who had won the Victoria Cross. Finally we visited the penal settlement for Palestinian food hoarders on Kameran island before flying the whole length of the Red Sea, with a stop to re-fuel at Port Sudan, and back to Cairo. Results of the conferences may be mouldering in the archives, but memories of the mountains, trees and animals are with me still.

In 1944 I flew back to England via Libya and Portugal to work in the Egyptian Department of the Foreign Office. I happened to be in charge of the Department, concerned with some intricate treaty negotiations, when the sad news came that that charming man, Lord Moyne, had been murdered by fanatics.

When the war was over and I had decided to retire from the Diplomatic Service, to devote myself to painting and writing, I imagined that I should never be in the Middle East again. But in 1952, when I had been writing and illustrating articles for *The Sphere,* I was asked if I would like to go to Iraq, Syria and the Lebanon to write and illustrate with paintings an article concerning the Iraq Petroleum Company and their new giant pipeline from the oilfields of Kirkuk to the port of Banias on the Mediterranean. I think this was my most fascinating contact with the Middle East, for there were no political considerations and I was free to travel across hundreds of miles of desert and to visit many interesting places, using my pen and paintbrush.

I followed the pipeline from beginning to end—more than 550 miles —and I stayed at the various pumping stations along the route. I also went

northwards to Mosul and saw the remains of Nineveh, then southwards from Baghdad to Basra and the oil port of Fao on the Persian Gulf. Apart from my drawings and paintings of the oil installations, I filled a sketch-book with views of the extensive ruins of Palmyra, the Krak des Chevaliers and another Crusader castle near the coast, scenes in Tripoli in the Lebanon and numerous impressions of native types. One old Kurd, with his baggy trousers and elaborate dagger at his waist, made me long for more time to paint his portrait in oils. When I flew home via Libya and Malta it was saddening to leave so many beautiful and historical sites behind. My sketch-books make my memories more vivid; far more so than photographs could do. If the chance comes, I will gladly visit the Middle East again.

[Victor Coverley-Price is a Member of the Alpine Club. Publications include *An Artist Among Mountains* (Hale 1957).]

ANGKOR—CAMBODIA'S PRICELESS HERITAGE

by John Audric

THE Khmers are the forerunners of the modern Cambodians whose early history is steeped in legends. Perhaps the most popular is the one which tells of a handsome young Indian prince, Kaundinya, who was visited one night by a heavenly spirit and ordered to sail eastwards with his magic bow and arrows. His route took him across the Bay of Bengal, through the Malaccan Straits, around the island which today is Singapore, up the South China Sea to the coast of Indo-China. Here, he saw a canoe speeding swiftly towards him. In it was a most beautiful girl. Realising that she was about to seize his boat, he shot an arrow which passed through her canoe. The proud young beauty surrendered.

Her name was Willowleaf, Queen of Funan, and the *naga* king's daughter, renowned for her skill in battle. However, they were married, had a son, and founded a dynasty which was to last 150 years. Willowleaf is looked upon in Cambodian history as a goddess.

Another version of the legend is that Kaundinya, a Brahman, was given a javelin by Asvattharman, son of Drona. He threw it so that the place where it landed would be the site of the future capital. He married the daughter of the *naga* king, and for centuries afterwards the *naga,* or multi-headed cobra, was to be the sacred symbol of the Khmers.

South-east Asia was populated by immigrants who made their way into this vast region by several routes. Some took the sea voyage from the Coromandel coast to the Straits of Malacca, or followed the land route from India to China by way of Assam, Yunnan and Upper Burma. Only the most courageous sailed from the eastern ports of the Indo-Chinese mainland, for this route took them through the Malacca or Sundra Straits which were infested with pirates. The vast majority travelled across the Kra Isthmus; they came from Tavoy over the Three Pagodas Pass, sailing up the Khanburi river. Another way was through Moulmein and the Rakheng Pass — names which were to become infamous in World War II, for it was here that allied prisoners of war died in their thousands building the Burma Railway.

Thousands flocked from the rivers Menam and Mekong, over the flat Korat plateau via Si Thep to the vast, lush and densely populated district of Bassak, the birthplace of the Khmer Empire.

They built an ingenious irrigation and drainage system which transformed much of the Mekong delta from barren swamps into rich, agricultural land, and constructed hundreds of canals. The inhabitants lived in large lake cities, with rice and fish in abundance. The towns were fortified by a system of communicating earth works divided by moats swarming with crocodiles.

Up to the middle of the sixth century, Funan was the centre of government, but a rising state, Chenla began to challenge its authority. Its king, Bhavavarman, seized his opportunity in A.D. 549 when devastating floods

swept central Cambodia, submerging entire cities. He conquered Funan, and with his brother Chitrasena gained further victories. Later, under ineffectual leadership Chenla was to be divided, but in A.D. 802, the brilliant, dynamic Jayavarman II was crowned king, and founded a dynasty which was to rule for 600 years. He made the Khmer empire a powerful entity which was to reach its apogee between A.D. 900 and 1200, when it stretched from the South China Sea to the Gulf of Siam, and included all modern Cambodia, eastern Thailand, Vietnam and Laos. It cradled the most brilliant civilisation in South-east Asia, and the capital, Angkor, was more fabulous than Babylon.

However, it was to be an empire which was supported by slave labour. The Khmers were the greatest slave dealers since the Pharaohs. Thousands of prisoners were enslaved and brought back from their wars to build the fortifications and extend the irrigation works, quarry the rock, build the spectacular temples, and fight in their wars.

The unifying force of the Khmers, the *raison d'être* of high born and low, was *Devaraja* or the cult of the god-king. This was instituted by Jayavarman II, and successive kings widened its powers and increased its hold.

The Khmers worshipped a trinity of Hindu gods. These were Siva Vishnu and Brahma. Each passed through eras of popularity and decline. Buddhism eventually became the religion or philosophy followed by the vast majority. The kings were believed to be the reincarnation on earth of their particular god, and it was customary in every reign to build a magnificent temple which was to be the royal mausoleum where they would be re-united with the god they had served in life. However, it is likely that the humble peasant who prostrated himself in the temple was performing the act to the king, for example, Suryavarman II, Suryavarman the Great, Lord of Lords, King of Kings, Vishnu Incarnate and several other titles, instead of to the god.

One of the most amazing characterstics of the Khmers was their religious tolerance. All were free to worship their own god. The different idols were often housed in the same temple. It was only after the reign of Jayavarman VII, the Buddhist king who departed from the cult of the god-king, that there was any interference with religious practices. This was led by his successor, Jayavarman VIII, who was anxious to restore the cult, but it was short lived. Buddhism by that time was too strongly entrenched among the masses.

The Khmers left few records other than stone inscriptions in praise of the king, and it is fortunate that Peking frequently sent emissaries and envoys to Angkor to report on conditions. The most famous was Chou Ta-kuan who was sent by the emperor Timur, who succeeded Kublai Khan. He arrived in Angkor in A.D. 1296 and spent just over a year in the capital. His most comprehensive report languished in the imperial archives in Peking, and it was not until 1902 that a French translation by the celebrated sinologist Paul Pelliot was published in the *Bulletin de l'Ecole Française d'Extrême-Orient,* and gave the world an authentic and

vivid description of life in the golden city, 'the capital of the empire of a million elephants'.

The account is sometimes gruesome, especially when he writes of the established custom of deflowering young girls by Buddhist or Taoist monks, the forcible removal of human gall, the appalling cruelty inflicted on the slaves, and the various punishments for crimes.

Chou Ta-kuan entered the town through the gate of the five Buddhas.

> Five enormous faces of the Lord Buddha look out over the city. There are four on the faces of the square tower and one of gold on the pinnacle above . . . Beyond the wall there is a wide moat, access to which is provided by five causeways. On each side of the bridge are fifty-four stone gods who are gigantic and frightening. The parapets of the bridge are built entirely of stone, constructed in the form of two enormous serpents, each with nine heads which the gods support with their hands. Dogs, and criminals who have had their toes cut off, are not allowed inside the gates. A bridge of gold stretches from the east; two golden lions have been erected left and right of the bridge, and eight golden Buddhas stand below the stone galleries.

There is a description of the royal palace, where 5,000 girls lived, presented to the king by their parents, and also of a ceremonial drive through the city which demonstrates the power exercised by the cult of the god-king. Cavalry, hundreds of standards and pennants, massed bands, large numbers of dancing girls with flowers in their hair and carrying tall, lighted candles. Then came the palace maidens in their hundreds, bearing gold and silver vessels, trays of precious stones and ropes of pearls. The exclusive King's Bodyguard was composed of tall, good-looking Amazons who carried shields and lances. There were cavalcades of goat carriages decorated with precious metals which sparkled brilliantly in the sunshine. The king's wives, concubines, princes, ministers and nobles rode on elephants decorated with gold rings on their tusks, or in palanquins with silver or gold shafts, according to the rank of the occupants. The king rode on an elephant with gilded tusks. He was adorned with jewels; a golden diadem on his head, a chain of pearls around his neck, gold bracelets set with cat's eyes on his wrists and ankles, and many rings on his fingers. In his hands he held the sacred Sword of State, the symbol of divine majesty.

This shrewd envoy included in his report one statement which was to prove to be of great significance. This was that 'there were thousands of Buddhist monks, *bonzes,* in the streets with their begging bowls'. This would imply that Buddhism had replaced the worship of the Hindu trinity, and was destroying the image of the god-king, for this cult and the friendly, peaceful teachings of Hinayanist Buddhism could not exist side by side.

He reported on the damage inflicted by the rampaging Siamese and concluded his account of life in Angkor with 'rice is plentiful, women easy to find, houses easy to manage, property easy to handle and business good! '

From the institution of the cult of the god-king by Jayavarman II in 802, thirty-three kings were to rule over an empire, which, at the zenith of its power had a population of thirty million. Suryavarman II (1113-

1150) and Jayavarman VII (1243-1295) are deserving of special mention.

The former founded the magnificent temple of Angkor Wat, which Sir Osbert Sitwell describes: 'Angkor, as it stands, ranks as the chief wonder of the world today, one of the summits to which human genius has aspired in stone'. Jayavarman VII built the capital of Angkor Thom, and there created the fantastic Bayon. This king, a nonagenarian while still ruling, believed himself to be the living Buddha, and ordered that the fifty-four towers of the Bayon, each rising to a height of 150 feet above the ground, be carved with his image on all four sides. And so over 200 faces of the king as the Buddha stared down at the inhabitants wherever they wandered.

Angkor Wat is the largest religious building in the world, bigger than Vatican city; remarkable for its magnificent bas-reliefs, the spectacular causeway, the five lotus bud shaped towers which confront the visitor, the *naga* balustrades, galleries and towers. It is 5,000 feet by 4,000. The central block measures 717 feet by 620 feet at the base and rises to a height of over 200 feet. The bas-reliefs are one of the majestic temple's greatest attractions. In the lower terrace they extend for over half a mile and are eight feet high. Every stone is decorated, and the general effect is that of an almost endless tapestry in stone. Scenes from the Ramayana and Mahabharata take up nearly half a mile, and the total number of figures of men, animals and birds is about 20,000. The god-king is in evidence almost everywhere.

Jayavarman VII's brilliant capital, Angkor Thom, was entered by any of five stately gateways, each sixty feet high. The miracle of the Bayon marked the centre of the capital. Inside the vast enclosure are the beautiful temples of Neak Pean, Banteai Kdei, Preah Khan, Ta Prohm, Ta Nei and Ta Sohm.

Angkor Wat and the Bayon were the noble edifices over which Khmer kings proudly conducted envoys from other nations. In 1431, Angkor was sacked by the Siamese. When they returned for more loot a short time afterwards, they found the capital abandoned.

Over the years the jungle was to conceal it. It became known as the Lost Capital, and historians and archaeologists searched in vain for centuries. The ghost cities in the jungles of Cambodia eluded them. Portuguese missionaries reported in 1604 and 1672 that they had seen places as big as any in Europe, and 'forests of huge and terrifying ruins of palaces, halls and temples of a size which would be unbelievable if they had not seen them', but they were not believed. Then, in January 1861, a French naturalist, Henri Mouhot, stumbled on the ruins of the capital of the once mighty Khmers.

The mystery of its downfall has confounded historians of all nations. It was no doubt due to a combination of several causes — revolts by the slaves, the collapse of the cult of the god-king, the pacifist teachings of the saffron robed monks who turned the warlike Khmers against wars of aggression, plagues due to the proliferation of mosquitoes which were allowed to breed freely in the stagnant pools, for Buddhism forbade the

taking of life, civil war, and also the effects of vice and corruption, as well as opium addiction, which was rampant. There is also the evidence that Jayavarman's mad extravaganza of building depleted the armed forces, and ruined the irrigation works upon which the prosperity of the empire depended. Further, there was the vulnerability of the capital to attack from the Siamese and Vietnamese.

However, the Khmers left us a glorious and noble heritage in stone. France absorbed Cambodia into her colonial empire, and the massive work of reconstitution and reconstruction was put in hand. The great temple of Angkor Wat was found to be in the best state of preservation, and this is no doubt due to its more solid construction, and the care of wandering Buddhist monks who never ceased their vigil.

Cambodia received full independence in 1953. The colourful, dynamic Prince Norodom Sihanouk, formerly king, abdicated in favour of his parents in 1955, and became Head of State in 1960. In spite of his 'leftish' views no king since the fall of Angkor did more to foster a pride in the past history of Cambodia than Norodom. He claimed direct descent from Suryavarman II, and regularly organised pageants re-enacting victory parades of the Khmers. He conducted heads of foreign states over Angkor Wat. Chou en Lai visited the temple twice.

The imprint of Angkor Wat became the national flag, its picture was in every school, every public building. It was the *raison d'être* of Cambodia's tourist industry. The Khmers developed an obsession for their magnificent temple. In March 1970, Prince Norodom Sihanouk was exiled by a *coup d'état*. Coups in South-East Asia are frequent, and in the political see-saw it is possible that he may one day return, otherwise he could become the last of the Khmer monarchs. Cambodia is known today as 'the Khmer Republic'.

Communist forces now occupy the famous temple, but reports of wanton damage have been discounted. It could well be that in far off Peking Norodom Sihanouk has used his influence to protect the mausoleum of his famous ancestor.

However, there is some disquiet over the recent expulsion of the French conservation team which had been responsible for spraying the stone work to protect it from the ravages of a water-borne bacilli. Last month, the Khmer Foreign Minister sent telegrams to Unesco and the United Nations urging world-wide support to prevent the destruction of this 'priceless heritage'.

The temple is very much in the eyes of the world today, and one would like to think that, having survived the ravages of the elements and jungle for over eight centuries, Angkor Wat is immortal.

[John Audric has travelled extensively in Asia and the Far East. Publications include *Angkor and the Khmer Empire* (Hale).]

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

WAS WORLD WAR II INEVITABLE?

Diplomacy of Illusion (The British Government and Germany 1937-39). Keith Middlemas. Weidenfeld. £4.75.

This is a long book, but in my opinion a most important book, in spite of the many other attempts to assess the forces which led to World War II. Keith Middlemas is well equipped to estimate the British approach, because of his admirable book on Baldwin and his editorship of the Whitehall Diaries by Thomas Jones. He is also fully aware of the two volumes on Hankey by Stephen Roskill. Perhaps I should add that Keith Middlemas lists in his Appendix seven pages of bibliography, and also thirty pages of notes culled from recently opened Cabinet papers and many private sources. There are, I warn the reader, more books to come, as I know from contacts with young academics who are still analysing 'The Thirties' in ever greater detail, if not depth. Why? What is at stake?

This is to me a fascinating question. Admittedly I was involved as a Member of Parliament and throughout the period of this book as a Junior Minister. I knew most of the personalities at first hand. Like others mentioned in this book, I threatened to resign along with R. H. Hudson, Harry Crookshank, Strathcona and Lord Dufferin, although the Index mistakenly calls me A. D. Lindsay, Master of Balliol, who fought an election against the Government, but was never a Junior Minister. But the issues at stake were so much larger than individuals that one must look at the total picture in perspective.

Mr. Middlemas is scrupulously fair in distributing praise or blame on the major personalities, Chamberlain, Eden, Halifax, Vansittart, Cadogan and a host of other people. His analysis of public opinion is broadly speaking accurate. The ultimate question still remains unsolved. What alternative policy could any British Government have pursued from 1933-1939? This is the basic and unanswered question.

The author, by carefully documented analysis, disproves many superficial solutions. Both Eden and Churchill went far further along the road with Chamberlain, than their autobiographies suggest. But there was a point, there was a demarcation line, beyond which neither would agree. Chamberlain carried the House of Commons and the country with him, as I know, up to a certain date. So much was involved—the attitude of the League of Nations Union, Lord Robert Cecil and the Peace Ballot; the opposition to armaments and National Service endorsed by Labour and Liberal opponents; fundamental disquiet on the Spanish Civil War. At this moment there was no anti-Chamberlain movement of any consequence. Admittedly there were splinter groups, fanned by Winston Churchill, which finally (but much later) coalesced and brought about Chamberlain's downfall.

All this anticipates the main point of the book, namely that Chamberlain made a radical change in the defence policy of his predecessor, Stanley Baldwin. In a word, he substituted 'Fortress Britain' for a more aggressive defence policy. This indeed is the essence of the book. Chamberlain was, of course, Chancellor of the Exchequer under Baldwin, but he continued to act as Chancellor when he was Prime Minister and indeed his own Foreign Secretary. Never was there such concentration of power in one man.

He made decisions within a very small circle of Senior Ministers. This is not uncommon. Eden was even more secretive over Suez and in recent years, as Richard Crossman has made clear, the Prime Minister has become more and more Presidential. My own criticism goes deeper.

Even if Chamberlain was right in his decisions, he allowed the gap between his inner circle and the rest of the government, the gap between them and the House of Commons and finally between himself and the country to widen and widen. There was no television; there was a subservient House of Commons and a poor Opposition; there was a bewildered country. His public relations were abysmal. If he was to carry out his policy he needed a united nation, far more public participation and above all a first-rate public relations effort. He was single-minded about peace and an Anglo-German Entente and utterly courageous; but he became vain and lost his sense of direction. Sir Horace Wilson was a poor substitute for Hankey.

In my considered opinion he should have laid his cards on the table and called for a general election. The National Government had fulfilled its 'doctor's mandate' and needed a re-inforcement and change of direction. Witness the by-elections when Vernon Bartlett (virtually an Independent) won Bridgwater and Sandy Lindsay (Lib-Lab) made a deep impression on Oxford. I know that Coalitions are unpopular in Britain; Harold Wilson has made this abundantly clear. But Britain needed a new sort of 'National Government' *before* the war, not when the war had started.

Such a government might have been able to talk not only to Hitler, but also to a decadent France, an ambivalent Russia, an isolationist United States. Without such a renewal of vitality, it is idle to talk of grand alliances or collective security. Without fresh blood from the deep stream of British tradition, there could be no outspoken voice against Nazi brutality and the decimation of Jewry. Without such a clarion call you could not expect Oliver Stanley, Walter Elliot and some other and younger Cabinet Ministers to give unstinted support. In fact, they of all people, were cowed.

The people were all for peace. But my constituency, Kilmarnock, would have doubled my majority of 1935. There could not have been a Labour Government in 1937-38, but a new set of men might have changed the course of British and world history.

KENNETH LINDSAY

T. E. LAWRENCE'S PRIVATE ANTHOLOGY

Minorities. T. E. Lawrence. Edited by J. M. Wilson. With a Preface by C. Day-Lewis. Jonathan Cape, £2.50.

Not many people know that T. E. Lawrence once hand-copied into a book measuring 8 in. x 5 in., over a period of eight years from 1919, one hundred and twelve poems, some of them complete, others in extracts. The late Poet Laureate, Cecil Day-Lewis, who contributes a Preface, describes a 'small, red leather-bound book' in which they were copied, and adds, 'Lawrence had carried *The Oxford Book of English Verse* with him during the final stages of the Arab revolt, and it was from this book that about 30 of the poems were taken which appear in the early pages of *Minorities*'. In 1927 Lawrence gave the book to Charlotte Shaw, who in turn (in 1940) passed it on to J. G. Wilson, the bookseller, and we are told that Mr. W. M. L. Escombe bought the book in 1960 on condition that it should remain permanently in England.

Now this private anthology appears for the first time, and the editor, Mr. J. M. Wilson, who has just completed his bibliographical check-list on T. E. Lawrence, has contributed an Introduction with Notes on the poems and the

conclusions he has reached from independent sources regarding Lawrence's outlook and state of mind while making the collection. He himself referred to the poems in various letters in not too complimentary terms. To Mrs. Bernard Shaw he described them as 'the minor poems I wanted. Some are the small poems of big men: others the better poems of small men'; to Edward Garnett he referred to them as 'good poems by small poets, or small poems by good poets'; to Robert Graves he wrote 'you'll be astonished at my sweet tooth, if ever you see that discreditable collection'. The truth is, in poetry Lawrence knew what he liked and the poems he copied into his red book he read fifty times over, and he builded better than he knew.

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

RUSKIN TO HIS PARENTS

Ruskin in Italy. Letters to His Parents, 1845. Edited by Harold I. Shapiro. Oxford University Press, £6.00.

In the year 1845, at the age of twenty-six, Ruskin did not keep a diary, but made his first independent excursion abroad, to France, Italy and Switzerland, without the company of his parents, and made of his frequent letters to them a diary-equivalent, here most meticulously edited by Mr. Harold Shapiro. Ruskin recalls in *Praeterita* 'And perceiving thus, in some degree, what a blind bat and puppy I had been, all through Italy, determined that at least I must see Pisa and Florence again before writing another word of Modern Painters. How papa and mama took this new vagary, I have no recollection; resignedly, at least.' In fact it was Turner who expressed himself as the most deprived—'"Why *will* you go to Switzerland—there'll be such a fidge about you, when you're gone." I made no answer, but grasped his hand closely, and went.'

Decisively, and in the full flowering of his youth and strength, he spent what was virtually an *annus mirabilis* of intense perception, assessment, and consolidation. As he moves on from landscape to Italian religious painting and architecture, the branching out of the chambers of his huge intellect can be clearly seen. Above all, the paintings overwhelm him, and his descriptions show the force of their emotional impact on him—'And then to see another (of Fra Angelico's angels) bending *down* to clash the cymbals, and yet looking up at the same instant all full of love. And their wings are of ruby colour and pure gold—and covered with stars—and each has a tongue of fire on his forehead, waving as he moves. Their hair flows in ringlets, and their eyes are the eyes of doves, but their majesty and power are ineffable.'

Throughout, this marvellous collection of letters, less formal than the Diaries, densely textured and allusive, shows the same quality of prose; even his meals are ambrosial—'Bread as light and white as sea foam', soufflées and sillery, and champagne that suddenly became *rose* as the glowing sun set over the pinewoods of Champagnole. Autobiographically, there is little evidence of depression. It is true that when he rests for a time in the mountains of Macugna he does ruminate, 'I cannot now dabble in a streamlet for hours together because now I count the days. I feel life going. Life seems infinite to the child . . .' but generally (and he is always most well when most active) as he himself recognises, 'What a change there is in me since I was here last—then weak and weary and sick at heart and feeble in sight—now neither sun nor wind nor mountain air too much for me.' He deals firmly with his parents' insistent demands for letters—'You are very naughty, however, to begin plaguing yourself about letters again, when I gave you such fair warning.' Less auspiciously, he touchingly assures them that illicit pleasures are no temptation,

'I see not what wrong I *could* have done, unless of the very coarsest and most wilful kind, which I was not likely to fall into, were it only as a matter of taste.'

He begins to look outwards, and the evolution of his later social criticism can be seen, 'I see a horrible account in Galignani of a workhouse investigation —bone gnawing—has anything been done about it—it is quite enough to set the lower classes all mad together.' Of all the published work, these letters, as well as any of his writings, represent and shadow forth all the regions of Ruskin's perception and thought.

MOLLY TIBBS

IRELAND IN LITERATURE

The Politics of Irish Literature from Thomas Davies to W. B. Yeats. Malcolm Brown. Allen & Unwin, £6.75.

In his interpretation of *The Politics of Irish Literature,* Professor Malcolm Brown provides a paradigm case of political emotion stimulating poets and prose-writers to produce some of their most important works. Not only is this applicable to W. B. Yeats but to James Joyce and to minor poets ranging from Thomas Davies to writers of many popular ballads. And even the political diatribes of tractarians like Thomas Davies are founded, as Milton's were, in essentially poetic language.

The author finds in the Irish literature of poets, ballad-writers and broadsheets a 'connective tissue' linking the events and issues of the second half of the nineteenth century with the emotions and hardships of a people who felt oppressed. This half-century he divides into three phases: the movements of Young Ireland, Fenianism and Parnellism. So far we are on familiar ground. But the distinction of his book is in the way he sets into the context of overt occurrences the fundamentally lyrical utterances of the people undergoing those events: the responses of those most able to express in words the horrors of, for instance, famine in 'black '47' and the tragi-comedy of the abortive Fenian uprising of 1867.

In order to reveal as clearly as possible the emotion of 'felt history', Professor Brown also draws his material from 'ballads and popular sarcasms, from the passionate topical responses of hustings and the newspaper office, from old wives' tales, from the savoury style of chance episodes, and from the colour of local personalities....' The resulting graphic picture of Ireland, from the birth of the *Nation* newspaper in 1842 to the Tory election landslide and the death of Home Rule in 1895, is composed of accounts in the Irish nationalist press and of the personal recollections of individuals deeply involved in the happenings of the time. Since the mainspring of Irish literature is the history of the half-century between 1842 and 1895, the numerous issues of that teeming period in Irish political life form the only possible background for appreciating not only the paradoxical later poetry of Yeats himself but also the work of Joyce and his predecessors, George Moore not least among them. The questions were those of race, religion, land reform and, above all, nationalism, each capable of generating strong feelings and passionate actions. And Malcolm Brown shows how these perennial issues in local form have gained their hold on the general heritage of English literature through major Irish writers as surely as the cause of liberty has through Milton or John Stuart Mill.

Perhaps the most distinguished section of the book is the author's appraisal of Yeats' poetry in all its contradictory power and lyrical fervour. The greatest of Irish poets, Yeats is yet the least reliable as a source for the understanding of Irish political feeling, imbued as he was with the notion of Celtic

irrationality as an inescapable feature of Irish historical thinking. The clarity and wit of Malcolm Brown's book makes enlightening reading and is a scholarly contribution to both political exegesis and literary criticism.

BETTY ABEL

GROTESQUE HUMANITY

The Elephant Man: A Study in Human Dignity. Ashley Montagu. Allison and Busby. £2.10.

Enshrined within a glass case in the anatomical museum of the London Hospital Medical College, neatly articulated and scrupulously labelled, are the bare bones of one of the most poignant medical case histories ever recorded.

Grotesque beyond description, their enormity in terms of human suffering cloaked by the dispassionate nomenclature of pathology—multiple neurofibromatosis, generalised hyperostosis with pachydermia—these bones constitute considerably more than a mere anatomical specimen, a *lusus naturae* for the quizzing-glasses of the doctors. They are a misshapen monument to human dignity.

Eighty-two years ago, they supported the tragically malformed body, and even more tragically normal spirit, of a young man named John Merrick.

It was in November 1884, that the eminent surgeon, Sir Frederick Treves, discovered the 21-year-old Merrick being exhibited as a freak by an itinerant showman, who had rented a vacant greengrocer's shop in the Whitechapel Road. Billed as the Elephant Man—an imaginatively distasteful allusion to the nature of his deformities—his condition was pathetic, and aroused Treves' compassion, as well as his medical interest. The young doctor made a thorough clinical examination of him and, on December 2nd, 1884, showed him at a meeting of the Pathological Society of London. After the presentation, Merrick was returned in a cab to the dingy shop in Whitechapel Road—but calling there the next day Treves found it empty. The police had forbidden the exhibition as degrading, and Merrick and his manager had vanished.

Two years went by . . . .

One November's day in 1886, Treves received a message from the police asking him to come immediately to Liverpool Street Station. And there, huddled on the floor in the darkest corner of the third-class waiting-room, surrounded by a gawping crowd, he found—the Elephant Man. Starving, terrified and penniless, the poor creature had been unable, because of his maimed speech, to explain his predicament. All that he had been able to do was to produce Treves' card—and the baffled police had only too thankfully sent for the surgeon.

Some time later Treves learned what had happened. Merrick had been taken by the showman to the continent, where, eventually, they arrived in Brussels. But the Belgian authorities had banned the exhibition, and the showman, finding Merrick no longer a valuable asset, and having first robbed him of his paltry savings, put him aboard a train to London—and abandoned him to his fate.

Treves took Merrick back with him to the London Hospital. A public fund was launched and sufficient money was received to make it possible for the Elephant Man to remain permanently in a little room there.

The next three and a half years were undoubtedly the happiest of his entire life. Love and care brought about an amazing transformation. Merrick revealed himself as a refined, affectionate, sensitive, artistic and highly intelligent human being, without a trace of bitterness or resentment in his make up. He was

pathetically grateful to his benefactor, and from being a lonely, frightened monstrosity became quite a socialite—receiving regular visits from duchesses, countesses and even the future Queen Alexandra, all of whom would sit and chat with him in his tiny room at the hospital, feigning total obliviousness to his really horrific appearance.

He died, suddenly, in April 1890—died trying to be what he had ached to be all his brief life . . . normal. Because of the enormous dimensions of his head, he could never sleep lying down like ordinary people. This day he tried to do so. The weight of his head snapped his neck.

Dr. Montagu's lavishly—if somewhat horrendously—illustrated book not only tells the full story of the Elephant Man, and describes the physical aspects of his morbid condition, but it also discusses most interestingly the curious psychological problem posed by Merrick's apparent contradiction of John Bowlby's thesis concerning the effect of maternal deprivation. Rejected by his mother, brought up in a workhouse, exploited by callous showmen, an object of universal repugnance, and a stranger to love, John Merrick hid within his monstrous body a gentle, loving and noble soul. In seeking to find the reason why, Dr. Montagu has written a moving and unusual book, which illumines bizarre corners of human nature and discovers a rare dignity in what ignorance might suppose to be the most unlikely setting.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

A BRITISH BULLFIGHTER

To Be a Matador. Henry Higgins and James Myers. William Kimber. £3.50.

The English passion for the bullfight seems to have abated over the past decade. Our attitudes to bloodsports have always been ambivalent but in recent years our attitude to the bullfight has hardened against it. Nevertheless the reality is that it is the tourists who keep the rings open and who have contributed to the building of two new rings in the tourist resorts of Estepona and Nueva Andalucia. On the other hand in this sport we are the spectators and not the participants. Efforts by English and for that matter American aspirants to become bullfighters have been almost uniformly disastrous.

This book is the story of yet another quest for stardom in the Spanish rings. Henry Higgins, who fights under a variety of names, such as El Cañadas, has written his own story with the aid of an American friend, James Myers. Between them they have recounted the seemingly endless and bitter struggle of Higgins to obtain recognition.

Higgins is the son of a reasonably well-to-do businessman who supported financially his son's efforts. He was born in Columbia and educated in England. His first great advantage was that he could speak Spanish. His second that he found from an early age a capacity to withstand pain.

To become a matador it is necessary to have fought a number of corridas as a novillero, that is a bullfighter who fights three-year-old bulls as opposed to the four-year-old ones fought by the matador. Once he has had the prescribed number of contests, even though he has not been a conspicuous success, it is possible for the novillero to 'take his alternativa'. This is a short ceremony and can be conferred by any matador in any ring in Spain.

The struggles to get the necessary number of fights for experience and recognition are the core of the book. It seems to be the general practice for novilleros to have to pay to fight the bulls, at least in the early stages of their career and they are expected to put up money for the promotions when they

progress a little in their art. Instead of the long descriptions of the fights which seem indigenous to most books about bullfighting, Higgins and Myers concentrate on the trials and troubles of a young man trying to become a matador. Trials and troubles intensified by the fact that he is a 'foreigner'.

It is the lot of the novillero to be cheater at every hand's turn; and Myers and Higgins show well the life outside the bullring with the deceits and deceptions of the managers of the fighters and the tricks and lies of the impressarios. Here is the reality of the bullfight. It is not the one the tourist sees with a band and the sun glinting on smart suits of lights in a fine Plaza de Toros, but one where a portable ring is erected in a town square with a wall at one end and a tree in the middle, behind which the bull hides. It is one where a rainstorm has reduced the arena to a sea of mud and where the audience is comprised of the Spanish peasantry out for a laugh at the fighter's expense. It is a world where the bullfight critics have to be paid not to condemn your performance. It is a bullfight where if anything goes wrong, and it frequently does, there is no hospital in the vicinity, and precious little in the way of sanitary facilities.

Higgins has managed to escape the rounds of the novillero. He has obtained his alternativa in Fuengirola and, unlike John Fulton the American matador who faced months of idleness after his alternativa, Higgins has been working on the tourist circuit of the Costa del Sol. The book ends on a note of hope but Higgins faces a hard life in the years to come. Even if one dislikes the bullfight this is an interesting and even compelling book on a contemporary Spain about which the foreigner knows nothing.

JAMES MORTON

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Automotive Nightmare (Hutchinson, £3.50). As the title suggests this is an all out attack upon the petrol driven vehicle, the motoring industry and road congestion, written with much vigour and fervour by Alistair Aird who works on *Motoring Which*. There is very little new in this volume; but it has the great advantage of bringing together many of the criticisms. He has a great deal to say upon the mechanical safety of cars, and wants 'each car to be protected and guaranteed by a comprehensive schedule of maintenance and diagnosis' throughout its life. He is very critical of car insurance with the escalating premiums and advocates a State insurance scheme in which at least all small claims should be paid irrespective of fault and regardless of cause, as in New Zealand. Mr. Aird analyses pollution from British cars and concludes that 'there is already quite enough evidence of the harmful effects of traffic fumes to indict the attitude of British officialdom as negligence. . . . Virtually every other country has produced controls on exhaust fumes before us. Yet our traffic is denser than in any of them. Our air is dirtier.' He complains that the country is being strangled by roads turning the land into a concrete jungle. Having painted this depressing picture, he seeks an answer. His general approach is almost equally depressing. He would like to see the petrol motorcar replaced by the gas or electric car; but at least in the next few decades this is impracticable. He wants to see a system of road pricing by which the

car mileage will be taxed, particularly in congested urban areas, and possibly on all roads. Linked with this are proposals for an increase in public transport both within and between the cities. This provocative book should at least make the public more aware of all the problems involved.

Franco's Prisoner (Hart-Davis, £2.25). This is a remarkable account by Miguel Garcia of a political prisoner's experiences in Spain. Born in 1908, Miguel Garcia has been a life long member of the CNT, the Spanish anarcho-syndicalist trade union. He is a veteran of the Spanish Civil War and much later in 1949 he was arrested and condemned to death. The death sentence was commuted to thirty years imprisonment; but in fact he was released after twenty years and left Spain. He writes vividly of the harsh conditions in the notorious Spanish jails and also of the sense of community created among the political prisoners.

The Inside of Divorce (Constable, £2.75). The author, Bill Mortlock, is a practising solicitor with a long experience of divorce litigation. A main thesis in this provoking book is that the whole existing apparatus of courts and judges is incapable of understanding and coping with matrimonial disputes. 'In the case of undefended divorce, judicial intervention is unnecessary' and he advocates a system of registration. The community's interests are 'the discouragement of too hasty divorce and the protection of the interests of the children and spouses in the widest possible sense'. Few people would disagree with this view of the public concern: on the other hand his proposals for the creation of family tribunals to deal with these interests are most controversial. Each is to consist of a 'psychologically trained lawyer-chairman and one or two social workers with skills and experience appropriate to the ambit of the work, other experts being co-opted as necessary'. Mr. Mortlock has a remarkable faith in the expert. Yet notoriously experts disagree among themselves, particularly in emotional fields, and are too frequently governed by their own prejudices. Their proper role is in giving advice which a Court may objectively take into account. Mr. Mortlock can quite rightly find deficiencies in the present system; but he fails to give any convincing reasons that his proposals will provide greater justice in the field of matrimonial relations.

One of the latest examples of the pleasant habit of a group of writers paying a tribute of admiration an affection to another writer is found in the volume **On the Novel: a present for Walter Allen on his 60th birthday from his friends and colleagues.** Edited by Mr. S. Benedikz, who was Sub-Librarian of the University of Ulster, Coleraine, it contains sixteen studies of the English Novel as an appropriate recognition of Walter Allen's distinguished work as Professor of English at the new university. Among the contributors are the late Poet Laureate, Lord and Lady Snow (both discussing Trollope), J. I. M. Stewart, Arnold Kettle (Professor of English in the Open University), and A. D. Fleck (on 'The Golding Bough'). There are studies in Stevenson, Hardy, Henry James and Mark Rutherford, and the whole book makes a welcome addition to the general study of the English Novel. (Dent, £2.50.)

Contemporary Review

Founded 1866 incorporating The Fortnightly

October 1972 Vol. 221 No. 1281

THE DEBATE ON BROADCASTING'S FUTURE

by Trevor Smith

THE 1960s witnessed an unprecedented mood of introspection in Britain which resulted in many national institutions being subjected to the severest scrutiny: Parliament, the civil service, local government and the trade unions were among those reviewed and reformed in a manner quite alien to our erstwhile *penchant* for leisurely evolution. Now firmly entrenched, the zeal for reform continues unabated with the spotlight of criticism being focused currently on the broadcasting media in general and on the B.B.C. in particular. All the portents suggest that the debate on the future of British broadcasting is likely to be a protracted affair.

A number of causes have provoked the debate — apart, that is, from the obvious one that it is simply the turn of broadcasting to be put in the dock — most of which initially stemmed from sources external to the media. The intellectual pyrotechnics of Marshall McLuhan have warned of the manipulative potentialities of television leading inexorably to the ultimate redundancy of literacy, while from another flank Mrs. Mary Whitehouse's crusade of moralistic populism unceasingly berates television for subverting the ethical and social standards of the nation. The politicians, too, have not hesitated to contribute to the growing chorus of criticism. Richard Crossman fired one of the first salvoes when he indicted television on the charge of 'trivialising' politics by the kind of treatment it accords to news and current affairs. Anthony Wedgwood Benn has called for more public participation in programmes, and Jo Grimond has questioned what he sees as the hegemony of the Dimbleby family in the B.B.C. The Labour party has protested vigorously against the editorial line taken in the *Yesterday's Men* programme. The late Iain Macleod accused the daily radio programme *The World at One* of left-wing bias, a charge which another Conservative, Julian Critchley, has now extended to include the majority of current affairs broadcasters. Lord Carrington and former Home Secretary Reginald Maudling have complained about the B.B.C.'s coverage of events in Ulster.

From the ranks of professional broadcasters various manifestations of discontent have appeared. One of the most remarkable, perhaps, was the letter to *The Times* in which a large number of production staff publicly

dissociated themselves from the B.B.C.'s new radio schedules which implemented the policy innovations foreshadowed earlier in the official document *Broadcasting in the Seventies.* This outburst reflected the attitudes of those who might be termed the custodians of the Reithian tradition of public service broadcasting, which also inspired the formation of the short-lived Campaign for Better Broadcasting whose intention was to monitor the new programmes to gauge how far the old standards were being eroded.

Other pressure groups sprang up which were both more radical in outlook and which embraced concerns wider than those of radio alone. The Free Communications Group was set up by a group of newspaper and television journalists and produced *The Open Secret* magazine which revealed some of the more covert goings on in Fleet Street and broadcasting. Later, in conjunction with the weekly journal *Time Out,* the F.C.G. sponsored the *TV4* campaign which sought to prevent the allocation of a second channel to I.T.V. Soon after the formation of the F.C.G. some of its members were instrumental with others in founding the 76 Group out of a desire to confine their activities to broadcasting and to promote a more moderate approach to the question of reform: Christopher Chataway, John Freeman and Hughie Green addressed its meetings; a delegation was received by Brian Young, the I.B.A.'s director-general; and it submitted evidence to the inquiry into commercial television which was conducted by the Prices and Incomes Board. Within the B.B.C. dissent has been expressed in a series of clandestine newsheets sporting a variety of lavatorial titles.

The main television union, the A.C.T.T., decided to make its contribution to the debate on broadcasting by empanelling its own in-house commission to review the present situation and make proposals for the future. It sponsored a series of seminars at which Huw Wheldon, Michael Peacock, Dennis Forman and others spoke; it has published a number of impressive background documents and a report will be presented to the next A.C.T.T. conference.

In so far as it is both possible and legitimate to tease out the common ground shared by the more radical critics from within broadcasting, they seem to be more or less agreed on three main issues. First, they object to what they regard as the constraints of consensus broadcasting. Secondly, they would oppose giving the fourth television channel to I.T.V., particularly if this meant the existing commercial companies. And thirdly, they want to see greater provision for experiment by allowing independent production teams many more opportunities to transmit their work than is possible at the moment. In short, they are campaigning for greater access to the media both for themselves and the public, together with an increase in investigative journalism. Their manifesto, then, is an amalgam of ideological preference and professional self-interest and as such no different from most of the other participants in the debate on broadcasting.

Those who see themselves as the defenders of the public interest are

an altogether more heterogeneous group. They include the professional critics, of whom Milton Shulman is the most unrelenting and trenchant castigator of the more abysmal elements in television output, and academics like Peter Laslett of Cambridge, Roy Shaw of Keele and George Wedell of Manchester, who have shown a continuing concern for the need to safeguard broadcasting standards. The Church of England has emulated the A.C.T.T. by appointing a broadcasting commission, under Sir William Hart's chairmanship, which has secured the collaboration of Leicester University's Centre for Mass Communication Research. And, not least, there is the vociferous National Viewers' and Listeners' Association led by Mary Whitehouse.

There is, then, a wide variety of contributors to the *public* debate on the future of broadcasting with many more — mainly those with commercial interests as programme contractors, advertisers, and equipment manufacturers — lobbying intensively behind the scene attempting to influence the formulation of government policy. Prevailing circumstances, moreover, inhibit the activities of the former and favour those of the latter — a direct result of the Conservatives' decision to abandon the Annan Committee which had been announced by the Labour government just prior to the 1970 general election. The Committee was to have reported on the future of broadcasting in time for the government to consider its views before 1976, which is the year when both the B.B.C. Charter and the I.T.A. Act are due to expire. An official inquiry would have greatly improved the debate on broadcasting: it would have provided a focus for the deliberations of the various pressure groups, flushed the commercial interests out into the open and concentrated the minds of the broadcasting authorities.

As it is, by refusing to proceed with Annan or something similar, the government has brought about the present unsatisfactory state of affairs whereby public debate on a vital issue is unduly restricted and bereft of direction. And, equally bad, apart from declaring a last minute moratorium on the allocation of the fourth television channel until 1976, the government has pre-empted some of the available options by permitting local commercial radio and dropping restrictions on television transmission times. The appointment of a small committee within MinPostel to investigate developments in communications technology and allowing the limited Greenwich experiment with cable television to proceed hardly disguise the government's obvious lack of a coherent broadcasting policy.

If the practice of the last two years of letting things drift has been debilitating generally, it has been particularly deleterious for the B.B.C. During this period it has been subjected to mounting criticism from all sides, some of it no doubt justified, but much of it 'reckless' as Charles Curran, the director-general, has recently pointed out. It is easy enough to speculate as to why the B.B.C. rather than I.T.V. has attracted a disproportionate amount of hostile comment: its size, its national coverage, its dual television and radio responsibilities, its public status and licence-fee financing all help to render it a more visible and vulnerable

target than the smaller, regionalised commercial television companies. But what is much more difficult to fathom is the nature of the B.B.C.'s response to its detractors: it, too, seems to have been drifting with little apparent sense of purpose or direction. The old Reithian confidence, or arrogance as some would say, has finally evaporated and what echoes remain lack credence or conviction. Huw Wheldon has argued that, since British society is no longer as culturally monolithic as it was in Reith's day, the B.B.C. must now strive to accommodate the diverse range of contemporary values and opinions — a laudable aim in principle but one which in practice is hard to apply with equity, with the result that no one is satisfied as is demonstrably the case. In any event Wheldon's argument appears to be more of a *post hoc* rationalisation than an exposition of an operational canon. In default of anything more positive, then, the B.B.C. has retreated into a reactive posture leaving others free to make the running. (The clearest example of this was to be seen in the hurried construction of a complaints procedure in an attempt to quell the parliamentary clamour for a Broadcasting Council.) To be sure this reactive approach has had its successes: Radio One has met the challenge of the 'pop' pirates more effectively than rigorous law enforcement; in television it has competed with commercial programming in the audience rating stakes; and it defended its existing local stations from being handed over to the impending commercial radio contractors. However tactically adroit it has been, its overall strategy is nevertheless suspect in the prevailing reformist climate. At the moment the B.B.C.'s stance is strikingly reminiscent of the London Labour Party's when faced with the Royal Commission on London Government; denying the need for change, it boldly asserted that the L.C.C. was the best example of metropolitan administration in the world. True though this boast was, the capital's municipal system was subsequently reformed root and branch. While some would say it has slipped a little, few would deny that the B.B.C. remains the pre-eminent broadcasting system in the world. Over a wide range of its activities it is without peer: its drama productions, children's programmes, sports coverage and overseas services maintain remarkably high standards; it is a major patron for all kinds of music; and the recent confident resurgence in its radio output is a welcome sign. But, as the fate of the L.C.C. shows, reputation alone will not necessarily guarantee the B.B.C.'s preservation.

Sooner or later the government is expected to appoint some kind of official inquiry as a prelude to the general review in 1976. However circumscribed its formal terms of reference may be, the inquiry will find itself having to examine broadcasting in its totality for, as a subject, it is not readily amenable to dissection. So tightly interdependent are its constituent elements that it is impossible to consider any one of them in isolation: finance, technology, organisation, accountability and creativity are all inextricably entwined. Added to the innate complexities of the subject is the fact that the inquiry's task will be handicapped by being appointed so late in the day. Nevertheless, it will have to enunciate broad

guidelines for the future.

In setting about its work the inquiry will have to tackle the fundamental question of how much broadcasting is desirable in terms of public demand, the creative ingenuity available and the proportion of the nation's resources which should be expended on broadcasting. It will have to take some cognizance of the relationship of broadcasting to the performing arts and look more closely at the connection between broadcasting and the press. This latter point ought to include not only the consequences of inter-media competition for advertising, but also the crucial democratic consideration which arises from the paradox that, despite a diversity of sources, there appears to be a too narrow convergence in the reporting of current events, as J. D. Halloran has shown in *Demonstrations and Communication.* This leads on to the thorny issue, raised by John Whale in *The Half-Shut Eye,* of whether television can ever be a satisfactory medium for current affairs and, if it can't, ought it not to be limited solely to providing entertainment? The betting must be, however, that the inquiry will slide over this contentious topic.

What it cannot avoid is the problem of public accountability, which is unique neither to broadcasting nor to Britain. The technological determinists see the problem 'withering away' as innovation makes possible the advent of multi-channel communication, thereby catering for all tastes and breaking existing monopolies; but this leads back directly to how much broadcasting activity is desirable. Others, like the Bow Group, favour a single authority to regulate all forms of broadcasting, but the feebleness of the I.B.A. in this country and the F.C.C. in America are hardly inspiring precedents.

In coming to its recommendations the official inquiry should be particularly careful in evaluating the different strands of criticism. There is a widespread tendency to blame too much on broadcasting and its administrators: the attacks by M.P.s are as much a reflection of the frustrations inherent in the role of the politician in modern conditions as they are of legitimate grievances; while disenchantment among production staff is as much a function of television's limited creative potentialities as it is of anything else. There is no cause for complacency but the substantive issues which broadcasting raises risk being obscured by much of the critical rhetoric.

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ARBITRATE—DON'T LITIGATE

by Lord Meston

SOME years ago a gentleman used to walk up and down outside the Law Courts in the Strand carrying a large placard on which were written the words 'Arbitrate—Don't Litigate'.

Apart from the merits or demerits of the advice contained in those words, it was rather too late in the day to influence people entering the Law Courts who had probably already embarked upon the sea of litigation.

In fact there should be no comparison or competition between settling differences by arbitration or by the ordinary process of law.

In some cases a dispute is not 'arbitral' and must be decided at Law in the High Court or County Court. Take a simple case where a trader sues a customer for the price of goods sold. The customer simply refuses to pay. There is nothing there which can be referred to arbitration: it is a matter which must be decided at Law. On the other hand, if the customer raises the defence that the goods in question were not of merchantable quality and that accordingly the price charged was excessive, then there is a dispute of a nature which is capable of being referred to arbitration.

There are various types of arbitration as, for example, arising under certain acts of Parliament which provide for compulsory or optional arbitration in matters arising under the Act. But we will concern ourselves here with 'Voluntary arbitration', which is a judicial process for the final determination of differences between parties who have freely agreed to submit their differences, either before or after they arise, to an arbitrator by whose decision they will be bound.

This is frequently used in appropriate cases as a means of settling commercial, professional and similar disputes. The Courts have adopted a very sympathetic attitude towards this method of settling disputes. As a famous Judge said exactly forty years ago, commercial arbitrations are undoubtedly and deservedly popular. They will continue to be popular so long as the Law retains sufficient hold over them to prevent and redress any injustice on the part of the Arbitrator, and to secure that the Law which is administered by an Arbitrator is in substance the law of the land and not some home-made law of the particular Arbitrator of the particular assocation. To release real and effective control over commercial arbitrations is to allow the Arbitrator to be a law unto himself.

There are various features about voluntary arbitration which are of an encouraging nature. In the first place, arbitration facilitates and encourages the negotiation by parties of a settlement. This is a matter of climate rather than the result of any specific act. In an action at Law the plaintiff wants the defendant to pay him some money or do some other act, and does not wish to see the defendant's face again. On the other hand, the parties in an arbitration frequently want to continue in professional or commercial relationship after the difference between them has been

decided or adjusted. This is all conducive to a compromise which is frequently the result of arbitration.

Arbitration proceedings are held in private, and are less formal and complicated than proceedings at law, though the arbitrator must not disregard the general principles of justice, particularly those relating to evidence.

Arbitration proceedings can be more expeditious than litigation, but this depends largely upon the attitude of the parties. The costs of arbitration proceedings are normally lower than in litigation, but again this depends on the conduct of the parties. And probably one of the most satisfactory features is that the arbitrator's award is final and binding on the parties and persons claiming under them. If not complied with the award may be enforced in the same manner as a judgment of the Court. It is quite true that a dissatisfied party may apply to the Court to set aside an award on the grounds of personal or legal misconduct on the part of the Arbitrator. That seldom occurs, and hence an award is generally a final and binding order which must be obeyed.

Orderly procedure is essential to voluntary arbitrations, and this is achieved by adhering to the provisions of the Arbitration Act, 1950. This deals with the appointment of the arbitrator and the method of submitting the matter in dispute to the arbitrator.

Many contracts or agreements include a clause simply stating that 'any matter in difference between the parties hereto shall be and is hereby referred to the award of an arbitrator to be agreed and appointed by the parties, failing which the arbitrator shall be appointed by the President for the time being of (a body named)'. This form of agreement may be used to submit to arbitration a defined difference which has already arisen.

The Arbitrator then puts the machinery of arbitration into operation by calling a 'Preliminary Meeting' which is attended by the parties or their solicitors. It is essential that the Arbitrator should know precisely what is the dispute between the parties, and indeed it is equally necessary that each party should know exactly what is in issue and the case he has to meet. Therefore at the Preliminary Meeting it is usual for the Arbitrator to direct the parties to deliver written Pleadings. The claimant will be directed to file his 'Points of Claim' within so many days, and the respondent directed to file his 'Points of Defence' (and 'Counterclaim' if any) within so many days after receiving the claimant's pleading. The pleadings having been duly delivered, one of the parties may require the other to give 'Particulars' of allegations contained in the latter's pleadings. If there is any refusal or difficulty in giving these particulars, then the party seeking the information can apply to the Arbitrator for directions on the subject.

In practically every case there are some documents (possibly accounts, receipts, invoices and so forth) which the parties want to be disclosed and inspected. The Arbitrator will make what orders he considers proper for the discovery and inspection of such documents. Likewise the Arbitrator

has power to inspect any property or any other thing (e.g. the goods which are the subject of dispute). Then the Arbitrator will decide how many expert witnesses each party may call if they so desire, and then he will fix the time and place of hearing.

All the procedure from the appointment of the Arbitrator to the actual hearing of the reference is a very orderly matter and follows broadly the same line as an action in a Court of Law.

At the actual hearing of the reference, the Arbitrator must act in an impartial manner. He must not take sides so as to favour either party. He is allowed a certain degree of latitude which would not be permitted in a Court of Law, but he must act judicially throughout and be careful to adhere to the rules of evidence.

If any point of law should arise at the hearing of the reference the Arbitrator, on his own initiative or either or both of the parties, may request that a 'Case be Stated' for the opinion of the High Court. The Arbitrator will then state the facts and formulate the point of law on which the opinion of the Court be sought. The finding of the Court on the point of law will bind the Arbitrator who will then continue with the hearing of the reference. This procedure gives the parties a feeling of satisfaction if some difficult question of law arises which they think should be determined by the High Court.

In conclusion there is one matter which should never be forgotten. The jurisdiction of the Court must not be ousted by arbritration agreements. Therefore a clause in an arbitration agreement which purports to exclude the parties from going to law will be void as against public policy. However, it is in order for an arbitration clause to a contract to provide that any arbitration under it must be commenced within a certain time or not at all. That means that if the arbitration is not commenced within the specified time then that method of settling the dispute is barred but leaves it still open to the parties to go to Law in the ordinary way.

It may seem curious, but the Courts have recognised a clause in a contract which provides that if an arbitration is not commenced within a certain time the claim shall be barred, i.e., barred altogether both in arbitration and in Law. However, such a clause is not absolute in effect. The Court has power to extend the time fixed, notwithstanding that it has already expired, if 'undue hardship' would otherwise be caused.

And so, to come full circle, what does the 'man in the street' think of the words on the placard that our friend carried in the Strand outside the Law Courts? His opinion is as good as that of anyone else.

THE CAMPAIGN FOR THE WHITE HOUSE — 1972

by B. Tartt Bell

IN established political tradition, the Presidential candidates formally launched their campaigns following the Labour Day national holiday. Though both Republicans and Democrats have obviously been politicking feverishly, before and following the party nominating conventions in July and August, these weeks have customarily been periods for healing the wounds of the convention battles, raising money for the campaign war chests, and putting together an organisation for the enormous work to be done between now and November 7. From this point on, however, the battle cry is 'maximum exposure for our man'. The swings around the country will be carefully orchestrated, related to national and international events, timed to appeal to regional groups, planned to take advantage of every possible angle with various segments of the voting public. Spokesmen for both major parties have decried the high cost of waging the national, state and local races (don't forget, in the U.S.A. we *run* for public office, not stand!). Nevertheless, the candidates and large entourages will jet wildly from coast to coast, appear nationally on unbelievably expensive prime television time, print uncountable numbers of propaganda pieces, and in many other ways spend astronomical sums of money. The McGovern finance managers have estimated that they will need $35,000,000 to carry out the projects already planned for their candidate.

The tone—and possible outcome—of the campaign was signalled by the character of the conventions, both held in Miami, Florida. Marked by bitter controversy and deep political wounds, the Democratic Convention reflected a valiant and successful fight for reforms in the process of delegate selection and other matters. George McGovern was one of the leaders of this reform movement which began immediately after the fiasco in the Chicago Convention in 1968. The reforms tended to reduce the influence of the big city political bosses and were achieved in spite of stiff resistance from these sources. The nomination of a standard-bearer who is such an outspoken critic of the status quo and an ardent advocate for the 'reordering of national priorities' as George McGovern almost had to mean that important sections of the Democratic establishment would be seriously alienated. The convention's ousting of Mayor Richard J. Daley of Chicago on a question of proper credentials was one spectacle that almost had to be seen to be believed. This experience was one of many indications that the party emerged from the convention anything but united and confident. It faces an enormous task in trying to unseat a determined incumbent with almost unlimited resources at his disposal.

In contrast to the unpredictable and raucous Democratic Convention, the Republic affair which nominated Richard M. Nixon for the third time in 12 years (Nixon v. Kennedy, 1960; Nixon v. Humphrey, 1968) was by all accounts one of the smoothest, most carefully staged — and dullest — national conventions ever held. The absence of controversy on issues and

no-problem selection of the Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidates was matched by a degree of confidence and a sense of expectation rivalled in recent political history only by that of 1948 when the Grand Old Party strode forth from its convention in the full expectation that its candidate, Governor Thomas E. Dewey of New York, would steamroll over President Harry Truman. A bold front is always called for as a political stance in the national elections. The Democratic camp is having difficulty mounting a bold front but the Republicans seem genuinely confident that Nixon is a shoo-in for re-election to a second and final term in the Presidency.

The confidence manifest in the Republican camp is further bolstered by all of the subsequet public opinion polls which show with regularity that Nixon is an odds-on favourite to sweep the election easily. At this time the well-respected Gallup Poll shows Nixon with a 34 point (64 per cent favour Nixon, 30 per cent favour McGovern) advantage.

All observers agree that President Nixon's advantage is not only the result of his own adroit forays on the world scene, i.e., his trip to China and the Soviet Union, but flow in part from Senator McGovern's slips that have introduced further doubts in the minds of many people who, while wanting a change, aren't at all certain that McGovern has the competence and the leadership to occupy the White House during the next four years. Two developments that have seriously damaged McGovern's image are the affair with Senator Eagleton in which he, a surprise selection for the Vice-Presidential nomination, was dropped from the ticket after it was discovered that he had been under psychiatric treatment in 1966 for nervous exhaustion. The party, for the first time in its history, was forced to call another convention to nominate a substitute selection, Sargent Shriver, to run with McGovern. There were many negative reactions to McGovern's handling of what was obviously a hot potato. When faced with the unfortunate news of Eagleton's record and his having withheld this information, McGovern blurted an affirmation of '1,000 per cent support' for his running mate. Within several days he succumbed to pressures and requested Eagleton to withdraw from the race.

The second matter is the fumbling way McGovern has handled his proposals for welfare and tax reform. In the pre-convention struggle for the nomination, McGovern proposed as part of an overhaul of the welfare system the disbursement of a minimum of $1,000 to all citizens as a way to redistribute the national income and to assure persons living in poverty of direct aid from federal sources. The McGovern camp was unsuccessful in its attempt to counter the howl of protest about the enormous cost of this proposal and 'the Government owes everybody a living' philosophy it was presumed to represent. Finally, McGovern more or less scuttled this proposal by announcing that a Yale University economics professor would organise a group to bring in his real welfare reform and tax programme.

Thus far, the clash seems to be taking shape around five major issues. First is Vietnam. Here the party platforms are in sharp contrast. The Democrats pledge 'As a first order of business, an immediate and complete

withdrawal of all U.S. forces in Indo-China'. The Republicans pledge 'We support the President in his refusal to accept terms which would dishonour this country'. Second is busing. The Democrats say 'Transportation is another tool to accomplish desegregation (racial)'. The Republicans say flatly 'We are irrevocably opposed to busing for racial balance'. Third is the question of amnesty for men who left the country rather than be drafted for service in Vietnam. The Democratic platform states 'To those who for reasons of conscience refuse to serve—we state our intention to declare an amnesty'. The Republican plank 'rejects all proposals to grant amnesty to those who have broken the law'. Fourth is the important issue of national defence and security. The Democrats say 'the military budget can be reduced substantially with no weakening of national security'. The Republican plank on defence says 'We categorically reject this slash-now, beg-later approach to defence policy'. Finally, there is the crucial issue of social welfare. Here the Democrats 'Are determined to make economic security a matter of right. This means a job with decent pay . . . for everyone willing and able to work, and an adequate income for those unable to work'. The Republican philosophy is sharply stated in the party's platform plank on this problem as it states, 'We flatly oppose programmes which embrace the principal of a government-guaranteed income. We reject as unconscionable the idea that all citizens have the right to be supported by the government.'

It would be downright 'un-American' for any presidential aspirant not to claim with great fervour that his campaign will be waged 'on the issues'. Nobody ever begins by admitting that the personality or style or character of the opposition will be featured in campaign oratory or literature. But rare indeed are the American political contests that have not descended rather quickly to this level. It is therefore to be expected that the period between now and the election will see some of the usual mudslinging. In this field the behaviour of Vice-President Spiro Agnew, renowned as the Nixon Administration's hatchetman, will be of special interest. Agnew, openly admitting his aspirations for the Presidency in 1976, has carefully begun the projection of a new national image for himself. At the convention he explained that his customary vivid rhetoric of the past had been used only in service to the President and that he would now welcome the chance 'to be able to campaign totally on the issues'. Certainly a lot of people will have to see that to believe it.

The dissension and confusion apparent at the Democratic Convention and the defection of numerous party stalwarts occurring in recent weeks has given Republican spokesmen an opening of which they have taken full advantage by appeals 'to join our new majority'. Indeed, McGovern has been forced to spend much more time than he can afford in attempts to bring disaffected leaders back into the party fold. The need to piece together the former elements of the Democratic Party coalition, i.e., big labour, the ethnic minorities, Negro voters, and the large city machines, in ways that do not alienate the youth and academic support that is an essential part of his apparatus, is McGovern's principal dilemma. It is

obvious that McGovern must have, for example, the help of the Daley machine in Chicago in order to carry the State of Illinois. Daley and his delegates took a clobbering in Miami and aren't likely to be full of goodwill for the national party ticket. Nevertheless, Daley responded to McGovern's personal overtures by issuing a lukewarm endorsement and a promise to support the national candidates as well as the local ones. McGovern risked a great deal of respect and prestige with his camp followers in this conciliatory gesture to Daley, who remains a symbol of reaction due to his role in the violence of the Chicago convention of 1968.

Likewise, McGovern paid a ceremonial visit to former President Lyndon B. Johnson in Texas to seek his endorsement. What a bitter pill that must have been! A certain amount of this realpolitik will probably be acceptable to the anti-establishment elements among McGovern's supporters, but much more of it will seriously erode the strength and enthusiasm of all those who were 'turned on' by McGovern's attacks on the old politics. With the defections of Averill Harriman, large Jewish contributors, urban bosses like Mayor Frank Rizzo of Philadelphia, and the lack of AFL-CIO support, McGovern's best hope has been that large numbers of people who never in their lives worked in a political campaign will pitch in with enthusiasm because his candidacy offers United States something more than a choice between Tweedledum and Tweedledee. Whether this will actually occur is one of the imponderables now causing jitters at the Democratic national headquarters.

Two other problems faced by the Democrats merit quick reference. The first is the 'defection' of the powerful AFL-CIO executive council. Though technically non-partisan, the council gave its endorsement—and thus the money and support of its political arm known as the Committee on Political Education—to Lyndon Johnson against Barry Goldwater, and to Hubert Humphrey against Richard Nixon in the campaign of 1968. It therefore was a shock to hear the council's announcement that it would sit out the 1972 presidential election. President George Meany, who dominates the council, has no use for Richard Nixon but refuses to endorse McGovern because he feels the Senator has a poor labour record in Congress and is an 'apologist for Communist aggression'.

A hastily formed National Labour Committee for the Election for McGovern, though certainly not as strong as all-out AFL-CIO support, will nevertheless be a significant labour support. Led by the United Automobile Workers, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, the International Union of Electrical Workers, and other big internationals, this committee represents a not-to-be-sneezed-at political punch in some of the key cities and states where the contest is fairly close.

Second, there is the annoying problem of his Democratic Senate colleagues who refuse, in their own state re-election campaigns, to identify with the national McGovern candidacy. How can McGovern carry these states without the support of the Democratic machines, their funds, volunteers and know-how in producing votes? This is particularly damaging in traditionally Democratic states like Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia,

Louisiana and Alabama. In all of these Democratic Senate races the nominee is carefully avoiding McGovern—'emphasising the local issues that are of such great importance to my constituency'. The rationalisation for this abandonment of the party's national platform and Presidential candidate is that identifying with McGovern's 'radical' programme will invite certain loss of a Senate seat and will thus risk the loss of Democratic control of the Senate. At present, the Democratic majority in the Senate is down to a mere seven seats.

The central thrust in the McGovern saga has been and continues to be the United States involvement in the Vietnam war. He hammers away at 'this miserable war in Indo-China' that dishonours the U.S. with senseless killing and the increased air war now waged from U.S. bases in Thailand, from the enlarged naval fleet in nearby Pacific waters, and B-52 raids from Pacific bases. McGovern, with amazing frankness, admitted that U.S. withdrawal will probably mean the collapse of the Thieu régime in Saigon and the emergence of a Communist-dominated government within a short time in South Vietnam. He insists however that the way to gain release of the American prisoners-of-war is to end the war and that the way to end the war is a clean withdrawal of all U.S. forces.

In his 1968 defeat of Hubert Humphrey, Richard Nixon drummed home his contention that an administration that has had four years to end the Vietnam war and hasn't succeeded 'doesn't deserve another chance'. Now, however, Nixon constantly reminds the nation of his administration's achievement in the reduction of American ground forces from 500,000 to less than 50,000, the success of the Vietnamisation process, and cuts in the cost of the whole Indo-China operation. Without doubt, the President has been effective in defusing the war as a political issue. The anti-war protest is no longer a force that must be reckoned with from coast to coast. The polls show that Americans are widely convinced that Nixon wants to end U.S. involvement in Vietnam and honestly seeks a negotiated peace. He has convinced many people that it is the intransigence of 'the other side' that alone blocks an early peace.

Administration spokesmen now admit privately that they see no end to the war — 'It could go on indefinitely because the other side is so afraid of being tricked that they are not able to consider our proposals on their own merit'.

If the frantic Nixon-Kissinger initiatives result in a dramatic agreement in Paris for a cease-fire or the release of prisoners it would probably assure Nixon's re-election. But as long as the war continues, the costs of the increased air war mount, the risk of international complications remain, and Nixon is vulnerable to McGovern's criticisms that he has not kept the major pledge of his presidency to end the war.

Nixon seems to feel that McGovern's softest underbelly is his proposal for the reduction of defence spending by $10 billion in each of the next three years. To the American Legion convention, the President said 'We have economised and will continue to economise on military spending whenever and wherever it is safe to do so. But I never have gambled and

I never will gamble with the safety of the American people under a false banner of economy. Lasting peace is built only on strength.'

The familiar Nixon anti-Communism theme isn't as loudly played these days but the President still sounds an occasional note, as when he claimed recently that McGovern's proposals would 'leave the United States the second strongest power in the world' and would 'reduce the incentives of the Soviets to negotiate'.

Recently released government figures show that employment is at an all-time high in the United States, i.e., the number of people in jobs is the greatest ever, and at the same time unemployment remains historically high, well over 5 per cent of the total work force. Thus, both camps have campaign ammunition. McGovern tries to show that the Nixon Administration is not committed to a full employment economy. Nixon, on the other hand, emphasises the need to balance employment with the urgent necessity to restrain inflation. In an economy that is prosperous, in spite of enormous problems, and it seems headed to even higher profits in this year and in next, McGovern is having great difficulty in making hay out of economic issues. Bread and butter are still the primary issues of American politics and it will be steeply uphill in this field for the Democrats all over the country.

Recent administration scandals will not go un-noticed by Democratic headquarters. Indeed, they could not possibly go un-noticed since the now infamous 'Watergate Caper' involved the arrest of five men caught in the Watergate Apartments headquarters offices of the Democrats in the dead of night with electronic and photographic equipment. All five are closely linked to and were apparently financed by the Finance Committee to Re-Elect the President, a G.O.P. agency. The G.O.P. has been further embarrassed by a report of the General Accounting Office, the investigative watchdog of the Congress, which charged this same Finance Committee to Re-Elect the President with 'apparent and possible violations' of the recent law which regulates the financing of political campaigns. In both cases there are uncomfortably close connections to the White House itself. McGovern and other principal Democratic spokesmen will highlight these scandals repeatedly in the coming weeks.

The tactics for the President call for his remaining aloof from the nitty gritty of the political race until about the final month. Meanwhile, he can carefully pick from numerous chances for favourable national appearances, time the release of good economic or international news, and exploit various presidential pre-election 'goodies', e.g., the announcement of the end of the military draft. Every opportunity will be used to portray McGovern as an irresponsible radical whose ideas are beyond the pale for the United States. The huge G.O.P. chest fund assures access to national television and is available for organising effective state campaigns.

Though the Eagleton affair undoubtedly hurt his cause, McGovern now has a much stronger running mate in Sargent Shriver than he had in the Senator from Missouri. Shriver adds considerable vote-getting potential

to the ticket. The McGovern-Shriver team will strive hard to appeal to the millions of newly registered young voters.

In his race against Hubert Humphrey, Nixon held a 19 point advantage at the beginning of September. Nixon's victory on election day was by .7 of 1 per cent only. In Truman's election over Dewey in 1948 he was so outclassed in pre-election predictions that Dewey had already selected and announced his cabinet! However, there are certainly not at this time any indications of an upset of this character in the making. Nixon's lead will probably be considerably narrowed by November 7, as McGovern and Shriver clarify for the American public some of the shortcomings of the Nixon Administration. But it will take a surprising combination of unexpectedly bad turns in Vietnam, in the economy, and in unforeseen other factors to provide the Democrats with a real chance for defeating President Nixon in November.

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The November issue of the *Contemporary Review* includes *Education for a Multi-Racial Britain* by Graham Davies, *Charles Kingsley at Eversley* by A. L. Rowse, *Brook's Dream Abroad* by J. C. Trewin and *The Identity of Jack the Ripper* by Richard Whittington-Egan.

MAINLY AMERICAN

by James Morton

IF one had to name one director who, in the last five years, has come from nothing to critical prominence, high on anyone's list would surely be the ex-critic Peter Bogdanovich. So far he has made only three feature films each of a very different *genre*. The first, *Targets*, was made with the late Boris Karloff who played the part of an ageing horror picture star making a personal appearance at a drive-in cinema. The interlinking story concerned the now seemingly everyday tragedy of a man who turns himself into a sharp-shooter sniping with telescopic lens at whoever he fancies.

This was a low budget film made in a few days and when it was shown in Britain had 14 of its original 90 minutes cut. Bogdanovich, in a letter to *Sight and Sound*, lamented that all the cuts concerned the scenes with Boris Karloff and as a result the film was unbalanced. Nevertheless what was left provided an impressive debut. It was with consummate skill that the director built up the tension of the mentally sick gunman selecting his targets, sometimes disdaining them, sometimes, because of a passing car, losing them. Eventually came the inevitable confrontation with Karloff when the gunman loses his last tenuous hold on reality. He sees a live Karloff walking towards him whilst on a vast screen a film Karloff also advances on him despite the bullets he has had fired at him through the screen.

Bogdanovich's second film was of a very different kind and concerned 'teenagers growing up in a small Texan town in the '50s. *The Last Picture Show* was received with wild acclaim in America where it has no doubt more significance than in England. Without first hand knowledge we are unable to say whether this is an accurate portrait but all reports say it is so. As a study of small town life 20 years ago and recreated with loving care it is a *tour de force*. It is hard to realise that the 1950's now represent period pieces but it is so. The film is not dissimilar in many ways to Mulligan's *Summer of '42* but it has a much surer touch and is mercifully without the numerous arty tricks which that director used. The cast, mainly unknown, is excellent and we see a series of vignettes of life in a dusty one horse town where the wind blows, the radio churns out an endless stream of old country and western tunes and there is little else for the boys to do except to go to the local cinema and hang around the town's one café and poolroom. Sexual experience is gained in a motel in nearby Wichita and is a community experience as the class mates of the boy and girl hang around to hear tell of the wonders. A very different press handout from the reality of the failure inside the room.

Again one is taken back to the unreality of Mulligan's scenes compared with the deft way Bogdanovich has handled the playing of Cybill Shepherd and Jeff Bridges. Eventually Sam, who owns the cinema and who has

played the role of mentor and father figure to the boys, dies and the cinema passes to the elderly woman who previously ran the box-office. She cannot make ends meet and yet another part of the town closes down.

Taken as individual items the scenes in the film represent unremitting gloom. There is nothing apart from Sam, and he is dead by halfway, and the hero, Timothy Bottoms', treatment of the local simpleton, which is in the least way commendable in the attitude of the inhabitants. Even then the 'hero' betrays the simpleton for the sake of a few cheap laughs. The latter is killed by a cattle truck whilst aimlessly sweeping leaves and Bottoms tries to leave town. But he is drawn back by Father Brown's legendary thread and we see him in the end weeping in the arms of his middle-aged mistress. On the radio is a mock revival service and despite this double irony somehow and almost illogically it does provide some hope. The hope by which he will live from day to day and learn, if he has not already done so, to accept his fate.

Curiously enough it has recently been possible to see all Bogdanovich's films in London in the same week, because his latest *What's Up Doc?*, has just begun its run at the Warner. This is a very different kettle of fish from the other two and it seems as though the director has decided to work his way through the *genres* and produce an example of each. This time he has turned his attention to the comedies of the 'thirties and the slapsticks of the 'twenties. I have not laughed so much at a film since Prevert's *Voyage Surprise.*

In all his films Bogdanovich has used clips from old films as a counterpoint to his own and in this delightful comic-farce he has not only used clips but has used his film as a homage to the *genre.* This is becoming a popular pastime nowadays. Another outstanding example was Stephen Frear's *Gumshoe* in which Albert Finney was a latter day Bogart and which film paid tribute to the Curtis films of the forties. Now it is the turn of William Powell and Myrna Loy, Jean Harlow, Katherine Hepburn and Clark Gable to be remembered. The plot concerns the ownership and whereabouts of at least four identical plaid bags which contain respectively underwear, musical rocks, diamonds and secret documents. Within ten minutes from the start of the film it is impossible to say which bag is where or in whose possession it is. Allied to this is the hope of Ryan O'Neal as a totally absent minded music professor that he will win a research fellowship. He is engaged to a thoroughly plain but bossy American girl who suffers the most appalling humiliations throughout the film. Barbra Streisand plays the 'kookie' girl who sets out to divest O'Neal of his fiancée and to win him the music fellowship. Whilst she is a mine of useful information she is also the agent of unparalleled disasters. She has only to step in the street for cars to crash, dustbins to be set in headlong pursuit down hills after unsuspecting passersby, television sets to explode and for there to be general mayhem at every turn. Miss Streisand wanders through the carnage unsuspectingly. I have never been a fan of hers but I thought her performance delightful. By the same token I have never claimed Ryan O'Neal as my favourite actor but he displays a

previously unrevealed touch for comedy. In between times Bogdanovich keeps us amused by inserting little parodies of other films, *Bullitt, The Bride wore Black* and *Love Story* spring to mind immediately and a careful study would no doubt throw up more examples.

Only at the very end does Bogdanovich's touch flag with a rather boring courtroom scene which slows the film down in its dying minutes. By then a slight let-up can be forgiven. It will be interesting to see to what Bogdanovich turns his seemingly limitless talent next.

A few years ago a questionnaire was sent to a number of film critics, one of the questions in which was *Which American film makers do you admire among those directors who have emerged in the past ten years or so*? Siegel's name featured often in the resulting answers. The question now is 'Has he lived up to his promise?'

Siegel joined Warner Brothers in 1933 and after a spell in such positions as assistant librarian he organised the montage department. Nowadays his most often seen montage is in *Casablanca,* the Michael Curtis film with Bogart and Ingrid Bergman, but cinematically his best is probably in Huston's *Across the Pacific.* His first feature film *The Verdict* starred Sydney Greenstreet and Peter Lorre and was made in 1946. It set the pattern of Siegel's film making from then on. He has made a series of low budget thrillers and westerns for the past 25 years. Even now they would be called 'Super B' pictures. Yet running through his work there has always been a strong social conscience. His *Riot in Cell Block 11* was awarded a Diploma of Merit at the Edinburgh Festival and his 1956 science fiction film *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* can be seen not only as an interesting and indeed exciting film of a small town taken over by faceless follicules which as they grew turned into people but also as real social comment on a totally different level.

Although Siegel has never been a fashionable director his films are always neatly constructed and, whatever their content, always interesting. He managed in the early 'sixties to get performances out of the most unlikely people and indeed *Flaming Star* shows us the best Presley performance to date. Indeed at that time his forte seemed to be in transforming elderly rock and roll artists into actors.

Perhaps it is possible to compare him with Samuel Fuller who is now becoming something of a cult director. The films they made over the years are similar in style and content. Both of them took as their subjects the small town scene and low key characters. Both of them have been in the past critically undervalued; Siegel now more so than Fuller.

In recent years many of Don Siegel's films have starred Clint Eastwood, an actor who has made his name in the so called 'spaghetti' western. There were low budget products from Italy which featured the maximum amount of violence in the shortest possible time and which made in a few years an international star of Eastwood.

The latest Siegel offering stars Eastwood in *Dirty Harry.* This film relates back to *Targets* in that the story concerns a maniacal killer in San Francisco who picks off his targets at random from a rooftop. This

one, however, demands a ransom to prevent further slaughter. Siegel opens the film by dedicating it to the officers of the San Francisco police who have lost their lives following the call of duty and the opening footage of the film is of the Roll of Honour over which the camera moves slowly. It is clear from the opening shots where Siegel's sympathies lie. It has been said that *Straw Dogs* was America's first fascist movie and this might well claim to be the second but there is no doubt it is so cleverly done that one's sympathies lie with Eastwood as the policeman assigned to bring in the killer. Siegel has always had a strong line in this sort of film. Richard Widmark in *Madigan* in 1967 played a similar role and so did Eastwood in 1968 in *Coogan's Bluff*. In these latter films the officer is always hampered by bureaucracy and the criminal protected by his 'civil rights'. It is the 'civil rights' of the film that allow him to go free for the first time in *Dirty Harry* and it is left to the rather extra curriculum activities of Eastwood to deal with him.

It is the fashion nowadays for stars to cross the dividing line and become directors and Eastwood is one of the latest to do so. This he has done in an engaging little melodrama *Play Misty for Me*. This falls well within the sort of film made in the late 'forties and early 'fifties but the subject is a modern one.

Eastwood directs himself as a small time disc-jockey whose girl friend is away in Mexico. He has what he thinks is to be a one night *affaire* with a girl who keeps ringing the radio station where he works and demanding: *'Play Misty for me'*. One night she deliberately picks him up in a bar. The Bar-tender keeping an eye on things is none other than Don Siegel in a cameo—and good he is too. Before they go to bed, both Eastwood and the girl agree there are to be no ties and that this is a passing fancy, but next morning the girl turns up at Eastwood's beach-house with an armful of groceries and every intention of making a one night stand into a permanent arrangement. From then on Eastwood is in more and more trouble as he tries to disentangle himself from the girl, played by the attractive Jessica Walter. She waylays him when he returns home, continually accuses him of seeing other girls, sends him a five foot high stuffed toy as a present, and quarrels in public with him when he is lunching with a press agent. Finally, in a splendidly guignol sequence, she stabs his cleaning lady.

Eastwood plays the part of the man trying to extricate himself painlessly from an affair which has gone wrong with absolute ease. Anyone who has tried to do the same thing will appreciate his careful footwork. One step forward and two back! Even after she has slashed her wrists in his bathroom he still protects her at the risk of totally alienating his girl friend Tobie who has returned from her trip. Jessica Walter is arrested after the stabbing incident but she is later released from hospital. This again is the implied criticism of the legal system and its leniency towards the guilty which precipitates further suffering for the innocent victims. It also leads to the fairly routine but nevertheless exciting ending. Here Eastwood's lack of experience tells against him and he borrows

heavily from *Psycho* to increase the tension. The cross cutting does not really work in this part of the film but as with all good thrillers there are genuine frissons. It is perhaps not as complicated a debut as Bogdanovich's but in its own way just as good.

In passing it is sad to note that Siegel's film, *The Beguiled*, a very different film from his normal production, starring Eastwood in a dream-like story of post-Civil-War America whose sexual neurotic fantasies are mirrored in *'Play Misty for Me'*, has not been generally released in this country. Instead, whilst another good film remains on the shelves, the James Bond films are re-released as indeed are a number of even worse ones like *Lady in Cement* which itself is a remake of *Farewell my Lovely*.

Dirty Harry seems to me to be a much better film than *The French Connection* which more or less walked away with this year's Academy Awards. Directed by William Friedkin this is a routine cops and robbers film with Gene Hackman as a tough cop trying to find the whereabouts of a large amount of heroin being smuggled into New York. This is a straightforward 'realistic' police story which means that there can be a certain amount—but not too much—slapping around of the suspects. Again the film displays the villains getting the better of the long-suffering police by way of legal niceties. Almost any police story is interesting. Did the police get their man? Who was it? Did he strike again before they got him? These are all questions which will keep us interested, given that we like that sort of film anyway, but there is no more to this film than that. *Dirty Harry* did at least show us something of what made Clint Eastwood tick. He had a life of his own which was gradually built up outside the police station. Hackman has nothing except a few snarls with another officer when the excitement is slackening. There is a long car chase a la *Bullitt* but not much else. The only reason to see it seems to be to try and find out why it won all those awards.

There really should be a society for the protection of Jean Pierre Melville's films in Britain. After the butchery in the cutting of *Le Samourai* last year this year's offering is *Le Cercle Rougé*. Or, I should say, two-thirds of that film. Forty-eight minutes have been cut out in which there are attractive shots and camera angles. In this story of the French police and gang rivalry it is always almost impossible to follow what remains of the plot. What is left however does point up the difference between Melville and a routine director like Friedkin.

There really does not seem to be any point in releasing such a film if it is to be mutilated beyond recognition. You will be pleased to know it was shown as part of a double bill with the re-release of *Cat Ballou* for the *n*th time.

THE ROLE OF STUDENTS IN AMERICAN POLITICS

by Joseph S. Roucek

NOT so long ago American educators, philosophers and social commentators were bemoaning the apathy of the younger generation; they called it 'The Silent Generation'. Today, however, there is so much noise on the campus you can hardly study. The Big Men on America's Campus today, the real heroes, are The Trouble-makers. They do not just swing wildly at any icon; they have causes, local as well as national and international, which they work for with considerable skill. They court trouble, they expect trouble, and they get into trouble; it is part of their scene. Their activities, and those of their active and passive followers, imitators and onlookers, have energised mounting concern over student unrest in the American Universities.

Drug use among students has been stirring worry. It is estimated that the majority of drug abusers in the United States are young people under the age of 30. Coincidentally, but not accidentally, one of the slogans of these young people is: 'You can't trust anyone over 30.' The 'hippies', the 'acid-heads', 'the Grass-smokers', and 'lotus eaters' claim that they are in a search for their 'real selves'. The *Yale Daily News* of May 11, 1967, estimated that about one in four Yale undergraduates had smoked marijuana and that the percentage of freshmen who had smoked marijuana before matriculating had increased sharply during the two previous years. About 19 per cent of Yale's 4,081 students, including one-quarter of the freshmen class, had used a drug besides marijuana. (These other drugs include hashish and L.S.D., and a few students had used such drugs as cocaine and heroin.)

Dropout and suicide rates appear to be rising. Recently, *Moderator,* a national magazine for students, estimated that about 1,000 collegians commit suicide each year and 9,000 others attempt it. Headlines, almost daily, tell of students boycotts or sit-ins protesting on Vietnam, the draft, or campus rules. (This unrest is, however, only distantly related to 'Black Power riots' on predominantly Negro campuses such as Howard University and Texas Southern University.)

All this turmoil comes at a time when higher education in the U.S. is the envy of the rest of the world. Never before has a nation made a college education available for so many.

The real difficulties can be traced to 'Berkeley', although of course, things had not been entirely quiet in the period from 1940 to 1960.

When California State troopers dragged 733 F.S.M. (the Free Speech Movement) members from Sproul Hall of the University of California in December, 1964, it was the largest arrest in California's history. More important, the event signified the beginning of the activist revolt against Multiuniversities all over the U.S. A vigorous and vocal minority of activist students at Berkeley and elsewhere, under the slogan of 'participatory

democracy', had been asking the students and faculty to determine jointly the context and procedures of learning. Feeling that they had a right to determine their own lives in extra-curricular areas, students had kept up pressures against parietal and other rules even before 1960, e.g. the scheduled return to their dormitories, rights of visit from members of the other sex in dormitories and consumption of alcoholic beverages. But what was new in the 1960s has been not only a greater intensity of demands for freedom but also a considerable broadening of the scope of demands and of the techniques used. Students now ask for participation in the areas of the curriculum and the administration of the University, areas that have always been regarded as the domain of faculty and administration.

While it is true that most American students are getting along well on the big campuses, a strong undercurrent of rebellion is evident, and from time to time this revolutionary tendency has burst into open revolts. No one surveys the shifting academic scene with more inquisitive eyes than the students. And for a good reason: much of the change has been brought about by themselves. Today's undergraduates are vastly different in aim and outlook from the class of '31, '42 or even '58. Young sons and daughters are far less passive than in earlier generations. They argue often and earnestly about conscience and personal commitment. On campus and off they have set themselves up as vocal and vigorous judges of all sorts of 'highest matters'—from academic discipline and the quality of teaching to civil rights and the conduct of American foreign policy. And they have learned, by using agitation and civil disobedience as effective weapons for civil rights, the knack of making their protests felt in any area.

The students of the 1960-1972 period, picketing and protesting and even rioting and now throwing bombs is thus a new phenomenon to educators and a puzzlement to parents. True, the undergraduate in the U.S. has always been a cultural force, responsible for everything from the popularity of *Mad* magazine to the renaissance of Humphrey Bogart movies and American folk songs. Yet, with the exception of boisterous and idealistic quadrennial forays into Presidential campaigns, the American student until now has not, generally, been a political force. (In this he differs from his Latin American or European counterparts, who cheerfully man barricades or topple governments with as much gusto as they bring to the study of Greek drama or the *Summa Theologica* of Thomas Aquinas.)

Today American students protest, often violently, against all current social issues, especially civil liberties, nuclear testing, race relations and the Vietnam war. And interestingly enough, they are making themselves heard from both sides of the political fence, conservative as well as liberal.

Student reaction to the military draft and to the war in Vietnam is more intense than any protests that have ever occurred before. Draft cards are burned publicly, an act that now carries a maximum penalty of a $10,000 fine and five years in jail. In fact, in a country which has set high value since pioneer days on rugged Marlboro Man masculinity, some seriously

discuss not only the efficacy but also the techniques of feigning homosexuality to avoid the draft.

Furthermore, students have organised other acts of protest against the Vietnam war. On some campuses they solicit blood donations to be sent to the Viet Cong or sell pro-Viet Cong stamps and lapel pins. In what was intended as a display of civil disobedience, in mid-October, 1965, they held three-days of protest against American action in Vietnam; while in Madison (Wisconsin), 10 University students tried to arrest the commanding officer of Truax Air Force Base as 'an accessory to murder' in Vietnam. Elsewhere around America, students picketed military bases or such manufacturers of war material for Vietnam as the Boeing-Vertol helicopter plant at Morton (Pa.).

Such protests, especially where they seem actively in favour of the Viet Cong, have saddled the protesters with a label, the 'New Left'. In fact, some of the student organisations have or have had a Maoist or Trotskyite ideological flavour. One of them, the William E. B. DuBois Club, has been named after an American Communist Negro leader who was also a founder of the N.A.A.C.P. (the National Assocation of Coloured People).

But the term 'The New Left' is a misnomer, since most of the young people, who prefer to call themselves 'New Radicals', abhor all the old-fashioned allegiances. They want something they call 'participatory democracy'.

In other words, they are demanding their say in the ordering of their world. Since about 1959, without caring about the consequences, these 'direct action' students have been making up their techniques as they went along, organising spontaneously in the midst of affluence and action. Thus on Thanksgiving Day in 1961 students from Amherst, Smith College, Mount Holyoke College, Columbia and Pennsylvania Universities picketed the White House in protest against any resumption of nuclear weapons. The Liberals represented in the Student Association called for help for the Congress on Racial Equality (C.O.R.E.) in their 'sit-in' protests against the segregation of chain-store lunch counters in the South. The organisation promoted nation-wide campus support by telephone and telegraph for the non-violent sit-ins that eventually brought 'integraton' to many of the eating places.

Of the new radical group, Students for a Democratic Society (S.D.S.) and a movement known as the National Coordinating Committee to End the War in Vietnam, have been the most publicised. S.D.S., with the headquarters in Chicago, claims 3,000 members spread over 90 chapters. It is largely responsible for such widely reported protests as the 'teach-ins' and anti-draft programmes. Yet the 'New Radicals' do not represent the prevailing attitude of American students. Several surveys show that, at most, a tenth of the students have taken part in the anti-Vietnam demonstrations. This tenth comes, however, for the most part, from a string of universities, stretching from California through the upper Mid-west to New York and New England, which have especially active student liberal

organisations. But, in some cases, these student demonstrations can be also contrasted against campus counter-demonstrations and 'bleed-ins' (blood-drives for the Americans fighting in South Vietnam). The latter are organised by less radical students alarmed by the new image of American universities as places of dissent and disloyalty.

In 1969-1970 bombings by terrorists and anarchists, mostly from the student ranks, had reached menacing proportions in the United States. Reporting on the findings of a survey conducted during a 15-month period, Assistant Treasury Secretary Eugene T. Rossider told the Senate Investigations Committee in September, 1970 that 4,330 bombings had occurred in that period, resulting in 43 deaths and 384 injuries. Of the bombings 3,335 were incendiary and 975 of the explosive variety. In property losses totalled $21.8 million. Members of the Investigations Committee found it particularly alarming that 56 per cent of the bombings, attempts and threats could be attributed to student unrest.

A few days before this report, on August 24, 1970, a bombing took place which shook America's 'permissive' attitude toward the student radicals. At 3.42 a.m., less than two minutes after police in Madison and Wisconsin received the telephone warning, a blast tore through the University of Wisconsin's Steling Hall, destroying the mathematics centre and parts of the school's physics and astronomy departments. In the wreckage were the centre's computer, valued at about $500,000, the lifework of five physics professors and the doctoral research of 24 Ph.D. candidates. And because the warning came so late Physicist, Robert E. Fassnacht, was killed, and four other people injured.

The day after the explosion in Madison, leaflets entitled 'Why the Bombing' appeared on buildings and billboards. Signed 'Life Above the Trees', the leaflets claimed that the centre's 'role is to solve military problems, to design triggers for others to pull'. The message pointed out that the bombers had chosen a time when the building was least likely to be occupied and had phoned a warning to police. (Ironically, Professor Fassnacht, who was working late on experiments with materials at low temperatures, was opposed to the Vietnam War.)

Some experts believe that the Weatherman faction of the splintered S.D.S. (Students for Democratic Society) was involved in the Wisconsin bombing and has had a hand in most of the 150 major bomb and arson attacks in the U.S. in 1969.

(In February, 1970, Weatherman Leader Mark Rudd ordered his troops to go underground to wage their own 'Battle of Algiers' against military installations and police departments in the U.S. The campaign was violently interrupted in March when a cache of dynamite blew up in a Greenwhich Village (New York) town house, killing three of the would-be saboteurs. The Weathermen devoted several months afterwards to learning how to handle explosive properly.)

How many radicals are now adept at such destruction is problematic, since almost anyone can learn the incendiary art by studying readily available military manuals. Explosives are easy to steal from construction

sites and many states, such as Oklahoma, Wisconsin and Indiana, have virtually no regulations governing the purchase of dynamite. Nor has anyone taken a census of the Weathermen. Some authorities estimate that there were originally about 1,000. But many more student militants—possibly as many as 5,000—are willing to work or shield the Weathermen.

The vast majority of college students are repelled by violent tactics. But as the Weathermen have in the past been careful to commit crimes against property rather than people, blowing up buildings in the middle of the night, for example, many students have remained indifferent. The crucial question now is whether violent radicals have turned a corner and may cause more deaths in the future as they escalate their attacks.

Should there be say a score of deaths in an office building explosion, whatever public and student apathy now exists would abruptly end. The deepest fear of moderates and non-violent leftists is that incendiary tactics, if they continue, will call down an era of bitter and genuine repression in which everyone's freedom will be sacrificed for the sake of necessary public order.

Whatever might be the case, no one is certain how much impact the student protesters and campaigners will have on this autumn's elections in the United States. Students constitute a potentially important political group. Some 3.3 million persons attending college are of voting age, and lowering the vote age to 18 will double the number eligible. Then there is the lobbying impact in the nation's capital, by such organisations as the 'Continuing Presence' in Washingon. Young people have earnestly buttonholed members of Congress in support of the Cooper-Church and McGovern-Hatfield 'do-end-the-war-quickly' amendments.

But in the crucial student purpose of electing 'peace' members to Congress, proponents of student support are meeting an apparently mixed response. Some 'dovish' candidates welcome the zeal of the youth contingents. Others, not extreme liberals or extreme doves, fear that the youthful supporters will alienate the middle-of-the-road vote on which they are counting.

Perhaps the greatest weakness in the students' impact is their *ad hoc* style of operation and their temporariness. Candidates and many voters wonder if the student campaigning will be a one-shot operation (as was the original support for Senator McCarthy in New Hampshire); or will the academic bloc become a permanent, skilled, long-effective crusade?

At the same time, colleges and universities in the United States are facing today the gravest crisis in their history. The crisis has been caused by the lack of a coherent educational philosophy and by a betrayal of the primary commitment of the university to the quest for truth and integrity in learning and teaching.

Most of the problems which plague the campus and threaten its future as a genuine educational institution can be traced to the view that unless the major social and foreign policy problems of American society are met satisfactorily, campus disruption and violence will continue. If unchecked, this will result in academic genocide.

There will always be a disparity between the American dream and the reality. There will always be social and foreign policy problems in an open society of uncoerced opinion, so that we may be confronted by a prospect of unending violence if we accept this view. Violence perverts the university's function, which is to study these social and political problems and to analyse alternative solutions to them. It transforms an agenda of study into an agenda of action, and converts the university into a political organisation agitating for the adoption of partisan political goals and, most important of all, it violates the fundamental principles of political democracy by threatening to resort to force and violence unless the community adopts the solutions to social and foreign policy problems advocated not by the majority of the electorate, but by an elite minority, the university community.

What the United States faces now is true revolutionary activity; violence intended to wreck rather than to draw attention to repairs to a faulty system so that repairs can be made. But America has no revolution, for that takes mass support of a kind that does not exist.

The American mass is, in fact, against what it is witnessing. Neither the poor, the great bulk of the nation's restless blacks, the blue-collar workers nor even a large proportion of U.S. students are aligned with the terrorist radicals. In fact, militant young people, often accompanying their demands with violence, are losing favour with the major political parties. Evidence is accumulating that many politicians—Democrats and Republicans alike—sensing the mood of the country, are convinced that young activists must cease disruption or risk losing whatever gains they have made. Members of Congress, campaigning in their states, are finding feelings of deep hostility toward campus malcontents.

The changing attitude does not mean, however, that either party is giving up the 'youth vote', which is taking on new importance in 1972.

For one thing, students in greater numbers than ever before are preparing to participate actively in the 1972 political campaign. Another factor is the lowering of the voting age from 21 to 18 under an amendment to the Voting Rights Act, which became effective on January 1, 1971.

But while wooing these potential voters, political strategists express growing criticism of campus agitators and of college authorities who tolerate them. Republicans are taking their cue from President Nixon, who once declared that administrators and faculty members must themselves 'stand up and be counted' in the face of campus unrest, instead of putting the responsibility on the government.

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DRUGS AS FASHION

by Sajjad Taqi

IF you happen to believe that most young drug users are emotionally scarred, mixed-up, take drugs to escape from unhappy home lives, etc., then you believe in an unfounded myth that continues to hamper international drug abuse control. There is, in actual fact, only one major reason why millions of young people are currently using soft drugs like marijuana and hashish: marijuana and hashish are indisputably in fashion nowadays, just as hotpants and long hair are in fashion.

What has probably created this dreary picture of troubled young people taking drugs is the great number of surveys taken on the problem and the thousands of questions answered by teenage users: sociologists and researchers often appear to be looking for a deep-seated explanation where none in fact exists, and many young people seem to be trying to oblige researchers by providing semi-plausible answers to the 'why do you take dope' questions. It is more than possible, however, that many teenage explanations of teenage behaviour can be misleading.

For example, if you ask a young girl any personal question about her lifestyle—why she wears hotpants, for example—she may provide a variety of answers. She may simply tell you that she likes hotpants, or that she feels more comfortable in hotpants, or she may say that she wears hotpants to underline the fact that she belongs to a generation that is not intimidated by out-of-date social codes. Though all of these reasons probably have a kernel of truth to them, the main fact of the matter is that hotpants are in fashion, most of her friends are wearing hotpants, and she'd look pretty silly if she were wearing bermuda shorts.

This same fashion element is apparent in most youth behaviour and is certainly apparent in youthful drug abuse. Though many will earnestly give serious reasons as to why they take dope, the unavoidable truth of the matter is that if most of your friends are rolling marijuana joints, you seem a bit strange with a cocktail glass in your hand. Thus, most young drug users are quite normally following the fashions of their time, and any attempt to treat the youth drug problem as a problem of the frustrated or emotionally troubled invariably puts drug abuse control efforts off on the wrong foot to start with.

If drugs were a relatively harmless fashion like bluejeans or long hair it would be easy to dismiss them with a 'This, too, in time will pass'. Drugs as fashion, of course, *will* eventually pass, and doubtless there will be an anti-drug fashion among many young people within the next three or four years. But with the way the cards stand now there will also be a large permanent core of habitual drug users in the Western industrialised nations, and of course the drugs-as-fashion phenomenon might eventually repeat itself.

What is there to be done?

Any understanding of the possible methods of drug abuse control among young people hinges on the acceptance of the fact that effective policing of illegal traffic in soft drugs (marijuana, hashish, L.S.D. and other hallucinogens) is completely and definitely impossible. While the various police and intergovernmental organisations have done an excellent job in trying to limit the amount of illicit traffic, the goal of completely wiping out such traffic is an idealistic one, one that your best narcotics men will tell you can never be achieved. If, then, you can't police the problem, what *can* you do?

In America, President Nixon's National Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse has recently offered a solution to the problem by simply recommending that all criminal penalties for the private use of marijuana be eliminated (sale and cultivation of the drug would remain a crime). Though the motivation behind such a recommendation may be in part political (Nixon personally appointed this commission, remember, and this is an election year, and eighteen-year-olds now have the vote in America), it is certainly in order to examine the recommendation in a serious light, and to imagine its possible effects on drug abuse control if it were eventually brought into law.

The recommendation definitely shows a refreshing amount of intelligence in recognising that penalties for marijuana possession are pointlessly severe in many American states. The commission also appears to realise that marijuana, while not a desirable drug, is in no way the *menace* it has long been thought. The chief flaw in the commission's proposition is that while it covers one social and political headache it raises at the same time several new questions:

a) if marijuana is legal, what about hashish, bhang and charas, which are also forms of cannabis but are many more times more powerful in their mind-bending effects?
b) what about very young people, 12, 13 and 14-year-olds, who possess the drug? Is it 'relatively safe' for them to use?
c) if the marijuana user is not considered an outlaw, what about the person who mixes his drugs, taking marijuana occasionally, but also using L.S.D. and other hallucinogens and perhaps amphetamines as well? Why are only marijuana smokers exempted from prosecution?
d) what is the commission's recommendation going to do to help eliminate drug dependence among young people?

If then, the commission's legislation recommendation will not do much toward solving the problem of increasing dependence upon drugs among young people, what will?

The key to drug abuse control among young people lies—it *must* lie—in education: serious and continuing education, progressive education and honest education.

Drug education ventures today have flaws, gaps and inconsistencies which make most of them pointless efforts before they begin. The mainstays of most of these programmes are slick little booklets and pamphlets

which neatly categorise drugs, their effects and dangers, preach about the good, well-adjusted life for a few paragraphs and then take their leave. Predictably, most of these pamphlets are read quickly and then buried away in school desks or thrown into waste-paper baskets.

Some schools and community organisations try to bolster the pamphlet approach with drug seminars which may include educational films about drugs, lectures, and even round-table discussions with ex-addicts, pot smokers and acidheads. The trouble with the seminar approach is that it has become as dreary as the pamphlet approach: the films almost always run the same old pictures of hypodermic needles, eyedroppers, bare arms covered with puncture marks, and unhappy-looking characters. Lectures and discussions often have the same stereotyped points to make, and usually seem to be aiming at *warning* kids about drugs rather than educating them.

The most serious flaw of all in most programmes is that there are untruths in them, despite the fact that everyone ought to know that you can't get away with lies about drugs any more, because many adolescents today seem to know more about dope than the people who make the films or write the books.

To erase these flaws and to make drug education programmes more effective, at least three steps must be taken:

a) drug education must begin at as early an age as possible; at six, seven and eight, and certainly before children reach their 'teens.
b) drug education should be scrupulously honest, which is not the case at present, and has not been the case in the past.
c) for the Western industrialised states, at least, there should be a standardisation of drug education programmes.

The reasoning behind drug education at primary school level is obvious: children should be taught about drugs before they are old enough to experiment with drugs for themselves. And of course this is not to say that by 'drugs' we mean only cannabis, L.S.D. and heroin. The first dangerous drug to be pointed out to students should be alcohol—the number one problem drug in the world today.

The emphasis, in all programmes, should *not* be on the (usually exaggerated) 'danger' or 'menace' of drugs in general, but on the simple undesirability of drug *dependence,* both psychological and physical. A drug like marijuana, for example, cannot be treated as a menace because of the simple fact that it is not a menace. It is simply a mild drug on which one can become psychologically dependent and thus waste precious time.

By the end of primary school, children ought to be familiar with all the modern drug dependence syndromes—alcoholism, dependence on sleeping pills and heroin addiction.

Any drug education programme should be honest: students should be made aware of minority opinions—by the time they reach college level they should know what Huxley, Leary, Ginsberg and others have had to say on the subject. And, of course, students should not be lied to.

Although this axiom is an obvious one, it is astonishing how many straight-faced untruths, half-truths and exaggerations are served up to young people in the name of drug abuse 'prevention'. For example, when I was a student at Hunter College in New York City in 1964, this is what my health education textbook had to say about marijuana.

> Marijuana, or hashish, is obtained from the flowering top of Indian hemp, *Cannabis indica*, a plant which grows wild in many parts of the world, including the United States . . .
>
> It is either smoked as 'reefer' cigarettes, chewed, or drunk. In this country most addicts are maladjusted adolescents.
>
> . . . It produces a dreamy state of partial consciousness in which ideas are disconnected and uncontrollable. The subject may have a feeling of well-being, exaltation, and excitement; or he may sink into a depression. Delirium may ensue. The users of marijuana may turn to heroin, which is stronger in its action—and in that possibility lies one of the gravest dangers of marijuana.

I won't go so far as to call this last paragraph a pack of lies, but quite obviously nobody could get away with a *spiel* like that nowadays; in fact, many fourteen-year-olds could slice it up into little pieces by pointing out the following: marijuana and hashish are not identical, hashish being six or more times more potent; cannabis does not produce addiction; delirium as a result of using marijuana is almost unheard of; to compare the action of marijuana with that of heroin is false, as marijuana is an extremely mild hallucinogen and heroin is an extremely powerful depressant. Nevertheless, that's the way it was taught to me and millions of my fellow students in 1964. Thus it is not hard to understand why millions of young adults today have little confidence in the educational efforts of most drug authorities. But very alarmingly, in their efforts to 'save' young people from dope, many present-day authorities are using the same prevention-through-exaggeration techniques in dealing with another drug—L.S.D.

Use L.S.D., some authorities will warn you, and you may think you're a bird and jump out of a tenth story window. You may go permanently insane. You may find life unbearable and try to kill yourself. Your babies may be deformed.

Unfortunately (or fortunately) statistics don't support these warnings. People *may* of course have very unpleasant experiences on bad L.S.D. trips, but in actual fact these Hammer film type sequences are quite rare. Hundreds of thousands of L.S.D. trips have been taken, many of them have been 'bad' trips, but very few of these stupefying adverse effects have taken place. *This is not to say that L.S.D. is harmless.* It is simply saying that it is impossible to predict what L.S.D. will do to anyone. The reasoning behind *not* taking L.S.D. is similar to the reasoning behind telling children not to take sweets from strangers: you can't be sure of either the sweets or the stranger! If however, we persist in using these misguided 'preventive' techniques in drug education programmes, we are only undermining our own credibility (as marijuana education has proven) and will face the same credibility problem with the *next* 'popular' drug to come along.

Finally, along with improving the quality of drug education, it is impor-

tant that there should be some cooperation among nations, particularly the Western industrialised nations, in deciding exactly what should be taught about drugs. Such decisions might be made under the guidance of the United Nations, Unesco or some similar international body. If drug education varies from country to country there is the obvious risk of bad drug information eventually driving out good: even nowadays young people have a sound idea of what their contemporaries in neighbouring countries are doing and learning, and in the next decade, of course, the exchange of ideas among young people from different backgrounds will increase spectacularly. If all young people are receiving essentially the same kind of drug education there is a reasonable hope that in years to come drug abuse control can make great strides.

Until now, societies have depended upon strict policing of the drug traffic in order to limit drug dependence and obviously strict policing is necessary in order to limit as much as possible the availability of addicting drugs like heroin and methadone. But at the same time it must be said that the moment has certainly come for a closer look at education, *serious* education, as a means of safeguarding future generations against drug abuse. If on one hand we can step up the policing of hard drugs and on the other increase and improve educative efforts, there is a real chance of ending drug dependence. By solely promoting police efforts and giving only token support to drug education programmes there is little real prospect of ever curbing drug abuse.

Because, in the long run, drug dealers and smugglers will always be present, the only realistic and honest approach to permanent drug control is to teach your children well, and to keep your fingers crossed!

[Sajjad Taqi, a young Pakistani journalist and song-writer now living in Switzerland, has collaborated with the U.N. Narcotics division and has contributed to *Bulletin on Narcotics* and the American magazine *Vista.*]

THE BICYCLE IN AMERICAN CULTURE

by Tommy W. Rogers

'IT is safe to say,' wrote an official of the 1900 census, 'that few articles ever used by man have created so great a revolution in social conditions as the bicycle'. In the age of the auto the appeal of the bicycle seems rather limited and remote. Yet in its time social commentators placed it on a par with such epoch-making discoveries as the railway, telegraph, and telephone in its effects on customs and behaviour.

The immense changes in American society during the last quarter of the nineteenth century were paralleled by the swift rise of sport. None of the sports that attracted nineteenth century America (and this period saw baseball development into prominence, the beginning of football and the invention of basketball) enjoyed a greater popularity than cycling. Porter, an authority on the wheel, claimed in 1892 that cycling had attained the dignity of the most popular outdoor recreation in Europe and America.

The bicycle was introduced into America at the Philadelphia Centinnel in 1876. In the 1880's British enthusiasts developed a chain-driven bicycle with wheels of equal size and a seat which rested on an iron frame between the wheels. This was regarded as a major improvement over the high-wheeler on which the seat was perched on top of the front wheel and which was extremely difficult to mount. The new style became known as the 'safety' bicycle. In 1887 the Overman Wheel Co. began to manufacture safety bicycles in America. Other manufacturers soon followed. The suspension wheel, pneumatic tyre, ball bearing, sprocket and chain attachment, weldless steel tubing and the coaster brake were all introduced during this period. By 1890 the bicycle had assumed substantially the same form as that used today.

Safety bicycles made cycling less of a sport for specialists and more of a pastime for the general population, including women. Soon men and women of all ages were pedalling the roadways of America to such tunes as *Daisy Bell, My Love's a Cyclist* and *A Merry Cyclist.* Songs of the era reflected the mass attraction of the sport. In summertime many people went on a bicycle journey in much the same way as the modern citizen takes automobile trips today. The average city worker and his family, except for an occasional railroad trip, heretofore had had little opportunity to leave their place of residence. The wheel made it possible for Americans to visit the countryside and neighbouring towns.

Despite the inadequacy of the roads and the hostility of irate carriage drivers who had become possessive about having the roads to themselves, the cyclist thought little of covering twenty to fifty miles in the course of a Sunday. Often the whole family participated in these outings; the children having their own bicycles or the parents having a 'convertible' — a tandem bicycle that could also be used as a single.

As scores of cyclists pedalled city streets and country roads, complaints about the condition of public thoroughfares inevitably developed. Leading bicycle manufacturer Albert Pope persuaded the Massachusetts Institute of Technology to add courses in road engineering to its curriculum and had a hand in the establishment of the Massachusetts Highway commission and the Bureau of Road Engineering in the federal government.

The League of American Wheelmen, organised in 1880 and one million strong at its peak, carried out an effective programme of agitation for road reform. Privately built and operated turnpikes, which had once given the United States good roads, had become unprofitable because of the railway. Furthermore, road construction and maintenance were the responsibility of local government units rather than of the federal government. Consequently, the roads were rough; muddy in the spring and covered with choking dust in the spring and summer. Cyclists were enthusiastic supporters of drainage, paving and maintenance programmes for public roads.

The *Good Roads Magazine,* published by the League of American Wheelmen, was devoted to the purpose of improving the roads of the country. State affiliates of the League carried out a campaign of publicity and literature distribution urging road reform. Not only did the law and its state affiliates crusade for paved streets but backed legislation for lighted streets and for erecting signposts. This remarkable organisation even built signs on the road marking danger spots. Its Committee on Danger Signs sent the signs free to any place in the country.

In Washington the League was successful in getting the federal government to create the Office of Public Road Inquiries in 1893. By 1900 several states had established state control of roads through a central highway commission. League members kept records of distances and posted signposts with relevant travel information, as well as providing other services which later became of inestimable value to motorists. Although it would be an exaggeration to claim that the cyclist singlehandedly brought about macadamised streets and highways, it was their crusade for road repairs and construction that quite literally paved the way for the automobile.

The pressure of millions of wheels on the road during the nineties compelled the introduction of regulatory laws. Nonparticipants throughout the country, probably out of a viciousness tinged as much with jealous envy as reality, complained that bicycles cluttered the roads and endangered the lives of pedestrians. Sometimes the teamsters and horsemen deliberately turned on cyclists and ran them down. Fist-fighting between wheelmen and draymen was fierce and frequent. City councils and state legislature listened attentively to grievances and often passed laws to drive the bicycle from public thoroughfares. The 'road hog', a class of driver who was unwilling to give wheelmen sufficient room to pass him on public thoroughfares, and the 'dogger', who maliciously set dogs loose on cyclists, were two very disagreeable types whom the bicycling population thought should be put down with all possible speed.

American cyclists were fortunate in having the aggressive and vigilant League of American Wheelmen to further their interests by fostering legislative recognition of the cyclist's interest and by awarding cyclists the same rights on public highways as those prescribed by law in the case of persons using carriages drawn by horses. It was through the League's efforts in several test cases that the laws which applied to carriages came to be applied to bicycles as well.

Successful lobbying by the League was responsible for a number of laws and practices which were bequeathed to the automobile. Common ordinances for bicycles included the obligation to keep to the right side of the road except when passing, giving hand signals when turning, and regulations limiting speed and requiring an exchange of names in case of accidents.

The maximum allowable speed limits were generally ten miles per hour on the highways. These laws were frequently violated. The phrase 'fined for scorching' became a familiar one. Since the cyclists could outdistance police on horseback, police methods had to be modernised. Some cities met the problem by equipping squadrons of 'bicycle policemen' and daring races between bicycle policemen and scorchers became common. Not only was the wheel effective in combatting the speed demons who menaced pedestrians and other cyclists, but policemen found it a useful aid in covering their beats — a foreshadowing of the patrol car.

As women everywhere began to take to the wheel it became evident that fashion changes were to follow. The bulky skirts then in vogue with American maids and matrons were palpably ill-suited to the sport. As one female cyclist expressed it: 'Skirts, while they have not hindered women from climbing to the topmost branches of higher education, may prove fatal in downhill coasting'. The bicycle was a catalyst of change in the abandonment of trailing skirts and tightly corsetted waists and the adoption of shorter skirts which blatantly revealed bare ankles to public scrutiny.

It was the popularity of the bicycle among the fair sex which gave America the famous bloomer girl. Although the bloomer had been introduced many years earlier by Amelia Bloomer in the 1850's, it was not until women adopted the garment for cycling that it became socially acceptable. 'A few years ago', reported a writer in *Scribner's*, 'no woman would dare venture on the street with a skirt that stopped above her ankles, and leggings that obviously reached to her knees. . . . The bicycle has given to all American womenkind the liberty of dress for which women have been sighing for generations'.

An editorial in the *Philadelphia Item* noted that women who wanted to wear bloomers should not be subject to public censure for their defiance of tradition: 'They can work out their own salvation', it stated, 'if they desire to wear bloomers let them bloom'. Said a writer in *Puck*: 'The bicycle-makers have accomplished more for dress reform in two years than the preachers of that cult have accomplished since clothes began to be the fashion. Today, thanks to the bicycle, there is every prospect that

women will soon be able to dress sensibly, comfortably, and modestly, all at the same time'.

Thus the bicycle, which first attracted women partially because it afforded a new means of defying tradition, was instrumental in their struggle for emancipation. Not only was it influential in the reform of female standards of dress, but it helped open the door of opportunity to her participation in outdoor sports. At first male riders accepted the female cyclists rather reluctantly, and frequently banned them from their clubs, but these reservations (possibly due to the discovery of the pleasures of mixed cycling parties) soon vanished. Conservative elements questioned the propriety of a woman on wheels, but this opposition faded as people recognised the inevitability of the female's adoption of the cycling habit, — one of the few activities which offered women an opportunity to disport as actively as men.

As late as 1896, however, the Women's Rescue League of Washington, D.C., was claiming that female cyclists would become invalids within a decade. The Women's League further claimed that this 'pernicious habit' fostered a familiarity and companionship with men which led to immorality. This view, however, was definitely a minority opinion. Even Francis Willard, the famous temperance leader, published a pamphlet called *How I Learned to Ride the Bicycle.*

The bicycle was an innovation of considerable importance for the American economy. By the mid-1890's the manufacture of bicycles reportedly represented an investment of a hundred million dollars. *The New Orleans Picayune,* in a report on the status of cycling industry in 1895, estimated that Americans spent fifty million dollars on bicycles and equipment each year. About ten per cent of all newspaper advertising at this time was devoted to cycling.

The sale of accessories and related goods profited substantially from the growing appeal of 'wheeling'. Bicycle uniforms, bells, saddles, tools, spare parts, bloomers, trouser-clips, caps, pants with reinforced seats, even bicycle corsets appeared on the market. Some industries actually suffered adverse effects from the bicycle boom. Interests in the bicycle, for example, cut the piano trade in half although many retail dealers were able to bolster sagging sales by taking in a stock of bicycles and accessories.

Even the military scene was affected. Some military men thought the bicycle would prove to be a major means of increasing the mobility of infantry. Military manœuvres were conducted on the bicycle. The Colt automatic rifle was mounted on the handlebars and some 200 wheels were shipped to Cuba for use in the Spanish-American War.

The bicycle played a part in the development of the motorboat, motorcycle and automobile. Among the technical advances due to the bicycle which stimulated progress in other fields were wire wheels, the pneumatic tyre, hub-braking and tubular nickel steel. The bicycle manufacturers underwrote significant research in metallurgy.

ON THE FIELD OF GETTYSBURG

by A. H. Robinson

> Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

SUCH were the opening words of a speech, delivered on November 19, 1863 by President Abraham Lincoln, which has been called 'a supreme masterpiece of English eloquence' and 'the only great prose poem of classical perfection in modern English'. It was an address which made immortal the name of Gettysburg, a small town in Adams County amongst the rolling hills of southern Pennsylvania.

A few months earlier—on July 1, 2 and 3, 1863—Gettysburg had been the scene of one of history's bloodiest and most decisive battles. The conflict there was one which marked the turning point in the American Civil War, when the Northern Federal forces under General George G. Meade defeated the Southern Confederate army led by General Robert E. Lee. Nearly 6,000 men lay dead on the field before the Confederates began their retreat in pouring rain on that historic Independence Day.

Soon after the battle, 17 acres to accommodate the graves of the Union soldiers who had fallen were purchased by the 18 states of the North to be maintained for all time by the nation. No Southern troops are buried at Gettysburg, for their bodies were removed for reinterment at Richmond, Virginia.

The Gettysburg National Battlefield Park was established by Act of Congress in 1895. It comprises some 3,000 acres in an arc around the town, interspersed with parcels of land in private ownership. Many of the original farm buildings are still there, but new houses have, of course, been built. General Dwight D. Eisenhower purchased a farm at Gettysburg in 1950, and he and his wife moved there in 1961 when they left the White House. It remained the former President's home until his death in 1969.

The Gettysburg National Military Park is filled with monuments, shrines and statues—all commemorating leaders or regiments engaged in the struggle. Seven equestrian statues include those of Meade and Lee, and of the many non-equestrian memorials the one portraying Major-General John Cleveland Robinson, one of the Union commanders, is of particular note.

The 415 mounted guns are painted every three years, as also are the pyramids of cannon balls stacked beside them. Markers and tablets are to be seen everywhere—in fact, the total number of commemorative items of all types is more than 800. The Gettysburg National Museum and the Gettysburg Cyclorama (painted by Paul Philippoteaux) both help the visitor to recapture something of the atmosphere of the battle.

A striking feature is the Eternal Light Peace Monument which consists of a limestone shaft 40 feet high and surmounted by a bronze urn in

which burns an eternal flame of natural gas. The Reunion of the Blue and the Grey at which it was dedicated on July 3, 1938 by President Franklin D. Roosevelt, was attended by half a million Americans; and an aged veteran from either side in the Civil War caught the huge Stars and Stripes as it fluttered down. On the front of the memorial are the words 'Peace Eternal in a Nation United'.

Perhaps, however, the monument which most moves the scores of thousands of pilgrims who visit Gettysburg every year is the Lincoln Speech Memorial, situated almost on the spot where the President uttered the most famous and inspiring words ever spoken on American soil.

The memorial embodies two bronze tablets—one setting out the letter of invitation sent to Lincoln by the people of Gettysburg asking him to participate in the dedication of the soldiers' cemetery (a decision which was evidently an afterthought, put forward at the very last moment), and the other bearing the text of his address. There is also a bust of Lincoln on the monument, which has been described as 'the only memorial to a speech in the world'.

No-one seems quite certain where Lincoln wrote his speech, but the most likely possibility is that he drafted the major part of it in Washington and imparted the finishing touches after his arrival in Gettysburg. Exactly how he delivered it, and the precise manner in which it was received, are also unknown. All the available evidence is meticulously set forth by William E. Burton in his book, *The Life of Abraham Lincoln* (Volume 2, Chapter 15).

Lincoln arrived in Gettysburg by train and stayed on the night of November 18 at Wills House, where the room on the second floor which he occupied is still preserved with the original furniture in place.

On the morning of the 19th a procession made its way along a route of three-quarters of a mile to the cemetery. Lincoln rode on horseback, wearing a black suit and a tall hat. A crowd numbering at least 15,000 had gathered on the site, where speakers and guests took their places on a wooden platform.

The proceedings opened with prayer, after which an oration lasting two hours was given by Edward Everett (1794-1865) who, in a remarkable career, was at different times a Unitarian clergyman in Boston, Professor of Greek (and later President) at Harvard, Governor of Massachusetts, United States Minister in London and Secretary of State as well as a member of both the House of Representatives and the Senate. Everett made a tremendous impression, with his white hair, his erect form, his graceful pose, his faultless gesticulation, his immaculate attire, his fine voice and his wonderful oratorical power. His speech was said to have been 'a polished specimen of consummate eloquence'.

At the conclusion of Everett's lengthy discourse a hymn was sung and after the last notes had died away Abraham Lincoln put on his spectacles, unfolded a single sheet of paper and—in the thin, high voice which contrasted so oddly with his immensly tall, gaunt frame—began to speak simply and quietly. He obviously knew his lines and so—as he did not

have to read them—was able to make one or two verbal departures from his script.

> We are met on a great battlefield . . . We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives . . . It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract.

The President ended with the fervent hope that 'government of the people, by the people, for the people' would not 'perish from the earth'.

Lincoln finished almost before many of those in the crowd realised he had begun, resumed his seat and remarked to his friend Ward Hill Lamon that he was afraid that the speech had been a failure and that the feeling amongst his hearers must be one of disappointment.

Contemporary report suggets that Lincoln's deathless words evoked only very moderate applause. Everett later asserted that he would be glad to feel that he had managed to say in two hours as much as Lincoln had said in only two minutes, but this gracious compliment was generally held to be merely a polite gesture on his part. And next morning the newspapers barely mentioned what is now acclaimed as 'the noblest tribute to a cause and its heroes ever rendered by human lips'.

One of the glories of the Gettysburg Address was that it neither condemned the South nor showed elation at the recent Union victory. It is interesting to note that Lincoln apparently inserted the words 'under God' as he was speaking. He later made half-a-dozen copies of his speech (with minor modifications in the wording), five of which still survive.

Although there are several photographs of Lincoln, it was assumed that none existed showing him at Gettysburg until, in 1953, a 200-times enlargement of a glass-plate negative (which had lain unnoticed in the National Archives) revealed the President's face amongst those of a section of people in the great throng.

The Gettysburg Address has not gone uncriticised on various points—for example, in its limitation in the employment of adjectives ('great' is, perhaps, overused). The word 'that' occurs twelve times (two of them in immediate succession one to the other and six in the final sentence, which is long and involved).

Pedants have even complained of Lincoln's having begun a sentence with 'But'. This was, however, evidently a regular practice with him, for it is to be found also in the moving letter, dated November 21, 1864 (almost exactly a year after his Gettysburg speech), which he sent to a Massachusetts mother whose five sons had all fallen in battle. In it, the President recognised his inability to assuage the overwhelming grief of one who had 'laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom', as he put it. 'But', he went on, 'I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save'.

'The world will little note, nor long remember,' observed Abraham Lincoln that day at Gettysburg, 'what we say here.' How wrong he was!

MISERIES AND HOPES IN THE CALYPSO-LAND

by Anthony Sylvester

THE picture of the English-speaking Caribbean as a placid political backwater, with an inviting climate and rich American tourists, a tiny minority of whites owning most of the wealth and the mainly dark-skinned majority of destitute if cheerful people who do nothing in particular much of the time, has been largely shattered over the past decade or so. The revolt inspired by Black Power in Trinidad in the spring of 1970, the takeover of the one million-dollar-worth Canadian-owned bauxite establishment in Guyana, incitement against foreign investment fomented often by leading intellectuals and economists, the rapid increase of delinquency and attacks by armed bands of young thugs in broad daylight in the main ports, all these have suggested a new pattern, that of the downtrodden Caribbean man in the process of staging a political, economic and social revolt. Yet, again the picture of what seems a hopelessly underprivileged dark-skinned man reasserts itself. What can you do when between 15 and 20 per cent of the able-bodied, most of them younger than 25, are permanently out of work, with something like 30,000 being added every year in Jamaica alone? To boot, emigration to the United Kingdom has been virtually stopped, although thousands manage to go to the United States and Canada. Often, these are skilled men and women who are needed in their own countries.

What surprised me during an extensive trip over the Commonwealth Caribbean, recently sponsored by the United Nations Development Programme, was to see so much bustling activity and affluence, with oil in Trinidad and Tobago and bauxite-alumina industry in Jamaica, and foreign tourism in many of the territories leading the way of economic expansion the fruits of which are by no means confined to a privileged few, white or black. Jamaica, with two million people, or nearly half the total of the English-speaking West Indies, saw her Gross Domestic Product more than doubled in the past ten years. In Port-of-Spain I had difficulty in getting anywhere in the centre of the town in rush hours owing to multitudes of private vehicles crawling bumper to bumper. The problem surely is not one of an unbridgeable gap between a tiny group of wealthy people at the top and a vast majority of the poor. It is rather how to lift the very sizeable population of the ignorant, idle and destitute to the level of an almost equally substantial section of the reasonably well-to-do, happy and productive people. The problem, it is true, is of immense and baffling difficulty, not least because of psychological attitudes that may be traced back to the times of slavery or may be more immediately inspired by the spectacle of rich American tourists, in both cases being reflected in moods of despondency and frustration among the native people. But the problem is by no means insoluble.

'The trouble is too many of our people here think the world owes them

a living', a middle-aged man, jet-black and with Negroid features, summed up the views of some of the other Trinidadians farming on a Government-sponsored agricultural settlement. But *he* was doing well. He specialised in pig farming. Others produced milk. The scheme is based on a World Bank loan. There is acute demand in the island for fresh milk as well as pork. About 80 per cent of the 300 or so farmers with a total of about 5,000 acres were paying their way, most of them living in neat bungalows equipped with refrigerators, TV sets and with cars parked outside. 'There are 100,000 acres of Government land in the island that can be similarly developed,' an agricultural expert told me.

With the rapidly rising demand for meat and dairy products, fruit and vegetables and other produce, outside the traditional cash crops including sugar cane, bananas and copra, diversified farming has a brilliant future. The question is whether enough talented and ambitious young men can be persuaded to take up farming as a career.

If the present drift from the land to towns can be arrested and reversed much will have been done to eradicate the grave social ills that now infest urban settlements in the Caribbean, apart from helping the economics generally. In Jamaica, where about 80 per cent of the farming is traditionally done upland, often on steep mountain slopes, an imaginative demonstration scheme financed by the U.N.D.P. and carried out by F.A.O. international experts has been showing a way both to make such agriculture profitable, mainly by introducing Japanese-type terracing, and save the soil from erosion. Yam, the staple starchy food in the island, has had its yields trebled where methods advised by F.A.O. experts were followed. But the new and more productive ways call for more work and worry on the part of the farmer, such as are more frequently found in the Far East than elsewhere, apart from considerable initial investments being required to construct terraces. But here the Jamaican Government has been stepping in with help. The F.A.O. men at the Project (the Watershed Management and Forestry Development Project) have also worked out a detailed programme designed to create a virtually new industry based on soft wood (Caribbean pine), that will not only provide thousands of new jobs but also produce at home what are at present very costly imports of timber and related products.

There is a desperate lack of experts and skilled men everywhere. A regional training institute in Trinidad, assisted by F.A.O. experts and U.N.D.P. finance, has been turning out vitally important agricultural and forestry experts of medium level, but the fate of this particular scheme is now in the balance for lack of intake of local men who can take over the training when the international experts have departed.

A regional fishery project that ended earlier this year after six-and-a-half years is another instance of a significant new avenue of exploitation of natural resources, fresh employment opportunities and import substitution. The U.N.D.P./F.A.O. project, which was centred in Barbados, cost $U.S. 4.4 million and brought to light fish resources only vaguely suspected before as the three U.N. vessels researched an area of some

5,000 square miles. The resources have been established along the continental shelf east of Brazil and around Jamaica and other islands. Enough fish has been found to yield some 270,000 tons of catches a year in deep water, or about two-thirds of the present consumption. The Caribbean people are among the greatest eaters of seafoods in the world, yet they catch only about one-third of what they consume, the rest being imported from North America. But to utilise the discovery a virtually new industry must be established as there has been little deep sea fishing in the region, although shrimp is caught in considerable quantity by foreign-owned trawlers. To develop an indigenous trawling business skilled men will be needed both to catch the fish and handle it on shore. The U.N.D.P./F.A.O. project itself has trained a nucleus of such experts, but a regional Fishery Training Institute is now being set up, again with U.N.D.P. financial assistance, in Barbados. Vast new capital inflow is needed to finance boat building programmes which some of the island Governments have already initiated and the construction of new docks, refrigeration and marketing facilities. The World Bank and the Inter-American Bank have been approached. But there is at the same time clearly much scope for foreign private investment to add to what local savers can do to provide the necessary capital.

This touches on one of the most delicate and explosive problems as far as future economic development in Commonwealth Caribbean is concerned. To a very large extent the capital needed for major development schemes and activities, including exploitation of natural resources, such as oil and bauxite, or construction of hotels, and indeed banking and even public utilities, has been provided in the past mainly by companies based in the U.S.A., Canada and Britain. For a long while the English-speaking Caribbean has been regarded as a safe haven for the overseas investor. This is changing now and the confidence of the expatriate capitalist has been rudely shaken by recent clamour for nationalisation or Caribbeanisation of foreign capital as well as management of businesses. Clearly, a new approach is needed to take account of local susceptibilities which, if unduly provoked, may react not only by harming economic relations, but also by destroying the political goodwill which has traditionally existed between the region and western powers, as a Canadian Senate Report suggested in June, 1970. The Report now ranks as one of those far-sighted and enlightened documents that do so much to put problems in their right perspective where obdurate, narrow-minded and arrogant attitudes of traditional business interests on one hand and rabid, short-sighted nationalism on the other have done so much to obscure the real issues in the developing world. The key-note of the Canadian Report is an urgent plea to investors in the Caribbean to try to share their ventures with local capital and management and use where possible locally available staff and expertise. The era of joint ventures that seems to be dawning in the Caribbean will benefit the new deep sea fishery industry that is now being developed.

An important by-product of such regional projects and development

ventures as carried out by F.A.O. and other international agencies, or on the basis of bilateral Governmental aid, is that they help to cement a unity of the Commonwealth Caribbean that is still very far from being achieved. One had heard of the jealousies and rivalry between Jamaica and Trinidad and Tobago that have nearly brought on the rocks the emergent economic community, the C.A.R.I.F.T.A., started in 1968. But the writer was surprised to see that so much suspicion and distrust existed even between such tiny neighbouring islands as Dominica and St. Lucia in the Leewards, as each has its own Government, although the islands form a loose association of what are still in effect British dependencies. It is scarcely surprising that an attempt made in 1962 to create a West Indian Federation proved a resounding failure from the beginning.

Yet, as an F.A.O. expert, Mr. A. Brown, an American with a U.N.D.P.-assisted plant quarantine project centred in Trinidad, pointed out, it now takes insects, or their eggs, travelling as stowaways in aircraft only hours to get from one end of the Caribbean to the other, spreading tropical plant diseases that might spell the ruin of entire communities of farmers. The lethal yellowing disease on coconut palms, whose cause is only just now being established, has been destroying some 100,000 trees a year in Jamaica alone and is rapidly spreading elsewhere in the Caribbean. Mr. Brown's project has helped to tighten a network of quarantine stations up and down the region.

Hurricanes, too, have little respect for political or ideological frontiers. Meteorology is one of the few subjects in the Caribbean where even Cuba, Puerto Rico and Haiti can send delegations to joint conferences on weather, as they did last December when meteorologists from the entire region met in Bridgetown, Barbados. Thanks to a project executed by World Meteorological Organisation and financed by the U.N.D.P. the hurricane radar warning system has been strengthened in the area affording now an advance notice of the approaching storm of at least one-and-a-half days. Hurricanes playing havoc in the Caribbean and Mexican Gulf have hit world press headlines in the past, but the entire science of meteorology may well seem highly technical and abstruse to the uninitiated. Yet the work carried out by international experts at the project based in Barbados is bearing on some of the fundamental problems of development such as forecasting weather and rainfall. This not only helps tourist trade and aviation but can decisively influence farm development under a new science, agro-meteorology. 'Unfortunately,' Dr. G. W. Smith, London-born 'agro-met' remarked, 'the Governments and farmers still have to learn to appreciate what we can do to help them.'

It may seem surprising that shortages of water may be a problem in wet tropics. But in Jamaica, or for that matter in the other islands, intensive rains are often followed by prolonged periods of drought, and groundwater available for irrigation or industrial usages may be in short supply. A good groundwater survey is a vital pre-condition for agricultural or industrial planning.

'Imagine the work on a farm irrigation scheme and a new housing

estate going ahead in a given area on mistaken assumption that there is enough groundwater available to serve both of them,' Mr. David H. Wozab, American F.A.O. expert in charge of a U.N.D.P.-assisted Water Survey Project in Jamaica told me. The Project is one of the largest and most comprehensive of its kind in which F.A.O. experts as well as young scientists seconded from their own companies or organisations in various parts of the world, including Britain, take part to complete their own training and experience as much as to do the work of surveying that must be done. Much of the work is exacting and tedious, involving long personal investigations up river streams, the kind of activity that does not lend itself well to newspaper treatment.

'You journalists are always after the sensational or unusual. Much of our work is routine. Little glamour in it,' Mr. Wozab explained, adding after reflection, 'you should have come earlier—or else later.'

Why? Well, with about 95 per cent of the spade work of surveying completed the more exciting phase of applying the findings to actual economic development will start soon. And then, if I had come earlier I might have been in for a scoop as it was in April, 1971 that the American Aeronautics and Space Administration carried out an aerial survey, using infra-red photography and remote sensing techniques for the first time over an entire country.

But even now I could see several international scientists in the prefabricated bungalows of the Project H.Q. in Kingston bent over glossy colour photographs that N.A.S.A. had supplied after completing its mission. There is still some controversy in science circles in regard to what infra-red can do that conventional photography or naked eye can't. Yet there seems to be a great deal of future for a technique which is based on registering thermal properties of objects in the form of colours. Each object receives its specific colouring on an infra-red snapshot, according to temperature. A field of potatoes infested with blight will have a different temperature and a different colouring from a healthy one. In this way diseases can be detected on plants and trees several months before the naked eye can spot a difference. Strictly in regard to water survey work infra-red photography has helped the scientists in Jamaica to uncover otherwise hidden discharges of water into the sea, thus making possible a more accurate assessment of groundwater stored in rock reservoirs, or aquifers, up and down the country. Computer models are used to establish future probabilities of groundwater levels.

'The main thing about modern science application in our work,' said David, a young Englishman attached to the Project, 'is that it saves time. This goes for computer techniques we are using—and for trips like this'. Our small helicopter buzzed gently first over the sprawling Kingston conurbation, then past green plains where sugar cane is growing and will soon be joined by other crops on irrigated land as Jamaica is diversifying farming, and finally up the mountain forests that make most of the island. A farmer complained of flooding in his fields. The helicopter trip helped David to discover the cause very quickly; it was silting of the river

at its mouth.

While displaying in good measure most of the problems that beset the developing world the Caribbean is yet in a class by itself, thanks to the fairly well developed infrastructure of roads, ports and public utilities, no less than because of its sophisticated, articulate élites. While the need for further development and improvement is scarcely less acute than elsewhere conditions for success of development projects are generally more favourable. Another important quality of life in the Caribbean lies in broadly based governments, in most cases democratically elected and enjoying the support of their charges in regard to many issues that might well be controversial in other developing regions of the world. All this makes the West Indies singularly suitable for projects of an experimental nature which, if successful, could then be attempted in less congenial circumstances.

A good illustration of this is the present effort which the U.N. agencies and departments have been putting into a two-year scheme in Jamaica to help improve the youth services and thus strike at the very root of political, economic and social problems in the islands. The unemployment or underemployment of young people is now a very common headache in the developing world, but youth camps as well as non-residential training centres and clubs already have considerable tradition in Jamaica that can mostly be traced to the mid-fifties and the initiatives of George Cadbury, world authority on youth problems and then U.N. economic adviser to the Jamaican Government.

The impact of the combined and concerted effort put in now by the I.L.O., F.A.O., U.N.E.S.C.O., U.N.I.C.E.F., U.N., U.N.D.P. and World Food Programme, in equipment as well as expertise, is quite unprecedented anywhere and should be particularly felt in youth camps in which boys aged between 15 and 20 learn useful trades during a period of 18 months. Girls stay at the camps for 12 months. While such skills as plumbing, motor repair work, cooking and waitering are learned, much attention is paid to general education and a sense of leadership and social responsibility. Considering that something like three-quarters of the children in Jamaica are born out of wedlock and have no settled homes, the stay in a youth camp can have very beneficial effects on the formation of character. It has been found that most of those who have been to youth camps eventually get jobs in the trades they had learned as campers —which, incidentally, proves the point that the problem in the Caribbean is not so much shortage of work as lack of skills. There are over 1,600 boys and girls in the youth camps in Jamaica at present. The figures should soon be doubled, with U.N. agencies playing a vital part in expansion and upgrading of camp training.

International assistance provided by U.N. agencies, including the World Bank and bilateral aid supplied to Commonwealth Caribbean by the U.S., Canada and Britain are vitally important in order to create a new and healthier economic climate in the region. The aid now rendered by western Governments is no doubt chiefly inspired by self-interest.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

QUARTERLY FICTION REVIEW

by Rosalind Wade

The Scandaroon. Henry Williamson. Macdonald. £1.95; *Falk*. Keith Hanks. Cassell. £2.40; *Hangover Square*. Patrick Hamilton. Constable. £1.90; *The Coming Out Party*. Glen Petrie. Macmillan. £2.25; *Shadow on the Wall*. Maureen Lawrence. Gollancz. £2.00; *The Song of a Wren*. H. E. Bates. Michael Joseph. £1.90; *Disraeli in Love*. Maurice Edelman. Collins. £2.00; *'G'*. John Berger. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £2.50.

Late in the summer season, notable for an array of eminently 'readable' novels, comes *The Scandaroon*, a new and welcome addition to Henry Williamson's series of 'nature' novels. This muted drama of a homing pigeon and the hawks who scheme to prey on it is in strong contrast to the sometimes over-amplified *Phillip Maddison* saga and marks a return in mood and content to the perenially popular *Tarka the Otter* and *Salar the Salmon;* but with this difference; *The Scandaroon* is equally a story about human beings. About these the reader might have wished to learn more. Peter, a sensitive and imaginative boy, is awaiting the result of an eye examination which will determine whether or not he is fit to enter the Navy. He has no mother and his father, a retired Admiral living in North Devon, though kindly in a brusque way, lacks the necessary intuition to soothe away the stress of adolescent anxiety.

Not surprisingly, the boy concentrates his emotions on the first symbol of freedom and adventure which engages his attention—the semi-wild homing pigeon. Much of his energy goes towards creating a dwelling place for the bird and, encouraged by the uncomplicated approach of the local residents, to imbuing his feathered pet with an almost human intelligence. Although the Admiral may lack *finesse* in handling his somewhat sickly off-spring he possesses sufficient good sense to engage for his son as confidant and mentor a young writer on holiday in the vicinity, recently demobilised after the first world war who, in the role of 'narrator', may be judged to some extent to speak with the voice of *The Scandaroon's* author. His spontaneous friendship for the sad, lonely child is completely innocent of sentimentality or over-involvement. This simple but unusual story is conveyed in economical, tautly disciplined prose to which the numerous line drawings by Ken Lilly are particularly appropriate.

To leave this uncomplicated kingdom of Nature, in which the onset of a storm or the progress from one season to the next are matters of supreme importance, for a world in which both natural and man-made laws have been ruthlessly set aside is a difficult transition. *Falk*, by Keith Hanks, provides yet another example of the proliferating prophesies about Britain after the abandonment of law and order. As a rule, such novels follow a pattern and bear little relation to probability, yet *Falk* is far too closely reasoned and documented to be dismissed as mere science fiction. The action takes place shortly after the democratically elected Government has been overthrown for its reactionary response to mounting violence and anarchy. The Prime Minister and the Royal family have fled to Paris, from whence comes an offer of 'aid'.

An emissary is dispatched to assess the priority needs of a country so totally devastated as to become a danger to neighbouring nations. These diplomatic overtures coincide with the spontaneous desire of the survivors of the holocaust to elect a Leader to rebuild an organised Society. Their choice falls on Falk. His superhuman yet misguided efforts to create the millenium he had once dreamed and written about end in disgrace and execution, as was indeed predictable. Confusion as to whether Falk was 'a man sent by God', or just an average woolly-minded idealist, and the somewhat rhetorical pronouncements on religious dogma are far less convincing than the practical consideration of a once civilised country bent on re-establishing itself. The unconnected, often melodramatic action-flashbacks tend to deflect the reader's attention from much that is real and frightening; yet vigour and shrewd documentation make this unusual first novel memorable.

To pass from *Falk* to a period when organised Society stood on the brink of catastrophe and somehow managed to draw back in the nick of time, provides a significant comparison. At a time when writing about the late 'thirties is fashionable it is interesting to come upon the genuine article. *Hangover Square,* by the late Patrick Hamilton, first published in 1941 and now re-issued with an introduction by J. B. Priestley, is much more than a mere curiosity piece.

George Bone, a habitual rather than a compulsive drinker, lives in a Private Hotel in Earls Court on a modest private stipend. His sole companions are the hotel cat and a raffish set of near-alcoholics who sponge on him. Most important of these is Netta, an out of work film actress who has fascinated George Bone to the point of obsession ever since he failed to achieve sexual mastery over her. So deep is his humiliation that his only hope of personal rehabilitation is to murder her and her lover, Peter. George Bone is a schizo-phrenic and his personality alters with each disconcerting 'click' of the brain. Nothing outstanding occurs while he plans the ultimate crime; a visit to Brighton for yet another 'booze-up'; walks along the wet and windy streets of Earls Court described in evocative, almost poetic prose; while throughout the *trivia* of meaningless daily routine his determination to kill Netta and Peter is so casually and humorously conveyed that it might well have been the jest of a disordered brain. Yet it is quite genuine and to the accompaniment of Neville Chamberlain's famous broadcast George Bone drowns Netta in her bath, clubs Peter to death and then gasses himself. How these three drifters, had they lived, would have come to terms with war-time London makes a fascinating speculation. The need to do so might have been their salvation.

Even people who are totally unfitted for the impact of total war on their lives are, as a rule, obliged to face up to normally unacceptable circumstances. For his second novel Glen Petrie explores this situation in relation to the outbreak of the first World War. His central characters are two school girls, Daphne and Susan, and Toby, brother of Susan. Understandably, the girls are absorbed with school girl 'crushes' and the prospect of 'coming-out' and early marriage. Much of this is conveyed in rather stilted, staccato dialogue and period slang. Susan is addressed affectionately by her brother as 'Sis', in a relationship so intense that it might well be incestuous. When War is declared Toby goes to the Front; Daphne, true to type, becomes a VAD in a nearby mansion while Susan elects to join a gang of female railway cleaners. The work itself and the minds of the workers are unrelievedly squalid. The sheer crudity and beastliness of the female 'gang' all but un-nerves Susan; yet she perseveres and eventually finds her own level. Not unexpectedly, in

the process she becomes a different person. When the War ends and her brother's death finally closes the chapter of her youth she is unable to take up her girlhood existence where it left off. Instead, an emotional casualty, she migrates to London and there indulges in casual intercourse with demobilised Army officers who are the merest birds of passage in her life. This is not really a satisfying or conclusive ending to a novel which rather frustratingly opens up more subtle and complex situations than are apparently within the author's terms of reference.

And perhaps much the same criticism could be levelled at *Shadow on the Wall* by Maureen Lawrence, written with the aid of an Arts Council grant, a somewhat disappointing successor to her award-winning first novel *The Tunnel,* for here again the promise of characterisation in depth is often unfulfilled. This may be due to a technical device of dealing separately with four different characters, Gladys, Maggie, Jacques and Arthur, in short recurring sections which do not necessarily link up together. Once again, this is mainly a family story and relations talking and thinking about each other are not at their most exciting! But setting aside the pervading 'greyness' of theme certain episodes stand out very well indeed, as for example Arthur's pitiably restricted existence in an 'Institution' and Marion's attempt to announce her unwanted pregnancy during an anniversary celebration.

Possibly the secret of writing about commonplace events in the lives of ordinary people lies in the art of selection. At this H. E. Bates excels. His new collection of short stories, *The Song of a Wren,* contains five pieces of varying length. The brief title story might be described as a duel between idealism and computerism. An elderly spinster remains isolated in a genial world of comradeship with tame birds, who cunningly differentiate between the fillings of the various sandwiches she sets out for them. To an opinion poll interviewer who calls to present her with a questionnaire she is merely an eccentric; yet she successfully confounds his rational arguments. But it is in a longer piece, *The Dam,* that H. E. Bates can be seen in his full stature as master of the short story. Here is a grippingly dramatic story, set against the beautifully conveyed background of Maggiore, of the reciprocal hatred of a mother and her illegitimate daughter. The casual attention of a chance acquaintance arouses an almost pathological mutual jealousy, which culminates in murder.

Sometimes a historical novel leaves the reader with a taste of disappointment because it deals solely with the isolated period in the life of a famous character. Maurice Edelman's *Disraeli in Love* is a case in point. Maurice Edelman, a novelist well known for his authentic political backgrounds and convincing portraits of imaginary politicians, has here elected to present as his theme the entry into the House of Commons of the young Disraeli. Disraeli did not need to struggle—except out of debt—in any material sense; for already he had achieved considerable success as a novelist; yet he needed all his inherited verve and audacity to storm the citadel of English insularity in order to gain his first foothold in parliament. Emotionally he was not deprived of self-expression. The novel opens with the aspiring politician in process of discarding his mistress in order to marry an heiress who would render him financially viable. Ironically, he abandoned this scheme and instead embarked upon a liaison with the wife of the Attorney-General, Sir Francis Sykes which, but for Sir Francis's involvement elsewhere, might well have ruined Disraeli's career almost before it had begun. Mention of the mature, wealthy woman who eventually became Mrs. Disraeli is minimal and it is a fortunate coincidence

that a comprehensive biography of 'Mrs. Dizzy' has recently been published. Inevitably, the reader of *Disraeli in Love* remains vaguely tantalised by the void which yawns between the young, talented go-getter and the veteran politician of popular fame dispensing Suez shares and the bounties of India. It is always difficult to convey a well known historical character subject to the inconsistencies and unexpected happenings of real life and not merely caught in the cross-fire of dramatic high-lights. In this Maurice Edelman is notably successful. Intimate detail about the young Disraeli ranges from the problems of adjusting his 'stays' before a sexual encounter to his method of preparing speeches. What also emerges with startling clarity is the degree of unrest in the country and the casual procedure of Parliament less than one hundred and fifty years ago.

Finally, a novel as different as possible from *Disraeli in Love*. *'G'*, by John Berger, is not confined to the limitations of an ordinary work of fiction but is used as a vehicle to convey the author's opinion on a wide variety of subjects. Placed in time at the turn of the century this strange, arresting story is unfolded through a succession of brief often unconnected sections which provide an irresistible illusion of movement and speed. 'G', the illegitimate child of an Italian father and English mother, is to some extent a symbolic figure, demonstrating the power of the procreative urge. If this were all, 'G' would be merely a patch-work of psychological theories. Fortunately, backing the abstract views is a gallery of reasonably credible people, true to their period and background: as, for example, Miss Helen, the governess whom 'G' adores from the age of five, and his grandmother, involved with the 'new' cause of Fabianism. As a child, 'G' spends much of his time with an adoptive family and while still a school-boy is seduced by his foster-mother. Later, he is taken to Italy to meet his real father at the time of the Italian uprisings and Garibaldi's entry into Naples. Inevitably, as with a man of his power and enterprise, 'G' becomes dangerously involved in politics and his life ends by assassination. If the reader is sometimes frustrated in an attempt to trace a coherent pattern, compensation is provided by John Berger's abundant energy and inventiveness, sufficient for half a dozen novels.

Also received

Josh Lawton. Mervyn Bragg. Secker and Warburg. £1.95. Mervyn Bragg, who has already received several Awards for his novels, has chosen to present as his hero a man who is almost too good to be true! Perhaps for this reason virtue fails to reward him and the progress of the plot is rather too obvious. Despite these disadvantages, set in an excellently conveyed Cumberland setting, there is much to enjoy in *Josh Lawton*.

A Cry of Absence. Madison Jones. Andre Deutsch. £2.10. This is a strongly plotted novel by the author of the successful film *I Walk the Line*, based on his novel, *An Exile*. *A Cry of Absence* concerns racial tension and conflict in a moderately sized American town and would probably be equally successful on the screen. The 'human angle' is provided by the affairs of Hester, a deserted wife with two young sons, one of whom becomes tragically involved in local riots. There is not much room for contrast or perspective in this claustrophobic story, the prototype of which can be seen in many parts of the world today, yet it is too topical and significant to be set aside.

Ivanhoe. Sir Walter Scott; *Treasure Island*. Robert Louis Stevenson; *Ben Hur*. Lew Wallace: Studio Vista Publishers. £2.50 each. Here are three beautifully produced re-issues of children's classics complete with maps, charts, full page illustrations and numerous line drawings, presenting not only the

original texts in unabridged form, but much additional information. Separately or as a series these books will make rewarding and instructive Christmas gifts for young people.

NON-FICTION

THE ESSENCE OF VICTORIANISM

Victoria and the Victorians. Herbert Tingsten. Allen and Unwin. £7.50.

Numerous books have been written on one or other aspect of Victorianism but there would appear to be no complete general history of the ideas implicit in the subject. While *Victoria and the Victorians* is a valuable attempt to meet this deficiency the author admits the extreme difficulty of recognising those ideas, distinctive traits, and qualities that may be said to constitute the essence of Victorianism. There have been conflicting theories and opinions as to its true nature: Lytton Strachey 'observed the age with a blend of condescension, irony, and affection ; others extol it for its stability and security ; finally there are those who seek to debunk the Victorians by unearthing secrets and peculiarities often of a distressing nature'. Dr. Tingsten discusses these varied attitudes ; he also has some very pertinent remarks about the British as a nation, and inasmuch as he is a foreigner those remarks have an added spice.

One outstanding feature of the book is its scope—so many aspects of the period are covered, often in considerable detail; moreover, the information both about the period and the personalities is right up to date. There has been such tremendous research on the Victorian period in recent years that many of our long cherished ideas have become outdated and outmoded, more especially with the appearance of new sources of information. To quote one example: the publication of the Millais Papers threw new light on the private life of Ruskin, causing recent biographers such as Peter Quennell to revise formerly held views. Similarly there are modifications of opinions on the Indian Mutiny particularly with regard to the Cawnpore Massacre as a result of research both by British and Indian historians. Such modifications, changes of front, and even reversal of viewpoints continue to increase.

The author begins his book with a discussion and assessment of the meaning of Victorianism, following this with an account of Victoria as a woman and a queen. He then proceeds to examine the trend of ideas in Victorian England with emphasis on Utilitarianism, parliamentary reform, laissez-faire and industrialism, colonial expansion and the empire builders, and a thorough resumé of the political theory of the age, not forgetting the law of Nature and the impact of Charles Darwin. Almost half the book is devoted to Men and Deeds and this is probably the most interesting part because it intensifies the process of debunking the Victorians. His appraisal of eminent Victorians is skilful and masterly, his selection of characters being made with a specific purpose in mind, namely, to exemplify those qualities characteristic of Victorianism. The Victorians are nowadays taken seriously, not ridiculed as a group of oddities ; indeed our attitude has become more one of nostalgia for a period that today appears to have been so much more stable and secure than our own with its violence, drug-taking, atom bombs, and the like.

After over 500 pages of careful narrative and shrewd character analysis Dr. Tingsten makes certain candid admissions. The Victorian Age produced many men of stature ; it saw great achievements in social and legislative

reforms, in intellectual and material advancement, and Britain did more to change the world than she has ever done before or since. Even though the Victorians left to succeeding generations a legacy of social and spiritual problems they found too baffling to solve, the author can still end his very entertaining book with these encouraging words: 'They have been called "giants with a limp", and lame giants the Victorians may well have been, but, limp and all, their strides were still the strides of giants'.

S. F. WOOLLEY

A NEW MUSICAL SURVEY

The Music Yearbook 1972-3. Edited by Arthur Jacobs. Macmillan. £4.95.

It is not usual for professional directories to be regarded as literature, nor would one expect to read a review of *The Law List* or *The Directory of Directors* in these columns. But this new venture by the publishers of *Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, although modestly describing itself as 'A survey and directory with statistics and reference articles' has turned out to be rather more than that nevertheless accurate statement of its contents.

The Directory, the last of the three parts into which the book is divided, need not concern us. Suffice it to say that it is comprehensive and useful, giving details of everything musical from Concert Promoters to Instrument Repairers, Critics to Translators, and has sections on Musical Education, Competitions, Libraries and Museums, and even a Gazetteer of British Organs. There is also a more condensed Overseas Directory.

But the first two parts, comprising a Survey and Statistics of 1971 and a Reference Section, plus an admirable essay on Ralph Vaughan Williams by Peter Porter, together with a discography of his work interpolated to celebrate the centenary of the composer's birth, are well worth the attention of the general music lover as much as the professional.

The Survey, under Arthur Jacobs' astute editorship, does not hesitate to offer criticism where the writer thinks it well founded, and contains an excellent analytical article by Professor Alan Peacock entitled *Money for Music* which not only breaks down the means by which music in this country is financed, but even has the audacity to suggest how it *should* be. The survey of the year in the Opera House, Concert Hall, Pop, Radio and Television and the Record Industry is presented in short, pithy articles which contain comment and wit as well as mere factual statement.

The Reference Section is fortunate in the writers the Editor has found at his disposal. There is a helpful essay *Towards Publication: Some Advice to the Young Composer* by Anthony Gilbert, himself not an old one. Lionel Salter, Assistant Controller of BBC Music has contributed an excellent article entitled *The BBC, the Musicians, and the Public*, which sets out the inter-relationship of these three with admirable clarity. There are chapters by Gordon Green, Sir Keith Falkner and Jack Brymer as to how the young musician should prepare for a career as a solo instrumentalist, solo singer, and orchestral player, and all three contain readable and worthwhile advice. Presumably this section of the book will not necessarily change its form and content from year to year: it would be a pity if it did.

It is clear that Arthur Jacobs has set out to make the Yearbook stimulating as well as informative, and he has succeeded. He perhaps wears his heart a little blatantly on his sleeve as to the performance of Opera in English, and as a working critic himself should beware of awarding prizes for 'Maximum critical incomprehensibility' to fellow critics—they might bite back. Neverthe-

less the achievement is a remarkable one, for this First Edition is informative, useful, and a constant pleasure to dip into. One hopes the series, published in collaboration with the National Music Council of Great Britain, will flourish.

DAVID FINGLETON

EARTH LORE

Philosophers of the Earth. Anne Chisholm. Sidgwick and Jackson. £2.50.

Only a few years ago hardly anyone apart from professional biologists had so much as heard of ecology. They defined it as the study of the relationship between living things and their environment, the surroundings that is to say in the midst of which they lived. Its components included air, water, temperature, soil, as well as other living things. That definition, so far as it goes, still stands today, and even biologists thought of the subject as little more than a department of their science.

Today they have begun to realise that it is nearer the truth to turn that statement the other way round, to say that biology is a department of ecology. It is becoming more difficult to explain what ecology is not than what it is, and it is already clear that the subject is not to be understood, which means that life itself and in particular human life is not to be understood, unless it enfolds all other sciences in a close embrace. In other words we are to think of it as the supreme unifying agency where science in general is concerned. Lewis Mumford goes even further than that, and on the title-page of *Philosophers of the Earth* this statement from his writings is printed as an epigraph: 'All thinking worthy of the name must now be ecological'.

Perhaps this is the most important revolution of modern times, and it gives us cause for alarm in the very recent realisation that the impact of human life on the agelong natural processes of the earth has brought us within sight of what may be final disaster. To be sure there is controversy. On the one hand we have the doomsters prophesying woe, adjuring us not so much to flee from the wrath to come, as to meet it half way. On the other hand there are those who would have us believe that though the situation is certainly serious we can trust technology which got us into this mess to get us out.

The literature of the subject is vast, and this means that we are deeply indebted to Anne Chisholm for introducing us so clearly and capably in this book to the thought and work of seventeen eminent ecologists in Europe and America. She talked to them with the sole object of persuading them to talk about themselves. The result is that we can now understand what ecology and concern for what we are doing to our environment really mean. We learn too that ecologist is a term with a wide range of meaning. There are men like Lewis Mumford, Rene Dubos, Kenneth Boulding and Frank Fraser Darling, truly philosophers of the earth in addition to being scientists. Rather different are the active and contentious publicists like Barry Commoner and Paul Ehrlich, in sharp contrast to men like Charles Elton, among the earliest of all ecologists, Kenneth Mellanby and Norman Moore, both of Monks Wood Research Station (itself the subject of a chapter) who shun the limelight, working unobtrusively away at laborious and detailed scientific projects.

Considerations of space forbid mentioning them all. Enough to say finally that every chapter is eminently readable and informative, and the book as a whole a noteworthy achievement.

LESLIE REID

ANECDOTES OF A PLANT HEALER

Of Men and Plants. Maurice Mességué. Translated by Pamela Swinglehurst. Weidenfeld & Nicolson. £3.25.

M. Mességué is the famous French phytotherapist who treats ills like rheumatism, asthma, eczema and sexual inadequacy with infusions, poultices, creams, hand and foot baths prepared from flowers, herbs and vegetables. This may sound a bit cranky but doesn't read so in this frank autobiography. He inherited the craft from his Gavarret, Gers, father and claims to use only plants his family has tested for generations. Basic preparations for chronic diseases are listed in an appendix.

The medicinal facts are agreeably spiced with stories of eminent people who have consulted him, starting with Admiral Darlan—for shoulder arthritis. His next notable was Mistinguett, treated for rheumatism for seven years, mainly with poultices on the kidney region. At 60—or 80?—he found her 'more beautiful than an eighteen-year-old' for 'beauty has nothing to do with age. As long as a woman arouses desire she remains beautiful . . .' She said she would pay him by giving him advice he could turn into gold for the rest of his life and dining with him at ritzy haunts like the Negresco, Nice—where he had once been kicked out for portering bags without a licence. 'Miss was good-hearted, even kind, so long as you didn't ask her to spend any money', he comments.

At Cap d'Ail he was summoned by Winston Churchill, well over 70, who said: 'I don't need any treatment, I'm never ill, but I thought we might have a little talk about . . . what to do if you want to live to a ripe old age'. As he coughed too much he agreed to be treated with a mixture including mallow and—violet, an addition that made him say, laughing: 'That's a flower that goes very well with my modesty!' When Mességué remarked that he didn't drink or smoke, ate sensibly, walked a lot, and urged Winston to follow suit, he retorted: 'I smoke, I drink, I never take any exercise, and my health's every bit as good as yours. You know why? The germs are either stupefied with sleep, asphyxiated by smoke or killed by alcohol.'

Prince Ali Khan, a prodigy of fast living, complained that he'd lost his appetite for lovemaking, though he was still operative. 'How many times a week?' Mességué asked. 'Three times a day regularly.' 'And always successfully?' 'Absolutely.' 'Then, Prince,' said Mességué, 'I should be consulting you!' and left.

Another prodigious liver—King Farouk, thirty, bald, obese—he not only treated but was treated in turn to an Arabian Nights entertainment, with velvet-eyed houris, white and black, assigned to him in the Koubban palace. Statesmen included Adenauer and Robert Schumann, who said: 'I have never been married, and I wear long underpants, as you'll be able to tell when you examine me . . . I married politics. Politics has been a real wife to me—demanding, often inconstant . . .' But the patient he most loved and admired was Jean Cocteau who 'made friends as others make love' and once said: 'I got the knack of "youth" fifty years ago—all it takes is to be constantly starting something.'

Mességué seems to make out a good case for the efficacy of his plants, especially when he is hauled into court for practising healing without being a doctor; but it is his anecdotes of men and women, and of his rise from humble origins, that will attract the general reader.

TREVOR ALLEN

NEW BOOKS OF POETRY

Celebrations. William Plomer. Jonathan Cape. £1.00.
Extravagaria. Pablo Neruda. Translation by Alastair Reid. Jonathan Cape. £3.50.
Passions and Ancient Days: 21 New Poems. C. P. Cavafy. Selected and translated by Edmund Keeley and George Savidis. Hogarth Press. £1.25.
Goldenhair and The Two Black Hawks. Sir John Waller, Bt. Salatticum Press. £1.00.
Journey Into Morning. D. J. Hall. Chatto & Windus: Hogarth Press. £1.50.
The Unquiet Tide. Alice V. Stuart. The Ramsay Head Press, Edinburgh. £1.25.
The City of White Stones. Dallas Kenmare. E. J. Burrow & Co., Cheltenham. £1.50.
And Suddenly, This. David H. W. Grubb. Driftwood Publications, 48 Middlesex Road, Bootle. £1.00.
Heartsease. May Griffith Edwards. The Mitre Press, 52 Lincoln's Inn Fields. 60p.

In mood and utterance William Plomer's new collection, *Celebrations*, claims a leading place among this year's offerings. In general, Dr. Plomer's work ranges from the gay and witty, laced with mordant social satire (as in his masterly 'Mews Flat Mona'), to the austere, almost olympian statement of what he has seen and felt and thought. In this book dignity and quietude dominate the verse, with only seldom a note of exultation sounding as in 'A Note from a Cello', celebrating the restoration of the Maltings at Aldeburgh after its destruction by fire:

> From a cello the bow
> Draws its hauntingest tone, confiding, profound;
> And immured in the bone the marrow responds
> To the endless, exploring inventions of sound.

In 'Theatre of Dreams' we meet Fear and Desire as two collaborating dramatists in a play without rehearsals:

> It's not just entertainment;
> the two dramatists, you understand,
> are dangerous prisoners, their plays
> a substitute for liberation.

In *Extravagaria*, a translation by Alastair Reid from the Spanish of the veteran Chilean Pablo Neruda's 1958 volume, we again recognise those elements of whimsy and fantasy which were welcomed in his 'Collected Poems'. In form he is one of the world's most spontaneously lyrical poets, reminding us at times of the songs of Carew and Ben Jonson and Rochester, but allowing for time and differences of metre. Like those poets he excels in uninhibited love of living. Easy attractive metaphors abound: in 'It happened in winter' we follow him into a deserted house where

> grey things fluttered about,
> mournful tired papers,
> wings of a dead onion

where

> One chair followed me
> like a poor lame horse,
> stripped of both tail and mane,
> with only three sad hoofs.

Another poet we meet in translation is the strangely gifted Greek, Constantine P. Cavafy, who died on his 70th birthday in April 1933. *Passions and Ancient Days* consists of twenty-one poems never previously published in English. His selectors and translators refer to 'the aesthetic perfectionism that apparently

made the poet reluctant to offer his poems publicly in permanent form throughout his life'. He must have been, and still is, the despair of bibliographers; and only time will decide whether his 'hellenistic' and 'too explicitly sexual' tendencies (to quote his translators) will diminish his stature in the eyes of posterity. In the present collection we find three historical poems, the 'Hamlet'-inspired 'King Claudius', 'The End of Antony' and 'Simeon' which must excite warm admiration.

To have Edmund Waller (1606-87) as a forbear is both a challenge and a handicap. We esteemed his descendant and our contemporary, Sir John Waller, Bt., as an artist of enviable accomplishment when he returned from North Africa in the mid-'forties with a garnering of poems which appeared in 'The Merry Ghosts', 'Fortunate Hamlet' and 'The Kiss of Stars'. In these collections he was a romantic formalist often using magical phrases. Mr. Tony Buzan's brief Foreword explains, with sad frankness, why Waller forsook poetry, 'only to resurrect himself some 30 years after the initial accolades'. If there is evidence of influence, he suggests, in the new slim book, 'as may be expected, it is Cavafy's'. It may be, in certain direct colloquialisms, but we would rather trace the influence of Chesterton in 'An Emblem for Richard Coeur de Lion' and 'Crusade: the Knight',

D. J. Hall's *Journey Into Morning* is a brave adventure in one long poem of 138 lines which gives a sprightly account of a Greek cruise on which the poet and his love, and a Greek girl courier and two argumentative dons get involved with classical gods and goddesses and other characters of the Greek mythology. Inevitably much arch instruction is imparted by the dons, but we are left rather sceptical and of the form taken to describe it.

The doyenne of Scotland's contemporary women poets, Alice V. Stuart, makes a welcome reappearance with her fourth collection of poetry in *The Unquiet Tide*. The title poem beautifully expresses an image of the moon standing still in heaven:

> Only, perhaps, with severing breath
> in the large benison of death
> shall my vexed heart, that unquiet tide
> stand silver-calm and sanctified.

By contrast a rich variety of subjects and treatments stress the joy of life, and the measure of Miss Stuart's response to fantasy is seen in two exquisite poems, 'Mermaid on the Beach at Sundown' and 'The Unicorn'.

Another woman poet of delicate vision and technical skill is Dallas Kenmare, whose studies of Browning and D. H. Lawrence are valued for their critical insight. She, too, is concerned with the tidal flow in life and metaphor. She has an acute perception of the visible world but dogged by questions that have no valid satisfying answer.

More contemporary in insight and verse structures is David H. W. Grubb whose *And Suddenly, This* ranges over a host of themes, a death from leukemia, the reality of imagination, an address to Jane Austen, bird and animal poems, a Spanish cemetery, poor Lazarus, and Seven Scenes for Paul Klee. He is a young poet with an expanding future.

Finally, a warm welcome to *Heartsease* by May Griffith Edwards. Her verse is impeccable in form, it is shrewd and convincing in simple statement, imbued with lofty ideals, and always easily coming to mind. The title poem states this author's aim and purpose:

> A poet's mission is to heal
> The broken heart, the open wound.

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

SHORTER REVIEWS AND NOTICES

Towards a New Ireland (Charles Knight, £2.50). This thoughtful study, published in London, by Garret FitzGerald is based largely upon the supposition that early this year leading Protestant political opinion in the North had become sufficiently disillusioned with Britain as to think in terms of the eventual political union of Ireland. The author is an Opposition leader in the Dail and is a lecturer in economics; he is a Roman Catholic with some Ulster Protestant relations. As such he is able to bring an unusual degree of detachment and of courage to a subject so fraught with prejudice. He thinks of federal unity in the long term, with meanwhile some form of elected coalition local government in the North. He discusses most angles on the issue of unity and sees the religious questions as the most difficult. He frankly acknowledges that Ireland must become a secular state. The special constitutional status of the Roman Catholic Church with its authoritative attitude on matters of public policy would have to go. Protestants, for example, cannot be expected to accept Catholic dominated schools or the standards of so-called 'moral' behaviour peculiar to Roman Catholics, but almost universally rejected by others. Mr. FitzGerald writes of a period of time 'during which the Catholic majority in the Republic give solid evidence of a willingness—even a determination — to ensure that legislation on sensitive matters would be along lines acceptable to the Protestant minority'. If the author is optimistic in thinking this sort of development possible, he is even more optimistic in assuming that the great majority of Ulster Protestants will ever agree under any terms to become part of a united Ireland. Mr. FitzGerald probably greatly underestimates the strength of the opposition to unity, and not only in religious terms. As a long term study the book ignores the current terrorism which in itself becomes an ever greater barrier to political unity. There is, of course, also the fact that the Northern Protestants, and maybe others as well, regard themselves as a people distinct from the South. Mr. FitzGerald touches on this, but fails to give it adequate weight.

Spectator of America (Victor Gollancz, £3.00). Early in 1862, Edward Dicey, the young Special Correspondent of *The Spectator* and *Macmillan's Magazine,* went to America to report on the Civil War. During the next six months, he filed a series of despatches remarkable for their perspicacity, description of the American scene and for his views upon the basic character of the struggle, very different from those common in Great Britain and from those then held among many Americans. In 1863, they were published in book form, *Six Months in the Federal States,* which became a source book for scholars. Now the distinguished American journalist and writer, Herbert Mitgang, has edited Dicey's despatches in a new volume, with an Introduction. Dicey, he writes, 'carried with him the powers of a magnifying camera-eye: he watched and listened with his mental shutter open almost all the way'. Dicey was a strong supporter of the North and an abolitionist. He appreciated even in 1862 that, behind all the constitutional issues and prejudice, slavery was becoming a basic issue, affecting almost every sphere of American development. On the other hand, he was a child of his age, regarding negroes as an inferior race, and holding a common view that the negro could not survive in the

colder climates of the North. In the South they would be likely to emigrate, and there would be no long term colour problem. Dicey conversed with many leading American figures, including Lincoln. Although greatly impressed by his appearance and manners, Dicey like so many others had only moderate regard for his capacity and leadership: 'when you have called the President "honest Abe Lincoln" . . . you have said a great deal, doubtless, but you have also said *all* that can be said in his favour. He works hard and does little'. Nonetheless Dicey could see below the surface of events the fundamental issues of the conflict with remarkable clarity, at a time of course when the result was in the balance. This is a compelling book in which the prose itself is a joy to read.

800,000,000: The Real China (Heinemann, £2.50). Ross Terrill, the Australian journalist and scholar, has made excellent use of his experiences and conclusions resulting from a massive journey of 7,000 miles inside Chinese territory. The result is one of the most revealing and penetrating accounts ever recorded of domestic and political life within Red China. Aspects of these range from comparatively light hearted visits to clay and plaster figure factory to a university to debate how science can best be taught following a drastic 'cut-back' of time allotted to the course. Ross Terrill reminds the reader that Mao wishes to be regarded as a 'teacher' and the chapter titled 'Education for the Revolution' underlines the immense influence the Chinese leader wields in this field. But the message of the book is far from being purely domestic and considers in considerable depth the basis of Chinese foreign policy and in particular an analysis of the Chinese attitude towards other races. What emerges is an impression of almost total control of a huge population by means of psychological conviction rather than 'police-state' methods—though these exist and can be called into immediate activity—thus providing the visitor with an impression of leniency and tolerance by comparison with European Communist standards of discipline.

The Myth of the Master Race: Alfred Rosenberg and the Nazi Ideology (Batsford, £3). This is an absorbing biography in which the author, Robert Cecil, traces the emergence and dominance of Rosenberg's Aryan racialism and violent anti-semitism as an essential part of the Nazi party and regime. It is, of course, the story of false history and bogus philosophy. In the author's view Hitler's own hatred of the Jews was not influenced by Rosenberg. 'Indeed, influence was probably exerted in the reverse direction.' Rosenberg, unlike many other Nazi leaders, was completely sincere in his theories of violent anti-semitism but, as Mr. Cecil points out, fortunately he had not the courage of his convictions. After being appointed by Hitler in 1941 as senior minister in charge of the occupied Russian territories, he made attempts to alleviate the excesses of Nazi policy against captured Russians and their property.

Many readers of the late E. E. Cummings's highly individual and idiosyncratic poetry will be glad to possess the **Selected Letters of E. E. Cummings** in the handsome volume edited by F. W. Dupee and George Stade (Andre Deutsch Ltd., £4.50). The 265 letters range from one written to his grandmother in 1899 (when he was five years old) to one to a woman correspondent in May 1962 four months before his death on September 3, 1962. Cummings's ways with punctuation, syntax, capitalisation and spacing are here in plenty, with representative wit and wisdom.

Contemporary Review

Founded 1866 incorporating The Fortnightly

November 1972 Vol. 221 No. 1282

EDUCATION FOR A MULTI-RACIAL BRITAIN

by Graham Davies

THE use of the word 'multi-racial' is a recent fashion. The fact that historically the population of Britain has been composed of a wide range of people of different cultural backgrounds never created the concern that the arrival of considerable numbers of non-white citizens from the new Commonwealth has done in recent years. The distinguishing feature of these new immigrants has been their colour: they are a minority recognisable at sight, regardless of whether they have become culturally assimilated or indeed whether they were in fact born in Britain. In the past, major immigrant groups have arrived in Britain, found acceptance and assimilation initially difficult but have within a generation become integrated, often to be replaced by another group of newcomers as an object of suspicion and prejudice. The latest newcomers to Britain will continue to be visually recognisable and potentially identified at times of stress as an alien element in our society.

The likelihood is therefore that colour prejudice will outlast other cultural and economic differences unless a particular effort is made to overcome this problem. The arrival of an alien minority in a community always presents a twofold problem. The adaptation of the newcomers to a new way of life, and the adjustment of the indigenous population to a new minority. In practice we have done much to help immigrant groups to adapt to new conditions with the provision of remedial language teaching and the development of new courses specifically aimed at the multi-racial school. Where we have shown less concern is in the education of the total population to an understanding and sympathy for a multi-racial society. It is in this field that action is required to ensure that future race relations can be based on both knowledge and respect for other races and cultures.

To suggest that this can be tackled by the schools may sound over optimistic. Both schools and teachers are products of contemporary society and both are subject to the prejudices and influences of that society. Equally, it would be misleading to overestimate the influence of the school in comparison to the family in the formation of values and attitudes. However, the school remains a major influence on the child and there is no reason to suppose that it has no role to play in the creation and transformation of social attitudes. It is one institution

among many, itself open to pressure and change, which significantly affects the preparation of children for their adult-role in society.

Of course, it may be objected that to link education and living in a multi-racial society in this way is to evade the main point. Many of the problems of immigrants are shared with all 'disadvantaged' people, regardless of colour. The roots of discrimination against coloured immigrants, it is argued, lie in the exploitation of the economic system. Prejudice is fostered by unemployment, bad housing and inequalities of wealth. The logic of this is that, given the disappearance of these social and economic evils, the issue of colour prejudice will fade away. To place a responsibility on the education system is to divert attention from necessary social action. It is certainly important to recognise that incidents of racial tension and violence have a strong social and economic dimension.

A fair economic system will be a necessary precondition of a creative multi-racial society. However much left-wing thinking, by concentrating on the economic causes of discrimination, underestimates the irrational nature of colour prejudice, the danger remains of communities, whether capitalist or communist, turning on easily recognisable minorities. Thus the need to act against colour prejudice simultaneously with action to solve economic problems is seen as a first priority. As a recent Fabian pamphlet stated:

> It is essential that the issue of colour prejudice is not forgotten or ignored as other cultural and economic differences disappear in subsequent generations. The irrationality and injustices of colour prejudice must be clearly defined and tackled as a disease which affects both the recipient and the germ-carrier, irrespective of the social and economic environment.

An immediate question is whether one can teach tolerance and respect. There is some evidence that direct attempts to teach race relations have tended to increase rather than reduce overt prejudice. To talk about education for a multi-racial Britain is not to suggest lessons on race relations and the advocacy of abstract tolerance but rather to point the need to look at the whole range of what is taught in schools and see if it is helping to prepare people for contemporary society. What is important is that the content of education—curricula, syllabuses, text books and all instructional material—should reflect a multi-racial society. To specify a distinct area of race relations as the School Council's now abandoned Race Kit would have done, or even to isolate the study of immigrant culture in specialised subjects such as 'Black Studies', may not be the best way to teach people the relative nature of their own culture or to acquire a respect for different societies. The problem of prejudice can most effectively be approached indirectly by ensuring that all subjects are taught from an awareness of the needs of a multi-racial community.

That this is not at present the case has been amply demonstrated in various surveys made recently of syllabuses and school text books. Our knowledge of what is happening in schools and colleges of education is disturbingly incomplete. However, a large quantity of criticism has emerged from recent studies of school text books used at present. The most recent survey of the research in this field will be found in a Fabian pamphlet,

Education for a Multi-Racial Britain.[1] This concludes that too many books reflecting the attitudes of past generations which are particularly biased towards a European viewpoint remain in print. Outdated colonial information and impressions are all too common. New books are more likely to be free of the cruder prejudiced statements but patronage and the white European viewpoint prevail. Bias can range from the crude: 'The natives, in fact, seem as destructive as the baboons, but it is very difficult to get them to change their habits' to the more subtle 'European labour is necessary for the more skilled jobs. Thousands of Africans do the heavy unskilled work' *(Mining in South Africa).*

Although various surveys have pointed to this failure in the education system to adapt to the demands of a multi-racial society, if change is to occur there must be both an awareness and a determination to act on the part of those within the education system. The publishers are often criticised for continuing to reprint outdated books and failing to provide sufficient relevant modern works. However there is a depressing quantity of evidence to sustain the publishers' claim that they are responding to the demands of the market. If schools don't ask for new books, publishers are unlikely to go to the trouble of producing them. In October 1971 the Parliamentary Working Group on Education for the Eradication of Colour Prejudice wrote to all Chief Education Officers asking them to consider the types of books in their schools, the information and the attitudes in them and the probable contribution of these to race prejudice in pupils. Just over 100 of 211 replied. Out of these only 10 clearly stated an awareness of biased text books and only 15 gave evidence of relevant action in terms of in-service training, courses on race relations, curriculum development or encouraging teachers to criticise books in use.

This lack of awareness of the need to prepare all pupils for a multi-racial society at a local level is paralleled at a national level. There is an absence of a firm national policy to reform the content of education to ensure its relevance to a multi-racial society. The lack of a stated duty by the Secretary of State in the Education Act to 'foster the recognition of the equal dignity of each individual irrespective of colour, race, creed or sex' is a further indication of the absence of firm direction at a national level. To be fair, the Labour Party's recent policy document states: 'We must provide education for a multi-cultural society and recognise the need to foster mutual tolerance, understanding and appreciation of different cultures'. This welcome statement of principle now needs bones. Unless it is decided how this can be put into effect, general statements of goodwill tend to be early victims of the administrative skills of civil servants.

But what bones are needed? First, we are scandalously ignorant about what goes on in schools and training colleges and about methods of teaching in this field. We need a great deal more information and research. The very word research makes one stop. The amount of energy being expended on research projects and the limited return, particularly in education research, is notorious. At a government level we have failed in many cases to find an effective relationship between research and policy

decision. In saying there needs to be more research in this field, one is asking for effective research, closely related to an intention to change things. The research effort must be co-ordinated to avoid waste and the Department of Education and Science as well as the Schools Council must take a leading part in it. A project at present planned to be undertaken by the National Foundation for Education Research into the content of the curriculum at secondary level will provide a contribution to this. Without a national awareness of the importance of the issue, however, its work may slip into another set of Curzon Street files.

But at the same time there is the question of local action. What happens in schools is not the private preserve of teachers and educational administrators. It is the concern of parents, school governors and managers. It will often be the local pressure group demanding action from the school that will have the most effect. The publishers will have to produce new schoolbooks, the examination boards new syllabuses and headmasters adopt new curricula if the customers demand it. The Liverpool Community Relations Council has recently set up a study group of local parents and teachers with the intention of looking at what is taught in the local schools. Increased local awareness and concern of this sort remain one of the most effective agencies for change.

Colleges and universities also need to be considered. On a broader front, educational influences like television are relevant. The need to consider these has been accentuated by the recent decision by the Ugandan authorities to expel those Asians without Ugandan citizenship. The response of certain elements in our society to the government's determination to acknowledge Britain's legal responsibilities has perhaps reminded people of the need to act against colour prejudice, not hope that it will merely pass away. The Fabian pamphlet referred to earlier earned the doubtful honour of a leader in the *Daily Telegraph* castigating 'Fabian Racial Fantasies'. The following day came reports of serious racial violence in Liverpool. There were economic and social reasons behind these disturbances but of the factors involved one was colour prejudice. In circumstances of stress the immediately identifiable minority could be turned upon. Unless we seriously plan for the future, use all the means at our disposal to prepare people to live in a mutually dependent community containing people of different races and colours, we shall have little reason to be optimistic about that future.

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[1] *Education for a Multi-Racial Britain* (Fabian Research Series No. 303, 20p). From The Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth Street, London, S.W.1.

[Graham Davies is Hon. Secretary to the Parliamentary Working Group on Education for the Eradication of Colour Prejudice.]

HAS OPERA A FUTURE?

by David Fingleton

IN the arts today one of the more fashionable attitudes is that Opera is a dying form, that it is irrelevant to the cultural needs of society, and that if it does persevere it should do so as a museum piece, not at national expense, but through the financial support of the moneyed classes who attend it, not, it is alleged, in order to appreciate the music so much as each other.

It could not for one moment be denied that opera over the next decade will face difficulties, nor that some companies may well fail, and see their houses become cinemas, casinos, or even national museums. Still less could it be argued that the problem of writing relevant, meaningful and rewarding opera today has yet been solved. Nevertheless, having for some time now attended opera in this country at least half a dozen times a month, as well as visiting Houses in Europe and the United States, I would maintain that in Britain opera has seldom been better patronised by a wider cross-section of the community, has rarely evoked more interest in its progress, and, despite financial problems, has never, at any time during the present century, had better cause for optimism.

We must inspect the evidence upon which this arguably over-confident assertion is based, but I would first advance three specific instances that support my proposition. On March 16 this year Sadler's Wells Opera—soon possibly, and hopefully, to be renamed The National Opera Company—were in the last fortnight of their season at the London Coliseum, before splitting into two companies and advancing into the provinces on tour with a repertory of eleven operas. That night in London they presented the last performance of Mozart's *Seraglio* in John Copley's production before it was packed up and taken to Bristol, Manchester, Leeds and Edinburgh. It was conducted by one of the Music Staff, John Wilks, and Valerie Masterson stepped in at short notice for an indisposed Lois McDonall as Constanze.

One might have expected a lacklustre performance to a half-empty and inattentive house. One would have been entirely wrong. The theatre was packed, many of the audience were young, the atmosphere was happy and utterly absorbed, and the performance had all the polish and sparkle of total commitment. The feeling prevailed that many that night had never seen a Mozart opera before and were rejoicing in the opportunity to enjoy not only the music, but the comedy and drama, well enunciated in a language they understood. At last, one felt, England had achieved a People's Opera.

At the end of their season this summer at The Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, Peter Maxwell Davies' new opera *Taverner* was given four performances. Assisted no doubt by a gamut of interviews, features and analyses in the Press and Broadcasting media, it played to virtually full

houses throughout. This despite having a complex libretto on a philosophical-religious theme, and music which, though admirably performed, could in no way be described as instantly approachable.

At Glyndebourne this summer Raymond Leppard presented his realisation of Monteverdi's magnificent *Ritorno d'Ulisse* in an unforgettably beautiful production by Peter Hall, designed by John Bury. Naturally it sold out at Glyndebourne. What was more astonishing was that during the BBC *Proms* Season this seventeenth century masterpiece was given by the same performers in concert version at the Royal Albert Hall, and not only was the hall filled to its 6,000 capacity but the BBC later revealed that it had enjoyed one of the largest radio audiences of the entire *Proms* Season—some two million listeners. Opera dying? Hardly.

In this country there are at present five major professional companies: The Royal Opera, Sadler's Wells Opera, Glyndebourne Festival Opera, and the Scottish and Welsh National Operas. Of these all but the Royal Opera tour at some stage of the year, and between the five companies, some 75 operas are mounted annually—not necessarily all different works: inevitably, though sometimes, one feels, unnecessarily, there is duplication of repertoires in the course of a season. In addition to these five, there are approximately ten smaller companies, all of whom tour, and the graduate students of the London Opera Centre give a twice yearly season at Sadler's Wells Theatre. The Camden Festival presents some three or four 'off-beat' operas in London every spring, and Miss Denny Dayviss promotes about the same number of lesser known Italian works in concert performance, usually with at least one big 'star' in each. Finally there is the BBC who on television present outside broadcasts from the various major houses, and studio productions of their own, and on radio give live broadcasts, and annually about a dozen studio recordings of more esoteric operas unlikely to receive staged performances. Thus in the course of a year the fanatic, had he the stamina to do so, could hope to hear well over 100 different operas in this country.

The Arts Council, and for Scottish Opera the Scottish Arts Council, give substantial support. Thus annually Covent Garden receives something over £1,500,000, which includes the grant for ballet, and Sadler's Wells about £800,000, to include their tours. Glyndebourne relies upon private support for the Festival season in Sussex, and receives a smallish grant to assist its autumn tour. Despite this public support, all the Companies, predictably, suffer financial difficulties. As Lord Harewood, the new Managing Director of Sadler's Wells Opera, says 'Given another £250,000 today, I could place it all within a month'. He also feels that Dalton's action when Chancellor of the Exchequer over 20 years ago in removing tax concessions for commercial donations to the arts was a great tragedy, and that the reintroduction of this concession could have a heartening effect upon our operatic scene. But fundamentally he believes in public, rather than private, subsidy for a national opera company.

This raises the question of which is our National Opera, Covent Garden, Sadler's Wells, or both. It depends on what one regards as the necessary

qualities for a National opera. In the hands of Sir David Webster and Sir Georg Solti the Royal Opera at Covent Garden attained a level of prestige and artistic achievement which had hitherto been undreamed of in this country. Certainly by the time their regime ended with Webster's retirement two years ago, and Solti's last year, there were few who disputed the Royal Opera's status as a great international Opera House. Whether it had also become our national opera is perhaps more debatable. Throughout the last decade a curious dichotomy has existed at Covent Garden. On the one hand there have been glossy productions with even glossier international casts, performing, often superlatively, the standard operatic repertoire in the original language. At the same time there has been commendable encouragement for living British composers with performances, usually of a high standard, of the works of Britten, Tippett, Searle, Richard Rodney Bennett, and Peter Maxwell Davies. Yet contemporary foreign opera by Henze, Ginastera, Dallapiccola and Zimmermann, to name but a few, has been entirely neglected.

It is obviously desirable that the British public should have the opportunity to hear the greatest singers in the world, and that some operas should be performed in their original language. On the other hand, is there really anything to be said for an English speaking cast singing Debussy's *Pelléas and Melisande* in French, or another such cast learning the Russian text of *Boris Godunov* phonetically to support Boris Christoff, who does not sing in English? When the new regime began in 1970 Colin Davis was to be Musical Director, and Peter Hall was in charge of Production. Hall gave us a remarkable *Knot Garden*, a most sensitive *Eugène Onegin*, and an eye-opening *Tristan und Isolde*, and then resigned before his contract actually began.

His official reason was that he could not achieve what he wanted in the time he had available. It is also thought that he was unhappy about the amount of time to be allotted in the future to rehearsing revivals of his carefully worked-out productions; and that the policy of original language willy-nilly had sabotaged his plan to produce Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro* in English so that for once the whole audience could appreciate the subtlety of Da Ponte's libretto from Beaumarchais' revolutionary play. Thus John Tooley, the new General Administrator, and Colin Davis were left without their Director of Productions, and so we still have the dichotomy. In the coming season 25 operas are to be performed, of which all but Berlioz' *Trojans* and Alban Berg's *Wozzeck* will be in their original language. The new productions are Donizetti's *Don Pasquale*, Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, Britten's *Owen Wingrave* — originally seen on television — and *Carmen*, produced at colossal expense by Franco Zeffirelli, conducted by Solti, with Shirley Verrett as Carmen and Placido Domingo as Don José. For *Carmen* best seats will certainly exceed £8, the house will be full, and the performances will no doubt be great musical, as well as social, occasions. But will they be relevant to a state-subsidised national opera house?

For prior to *Carmen* in July next we shall have seen routine revivals of

elderly productions of *Tosca, Madam Butterfly, Rigoletto, Il Trovatore* and *Aida,* as well as *Così Fan Tutte* for the third season running. Admittedly we will also have the opportunity to hear Birgit Nilsson's Fidelio, Joan Sutherland's Lucia di Lammermoor, as well as Leontyne Price's Aida and Carlo Bergonzi's Cavaradossi. But good seats for all these will be in the £5 - £8 range, and in some cases one might derive as much musical satisfaction from the appropriate gramophone recordings. Against this the only British operas to be performed are *Taverner, Knot Garden,* and *Owen Wingrave,* and the only other twentieth century works Richard Strauss' *Arabella* and Berg's *Wozzeck*—both hardly *avant-garde.*

The Midland Bank has just undertaken the sponsorship of the Royal Opera in 'Prom' performances of *The Trojans* and *Taverner,* with the stalls seats removed to make way for the 'Prommers'. An admirable scheme, but would not the Midland Bank and other commercial institutions be better engaged in supporting the normal Covent Garden season? After all, it is they and their customers who buy the best seats, whilst the so-called subsidised general public can seldom afford better than balcony stalls or amphitheatre if they have the luck to procure them. The Royal Opera today has to meet half its expenditure out of box office receipts, and attendances run at just over 90 per cent; scarcely a situation which encourages the taking of risks. If financial support was not limited to the Arts Council grant, and there was some measure of tax relief to such institutions as contributed, the Royal Opera could happily continue as our prestige International Opera House. They might also become our operatic archives, but at least could shed the burden of having to pretend that they were our National, yet expensive and non-touring, Opera.

In 1968 Stephen Arlen took the risk of moving Sadler's Wells Opera from the relatively small theatre in Islington to the Coliseum, seating 2,350 people, in London's West End. Many thought he was doomed to failure. The first two seasons had more downs than ups and thus initially it seemed that the critics were right and the Company's resources would be unable to cope. Sadly, Arlen died at the beginning of this year, just as the full significance of his achievement was being acknowledged. On May 1 Lord Harewood, with previous experience at Covent Garden and the Edinburgh Festival, took up the reins as his successor.

In a recent interview Lord Harewood described Stephen Arlen's decision to move to the Coliseum as 'an enormous and justified act of faith, without which we would still be marking time'. Certainly one would be pushed to suggest that the Sadler's Wells Company was marking time at the Coliseum now. This season will see, with *Siegfried,* the completion of the English Ring Cycle in Andrew Porter's supremely lucid and intelligent translation, conducted by Reginald Goodall. The *Ring* has produced three international 'stars' from within the Company: Rita Hunter, Alberto Remedios and Norman Bailey, and is on an artistic level inconceivable at Rosebery Avenue. Over the last couple of years there have been stimulating new productions of *Carmen,* Monteverdi's *Coronation of Poppaea,* with Janet Baker, Offenbach's *Tales of Hoffman,* Wagner's

Lohengrin, Mozart's *Seraglio* and Bartok's *Bluebeard's Castle*. This season has already given us a resplendent *Il Trovatore* with Rita Hunter as a matchless Leonora; and Prokofiev's final great work, *War And Peace*, has received its first full staging in this country.

Under the committed musical direction of Charles Mackerras the orchestra is producing playing of extraordinary polish, and the chorus has been considerably strengthened. It has now become rare to hear any major role in a repertory performance weakly sung. As Harewood says, 'National standards need not be lower than international, and our job here is to ensure that they are not'. He takes the view that Sadler's Wells have three built-in advantages at the Coliseum: (1) with the top priced seat £2.40—£3 for The Ring—and the Balcony at 50p there is nobody who cannot afford to come to the opera of his choice; (2) with so large a theatre, people feel they will be able to obtain seats for any performance, and thus are encouraged to do so; (3) with last season's overall attendances averaging just under 80 per cent, there is not only room for improvement in the figures, but when even a double bill of Bartok and Stravinsky draws 1,750 people a performance, and Janacek's *Makropulos Case* 1,200 people, there is scope to take artistic risks. Thus if *War and Peace* achieves 70 per cent houses, it will have justified itself.

Lord Harewood told me he would like to see an injection of foreign singers, prepared to sing in English, to broaden the Company's strength. The present all-British policy is no more than union-backed custom. He would welcome more money being made available so that good British singers are encouraged to consider the Coliseum as their base: 'It's really only singers and the number and scale of new productions that are negotiable—the rest is constant'. But it is sad to see a Sadler's Wells singer achieve recognition and then promptly fly away to the international circuit for purely financial reasons. On the other hand, if Sadler's Wells is to be our national opera, then clearly it should continue to perform its repertoire in English — much is gained in comprehension, little lost in euphony.

Over the next five years Lord Harewood hopes to see more new English operas performed at the Coliseum—at least one a season. Two are already commissioned and several more projected. He would also like to include some contemporary European work in the repertoire. He hopes that audiences will come to trust the Company to the extent of being prepared to risk buying a seat for a work they have never heard, on the basis that it has been selected as worthwhile, and will be sufficiently well performed to prove a rewarding experience. Once he has achieved that measure of faith from the public, he feels, the Company will be able to expand and take the kind of aesthetic risks that might prove fatal at present.

There is thus ample opportunity, and even if Lord Harewood feels 'we cannot pretend that any British Opera Company is as enterprising as a good standard German Company', there nevertheless seems every reason for optimism.

CHARLES KINGSLEY AT EVERSLEY (I)

by A. L. Rowse

I LEFT Oxford for my week-end in Sussex with a day in hand; but, far from well, I was loth to set out and spent half the morning in bed, weak from a chill and (perhaps) overwork. At noon I struggled up and took the road south, till I reached the fir-woods and heaths of Surrey, and suddenly saw 'Eversley' on a sign-post. I had long wanted to see it, out of childhood memories of Kingsley — I used to read him in the 'Eversley' edition. I knew he had spent much of his life there. Here was my chance — a whole day in hand, as rarely.

I took the turning west through the militarised woods. I followed the signposts, but somehow the place eluded me. Round in a circle I went, back over my tracks — no village; humiliated, I had to ask for the church — and after a bit, there it was, tucked away in a corner of the parish, hardly visible from anywhere. I pulled up at a spot opposite his churchyard gate, the same yews overhanging it, a very old laburnum perhaps planted by him, out in flower still, this belated inclement summer, more like spring. A spring shower pattered down on the car, followed by a burst of sun; unpacking my picnic sandwiches, I knew I had done the right thing to set out. I was alone; I was happy.

All was as one could have wished it to be—the scene unchanged, just as he had known it, who made the place famous, made it a household word in his time. Such is the power of genius, the faculty of bringing a place alive in people's minds, leaving the impress of their personality upon it so that it goes on after them. There was the cosy little Georgian church, blue and red brick, squat tower and thick pinnacles; a pretty eighteenth century house on the other side of the churchyard; Kingsley's Rectory down the lane to the south, a timber-frame seventeenth century house, added on to by the Georgians and again by the Victorians, two recognisable bay windows up the lawn so familiar from his books.

This part of the house, the study window where he did all that writing — a good deal of it dictated to the faithful Fanny as he strode restlessly up and down—looks out on the self-sown Scotch firs that are such a feature of this sandy countryside. The old wing faces the lane that peters out into a track through the woods to Bramshill. Yews again at the bottom entrance, guarding coach-house and stables—stabling for the hunter he never kept. A pleasant place for writing, drowned in birdsong, with leafy country all about, hursts and holts, once all forest country. There is only a sunk fence between Rectory lawn and lane, for anyone coming to see the incumbent. Towards the end so many visitors came from afar to Sunday church, to hear him preach, that he had to have a back gate made in the churchyard wall to get home unscathed. Otherwise, there was the front path from Rectory to church through a little tunnel of hollies.

I trespass down it, to visualise the view he had while he did his writing:

a Wellingtonia rears up in the churchyard, another on the wooded knoll the Rector could see rising above the ploughed field across the way. It was all his glebe in those days: perhaps up there was the Mount where he built the hut on the edge of the woodland for the children to play in, where he told them the stories that went into his books. All round the birds are busy, scampering about, peeping in at my window; a blackbird sings a long aria as I write, and departs. There are sulky spring-like bursts of rain, sun, clouds, birdsong; ahead, up over the slope to the west, the spired conifers of Bramshill Forest.

Kingsley loved this countryside, 'rich, but not exciting', from the first; he came here as a curate of twenty-three in 1842, little thinking he would spend the rest of his life, thirty-three years, here. Then the parish was mostly commons, with a scattered population in three small hamlets—no wonder I couldn't find its centre—surrounded by moorland with copses of Scotch firs. The local tradition was that they had been introduced by Scotch James I, when splendid Bramshill was acquired for Prince Henry. Kingsley loved them; there were three on his lawn in his time. 'The ground slopes upward from the windows to a sunk fence and road, and then rises in the furze hill in the drawing [he drew a sketch], perfectly beautiful in light and shade and colour. Behind the acacia on the lawn you get the first glimpse of the fir-forests and moors, of which five-sixths of my parish consist. Those delicious self-sown firs! Every step I wander they whisper to me of you, the delicious past melting into the more delicious future. I went the other day to Bramshill Park, the home of the *seigneur du pays* here, Sir John Cope. And there I saw the very tree where an ancestor of mine, Archbishop Abbot, shot the keeper by accident!'

In Kingsley's time there was plenty of shooting and poaching and snaring still; the parish was on the borders of Old Windsor Forest and ancient men could remember taking many a stray royal deer in the winter turnip-fields, or with an apple-baited hook on a bough. The old women remembered muffs and tippets of pheasants' feathers; plenty of fish in the streams, when people were fewer, plenty of hare to snare. And there were gipsies on the moors. Kingsley fell in love with the place; on a hot summer's day 'I have been passing the morning in a lonely woodland bath—a little stream that trickles off the moor—with the hum of bees and the sleepy song of birds around me, and the feeling of the density of life in myriads of insects and flowers, drinking in all the forms of beauty which lie in the leaves and pebbles and mossy nooks of damp tree-roots, and all the lowly intricacies of nature which no-one stoops to see'.

Others too appreciated its beauty; there was the young officer from nearby Sandhurst, to whom Kingsley confided that, a mere curate, he never would be able to marry. It was a lovely afternoon in the autumn—passing through the corn in sheaf, the bells ringing and people, young and old, gathering near the church. Looking down on the Rectory-house, he said: 'How hard it is to go through life without wishing for the goods of others:

look at the Rectory! Oh, if I were there with a wife, how happy, etc.'. The very next year the squire of Bramshill presented him to the living: Kingsley was able to marry his Cornish wife, Fanny Grenfell, and live happily ever after in the Rectory.

In the parish all was to do: the church empty, services often put off, the place in disrepair; sheep cropped the churchyard; housing pretty appalling, no sanitation, low-lying places subject to 'low fever'; no school, few parishioners could read or write. Kingsley set to with all his energy: an adult school in the Rectory three nights a week, Sunday school, cottage lectures, a lending library; a shoe club, coal club, maternity club; regular visiting all round the scattered parish. The face of things was changed within a few years, though by 1848 the young parson was so worn down that he had to take a curate—and pay his salary. He was actually as much of a squire as a parson; what gave him authority was his personal quality: 'he could swing a flail with the threshers in the barn, turn his swathe with the mowers in the meadow, pitch hay with the haymakers. From knowing every fox earth on the moor, the "reedy hover" of the pike, the still hole where the chub lay, he had always a word in sympathy for the huntsman or the old poacher. With the farmer he discussed the rotation of crops, and with the labourer the science of hedging and ditching.'

The descendant of squires—his father had been a young hunting squire in the New Forest when he lost his estate and took to the Church—Kingsley was just the man for a country living. As a bishop he would have been wasted on confirmations, or as an archdeacon on dilapidations. Eversley gave him the right background and base for the extraordinary width and range of his work, gave him the peace and quiet for his writing, for all that he overworked himself in the parish, as he did with everything he touched. A clue to him is the intensity of his temperament, the vehemence 'hitting out right and left', as he said; or again, 'my business is attack, not defence'. Then, too, there was his extreme sensitiveness, especially to suffering—and a parson's life exposed him to a great deal. This combination, vehemence and sensitiveness, involved him in many troubles and much controversy—he certainly was not cautious in what he said, never a humbug, though a quintessential Victorian. Vulnerable and often wounded, he had indefeasible courage; he liked soldiers, and went soldiering on. Though regarded as the embodiment of 'muscular Christianity', he really exemplified the Church Militant. Matthew Arnold, a cool customer himself, recognised in him 'the most generous man I have ever known'.

His public life and work are not my subject here, but one should make clear why he was such a controversial figure. At the time of the Chartist agitation, he came out as a Christian Socialist; he risked his future career by speaking out for the labouring classes, exposing the appalling condition of their slums, the breeding-ground of cholera, typhoid, the diseases which the Victorians in general regarded as 'afflictions', sent from above. Kingsley could not bear this wicked nonsense, nor the churchmen who preached it. His heart bled for the agricultural poor, whose lot he knew intimately. He advocated the cause of the people in his pamphlets as

'Parson Lot', some of which became notorious, such as 'Cheap Clothes and Nasty'. He hated the dominant school of *laissez-faire* Manchester economists, with their shocking assumption that things righted themselves. A man of imagination and sympathy, he knew that they did not.

He was never forgiven by the dominant Victorian middle-class for this; even at the end, when regarded as a luminary of the age, *The Times* and leading newspapers regarded his earlier radicalism as an aberration. But he was not wrong. His life-long campaign for sanitary reform—the great reformer Chadwick was one of the many guests at hospitable Eversley—was of crucial importance for the health of the people. Disraeli could laugh at it with '*Sanitas sanitatum*: all is sanitation'; but Kingsley's work saved lives. And so with others of his campaigns which aroused controversy. Kingsley was not afraid to put his finger on the reason why England was so backward over education—simply because of the idiotic dissension between the religious sects, Church and Nonconformity. He was with John Stuart Mill over Women's Suffrage, and so on. We must say that, by and large, he was right.

The truth about him was that he was really a Tory Radical. He believed in Church, gentry and working men pulling together; he did not like middle-class shopkeepers and Manchester Liberals—types like John Bright. (I don't like them myself—though the world is theirs today—and look all round us!) Even in the historic controversy with Newman, in which Kingsley is generally thought to have been worsted, there was much more to be said for him than he said for himself. 'What then *did* Dr. Newman mean?' In any case, it is fairly clear, with the practical life's work he devoted to others, that as a practising Christian the country parson did far more good than the Oxford intellectual on his way to becoming a Cardinal.

On the personal side, Kingsley was a romantic; of course, he was naif, always a boy at heart. He was attacked by the insufferable economist, W. R. Greg, for his 'pre-occupation with sex'! This dreadful man could attack even Mrs. Gaskell for her *Mary Barton*, and *Lizzie Leigh*, harmless enough in all conscience. One sees what sensitive writers had to put up with from these *laissez-faire* economists. Several eminent Victorians objected to Kingsley's perfectly natural acceptance of the facts of life, in man and nature. He was a simple heterosexual who thought marriage the end and aim of man, an actual 'paradise' to enjoy. No idea of any alternative modes of expression. This was very un-Oxonian of him; instinct may have added another element to his antipathy to Newman, Hurrell Froude, or a Gerard Hopkins, with their more refined response to their own sex. But perhaps Kingsley was not so naif after all—he sensed the element of 'effeminacy', as well as that Newman had a very ambivalent sense of truth.

Back to family life at Eversley, once Fanny had extricated him from the Chartist associations she disapproved. (Ironically, Kingsley had converted the atheist Thomas Cooper to being a Christian.) As with other Victorian ladies Fanny's secret weapon was ill-health: it was she who

had the nervous breakdown after the Chartist experience, which necessitated their retreat to Devon. Meanwhile, what happened to the workers' associations was what might have been expected. Tom Hughes—who could ill afford to lose money, while other idealistic supporters lost many thousands—wrote later, 'we had thought when the pick of the artisans of England had come into association, we should have great examples to hold up to our tailors and cobblers, who seemed never able to get through a month without a crisis. We found the engineers at least as jealous of each other, as difficult to manage, as ready to shirk work, as their humbler brethren in comparatively unskilled trades.'

Of course, Q.E.D. Doesn't that strike a familiar note today?

Kingsley was regarded by dear muddle-headed Tom Hughes as a 'renegade from socialism'. Parson Lot replied, 'if I have held back from the Socialist movement, it has been because I have seen that the world was not going to be set right in any such rose-pink way'. This was in 1855. By then they had seen the roseate hopes of the Revolution of 1848 eventuate in the shoddy dictatorship of Napoleon III, just as we have seen the infantile hopes of the Russian Revolution of 1917 take the sinister shape of Stalin's Russia.

NOTE: Parts II and III of *Kingsley at Eversley* will be published in the December and January issues.

[Dr. Rowse's most recent publications include *The Elizabethan Renaissance; the Cultural Achievement* (Macmillan, £3.95) and *The Tower of London in the History of the Nation* (Weidenfeld and Nicolson, £3.25).]

THE IDENTITY OF JACK THE RIPPER

by Richard Whittington-Egan

BETWEEN August 31 and November 9, 1888, throughout what has been somewhat picturesquely described as an 'autumn of terror', some person or persons unknown murdered and most grotesquely mutilated five prostitutes in the East End of London.

The commission of those crimes has been popularly attributed to a single individual whose true identity has been masked behind the *nom de meurtre* of Jack the Ripper. Although eighty-four years have elapsed, the interest in speculating as to the identity of Jack the Ripper far from diminishing appears to have increased, and the putative identities of the killer to have multiplied.

Two new books, *Jack the Ripper* by Daniel Farson (Michael Joseph, £2.25) and *Clarence* by Michael Harrison (W. H. Allen, £3.50), reach certain conclusions which merit careful examination against the accumulation of background data. The purpose of the present account is to assay the possibilities and assess the probabilities in relation to these and the various other candidates who have been put forward. It is not proposed to enter here into a detailed account of the crimes themselves, for they are well documented in a considerable number of works which are easily available for consultation, but it will be useful to list the dates, the names of the victims and the locations of the killings.

Friday, August 31st, 1888. Mary Ann Nicholls. Bucks Row.
Saturday, September 8th, 1888. Annie Chapman. Hanbury Street.
Sunday, September 30th, 1888. Elizabeth Stride. Berner Street.
Sunday, September 30th, 1888. Catherine Eddowes. Mitre Square.
Friday, November 9th, 1888. Mary Jane Kelly. Miller's Court, Dorset Street.

There are, however, criminological writers who would extend that list to include:

Monday, April 23rd, 1888. Emma Elizabeth Smith. Osborn Street.
Tuesday, August 7th, 1888. Martha Turner or Tabram. George Yard Buildings.
Wednesday, July 17th, 1889. Alice McKenzie. Castle Alley.
Friday, February 13th, 1891. Frances Coles. Swallow Gardens.

In the opinion of the majority of those who have made a study of the Ripper series, these additional four murders may, with the possible exception of that of Martha Turner or Tabram, be excluded.

So bewildering is the multiplicity of suspects, that it is difficult to know precisely where to begin, but common-sense suggests that the proper point of departure must be with the official, that is to say the police authorities' nominations, and that the evidence of contemporary investigators should be taken first.

In the year 1888, the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police was Sir Charles Warren. His grandson, Mr. Watkin W. Williams, author of *The Life of General Sir Charles Warren* (Blackwell, 1941), has said: 'I cannot recall that my grandfather . . . ever stated in writing his personal views on the identity of Jack the Ripper. It was a subject about which he

very seldom spoke. My impression is that he believed the murderer to be a sex maniac who committed suicide after the Miller's Court murder—possibly the young doctor whose body was found in the Thames on December 31, 1888.' Reference to this possibility is made in *Autumn of Terror*, Tom Cullen (The Bodley Head, 1941).

The Assistant Commissioner was Sir Robert Anderson. Sir Robert published a volume of his memoirs in 1910, *The Lighter Side of My Official Life* (Hodder & Stoughton), and in it he avers that the Ripper was 'a low-class Polish Jew'. He writes:

> I am almost tempted to disclose the identity of the murderer . . . But no public benefit would result from such a course, and the traditions of my old department would suffer. I will merely add that the only person who ever had a good view of the murderer unhesitatingly identified the suspect the instant he was confronted with him; but he refused to give evidence against him. In saying that he was a Polish Jew I am merely stating a definitely ascertained fact.

That Sir Robert did not subscribe to the belief that Jack the Ripper met his end by drowning is evident from a statement which appears in his *Criminals and Crime* (James Nisbet & Co., 1907):

> No amount of silly hysterics could alter the fact that these crimes (the Whitechapel murders) were a cause of danger only to a particular section of a small and definite class of women, in a limited district of the East End; and that the inhabitants of the metropolis generally were just as secure during the weeks the fiend was on the prowl, as they were before the mania seized him, or after he had been safely caged in an asylum.

The Acting Commissioner of the City Police, in whose area one of the murders, that of Catherine Eddowes, was committed, was Major (later Sir) Henry Smith. In his memoirs, *From Constable to Commissioner* (Chatto and Windus, 1910) he writes:

> There is no man living who knows as much of those murders as I do . . . I must admit that, though within five minutes of the perpetrator one night, and with a very fair description of him besides, he completely beat me and every police officer in London; and I have no more idea now where he lived than I had twenty years ago.

The description to which Sir Henry is referring is that given by 'a sort of hybrid German'. The man in question was a commercial traveller named Joseph Lawende. He left the Imperial Club in Duke Street with two companions at 1.35 a.m. on September 30, 1888, and as he was passing Church Passage, which leads into Mitre Square, saw the woman Eddowes talking to a man at the entrance to the square. He described him as: 'Young, about the middle height, with a small fair moustache, dressed in something like navy serge, and with a deerstalker's cap'. That description was subsequently slightly amplified to include the facts that the man was about thirty years old, five feet nine inches in height, shabby appearance, fair complexion and wore a red neckerchief.

To discover this total lack of accord between the three men who must by definition have had access to all the known facts, is as disconcerting as it is disappointing. But the evidence of this very absence of secure top-level information surely provides us with the information that the authorities had no real culprit in view.

The uncertainty pervading the upper echelons filtered all the way down.

Thus, Chief Detective Inspector Frederick G. Abberline, the Scotland Yard officer who was in charge of the investigations, was convinced that George Chapman, the Borough poisoner—a Pole whose real name was Severin Antoniovich Klosowski—was the Whitechapel killer. When Inspector George Godley arrested Chapman in October 1902, Abberline said to him, 'You've got Jack the Ripper at last'. The case for 'Chapman the Ripper' is developed with some ingenuity—and some errors of fact—in Hargrave L. Adam's introduction to his *Trial of George Chapman* in the Notable British Trials Series (William Hodge, 1930). The fact of official belief in Chapman's guilt is confirmed by ex-Superintendent Arthur Neil, who as a detective sergeant played a minor role in the Chapman case, in a book, *Forty Years of Man-Hunting* (Jarrolds, 1932), written after his retirement as one of the 'Big Four' of the Yard.

Frederick Porter Wensley, who as a young policeman completing his first year of service was drafted to Whitechapel in 1888, and who later reached the rank of Chief Constable of the C.I.D. at Scotland Yard, was certainly in a position to know the contents of the Ripper file. Yet in his book, *Detective Days* (Cassell, 1931), he has absolutely nothing to say regarding the identity, real or theoretical, of the Ripper.

Another of the stalwarts of that period, Detective Sergeant Benjamin Leeson, writing his reminiscences, *Lost London* (Stanley Paul, 1934), makes no bones about it:

> I am afraid I cannot throw any light on the 'Ripper's' identity, but one thing I do know, and that is that amongst the police who were most concerned in the case there was a general feeling that a certain doctor, known to me, could have thrown quite a lot of light on the subject. This particular doctor was never far away when the crimes were committed . . . Many stories and theories have been put forward, but, with one exception, I doubt if any of them had the slightest foundation in fact. The exception to which I refer was that of George (sic) Klosowski alias Chapman . . . But nobody knows and nobody ever will know the true story of 'Jack the Ripper'.

Ex-Chief Inspector Walter Dew is somewhat more forthcoming. He, too, was a detective officer in Whitechapel. In *I Caught Crippen* (Blackie, 1938), he writes: 'I was on the spot, actively engaged throughout the whole series of crimes. I ought to know something about it. Yet I have to confess I am as mystified now as I was then by the man's amazing elusiveness.' The one thing of which Dew felt certain was that the killer was neither a doctor nor a medical student—'Not even the rudiments of surgical skill were needed to cause the mutilations I saw'. And he does not consider that there were any real grounds for believing that Chapman had anything to do with the killings.

So much for the conflicting opinions expressed by those who were actually involved in the case, but there are, too, those who by reason of the positions of distinction to which they attained in their profession, must be listened to with respect.

The most important is Sir Melville Macnaghten. He took up an appointment as an Assistant Chief Constable at the Yard in June 1889, and became head of the C.I.D. in 1903. In *Days of My Years* (Arnold,

1914), he has this to say of the Ripper:

> The man, of course, was a sexual maniac . . . I do not think that there was anything of religious mania about the real Simon Pure, nor do I believe that he had ever been detained in any asylum, nor lived in lodgings. I incline to the belief that (he) resided with his own people; that he absented himself from home at certain times, and that he committed suicide on or about the 10th of November 1888.

On his retirement in 1913, due to ill health, Macnaghten was succeeded by Sir Basil Thomson, who has also left a record of his view on the Whitechapel murders. In *The Story of Scotland Yard* (Grayson and Grayson, 1935), he states:

> The feeling of the C.I.D. officers at the time was that they were the work of an insane Russian doctor and that the man escaped arrest by committing suicide in the Thames at the end of 1888.

This is echoed by Sir John Moylan, Receiver for the Metropolitan Police District and Metropolitan Police Courts (subsequently Assistant Under-Secretary at the Home Office) in his *Scotland Yard and the Metropolitan Police* (Putnam, 1929), where, with an added dimension of certitude, he affirms, 'It is almost certain that he escaped by committing suicide at the end of 1888'.

And that disposes of all the significant official opinions and avowals publicly stated in the forty-seven years between 1888 and 1935.

There remain two medical men of the period, both of whom were involved, whose views must be included here.

The first is Dr. L. Forbes Winslow, a distinguished alienist who developed an almost obsessional interest in the murders. 'Day after day and night after night I spent in the Whitechapel slums', he records in *Recollections of Forty Years* (John Ouseley, 1910). Indeed, it has been said that so omnipresent was Winslow, that at one time the detectives began seriously to wonder if he were not the Ripper. The conclusion to which Winslow came was that the killer was 'a homicidal lunatic goaded on to his dreadful work by a sense of duty . . . (He) possibly imagined that he received his commands from God . . . After each murder had been carried out and the lust for blood appeased, the lunatic changed at once from a homicidal religious maniac into a quiet man with a perfect knowledge of what he was doing, oblivious of the past . . . The assassin was . . . a young man . . . a well-to-do man.' In the end, Winslow believed that the news of his researches had frightened the Ripper off, that he left the country, returned to his native Australia, and by 1910 was settled in Durban. Winslow died in 1913, his optimistic 'I have every reason to hope I shall be the means of bringing his capture about' unfulfilled.

The other medical man involved was Dr. Thomas Dutton, friend and counsellor of Inspector Abberline. An enthusiastic criminologist, Dutton is said to have compiled three handwritten volumes of 'Chronicles of Crime', spanning his experiences over a period of sixty years. He died, in his seventy-ninth year, in November 1935, at his home in Uxbridge Road, Shepherd's Bush, and, unfortunately, his 'Chronicles' seem to have disappeared. Not, however, before a portion of his notes on the Ripper

case had been transcribed by Donald McCormick, author of *The Identity of Jack the Ripper* (Jarrolds, 1959). From these it would appear that he suggested to Abberline that if he were looking for a foreigner as author of the Whitechapel atrocities, he should keep his eye on Russians and Poles. Dutton was convinced that the Ripper did not actually live in the East End, but was more likely to be found south of the river, in some such area as Lambeth, Walworth or Camberwell. He eventually fixed upon a suspect, Dr. Pedachenko, or Konovalov, a Russian *Feldscher*, working in 1888 as a barber-surgeon in Delhaye's hairdresser's shop in Westmoreland Road, Walworth, who, he suggested, might well prove to be Chapman/Klosowski's double. The Pedachenko/Konovalov theory is complex and will be discussed later when we come to consider the plethora of solutions devised by the ingenuity of what may be termed the amateur contingent.

[Richard Whittington-Egan's new analysis and assessment of the 'Jack the Ripper' mystery will be continued in the December issue. Recent publications include *Liverpool Characters and Eccentrics* (Gallery Press) and *The Ordeal of Philip Yale Drew* (Harrap).]

The December issue of the *Contemporary Review* includes *The Political Influence of the Thriller* by Grant Hugo, *Bull-slaying at Manchester* by E. D. Francis, *Social Welfare in Two Asian Countries* by Dame Eileen Younghusband and *The Foreign Correspondent* by David Loshak.

BROOK'S DREAM ABROAD

by J. C. Trewin

TIME after time during the spring, theatre visitors from the Continent passing through London, asked me when they would be seeing Peter Brook's production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. A few had met it at Stratford and the Aldwych; many had never had the chance. All were hoping that, as with the Brook *Lear* of some years earlier, there would be a Continental tour.

Indeed there would be. It is in progress now; not simply a European tour but one that will take the company to America and Japan and other places as well. It is to last a year, sent out by the Royal Shakespeare Company in association with the British Council. Nothing could do more good to the name of the R.S.C. or to the reputation of our stage.

It is a very long time now since I remember the young Brook pondering over the possibilities of Epstein as a designer for *Titus Andronicus*. (It was some years before he directed the tragedy; when he did he was, quite miraculously, his own designer.) Today the exciting newcomer, the eager theorist, is probably the best-known theatre director in the world.

A large claim for a man still only in his mid-forties? Indeed; but I think it is true. Peter Brook's imagination has always outmatched that of his contemporaries. He was lucky to be born into a period when the director is in entire interpretative control. That can be exasperating sometimes; we wish that a too resolute functionary would stop interpreting and let the players get on with it. With Brook this thought has never disturbed me; the phrase 'Brook's *Dream*' has been accepted as easily as 'Brook's *Lear*'.

One privilege he needed in his formative years was to be allowed, quietly, to grow up. Everyone, everywhere, insisted on his youth (even now one finds a note on his age creeping in), whereas all he wished was to be allowed to develop in his own way. Nobody could have hated more the gummed label of Infant Phenomenon. He has retained one quality of youth that over-anxious men-of-the-world throw off too soon. That is, he can see things freshly; he comes to a text as if he were reading it for the first time, and he can persuade his cast to approach it in the same way.

It is this freshness that endears him particularly to Shakespearians abroad who look constantly for new light on the plays. They respect intellect and they respect an unclouded vision. Because in translation much is inevitably lost, they are always hoping for a director who can give them new eyes and ears; and they find such a man in Peter Brook. *Titus Andronicus* and *King Lear* are unforgotten. Now, after the neo-Senecan horrors and the great classical tragedy they wait for the surprising choice of the *Dream*, the tripartite fantasy that has been something of a test-piece down the years.

Brook in a variety of ways is an iconoclast. His theatre is as far from the prodigal exuberance of the Edwardians as Iceland is from Seringapatam. The work he is doing in his Paris research centre is far ahead of its time.

It has little connection with the young Brook of the years after the war when he served audiences that were starved of light and sound and colour. He had just discovered the ballet then, and in the late 1940s it was influencing him a good deal. This aside, his *Love's Labour's Lost*, in a Watteau setting, was one of the most enchanted experiences Stratford had known for years. The later *Romeo and Juliet*—too meagrely appreciated as I can see now—was criticised because Brook had not bothered about a key situation; briefly, he cut out the plot. And Shakespearians, forgetting the innumerable felicities, were enraged.

Now that he is a director of the R.S.C. we know that the theatre for him is an exploration. He is usually ahead of his audiences. When, panting, we think we have caught up with him, he has already moved on to some pressing and quite unexpected idea.

Of course, one must disagree with him now and again. It is inevitable. I could not go all the way with the Beckettian *Lear*. But even when (it is rare) you have to argue, you realise inescapably that you are arguing with a theatrical genius. It is a big word. Very few people in the international theatre are worthy of it, but in this context it is not hyperbolical.

It startled even his closest devotees when he chose to put on *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. After a number of dark, violent plays he had a very strong wish 'to go as deeply as possible into a work of pure celebration'. In the event, it proved to be the most heartening celebration the Stratford stage had had; if a few critics were peevish — understandably as traditionalists — most of the others responded at once to the beat of Brook's imagination, to the march of music, and the means he adopted to re-create a comedy as familiar as any in the canon.

I am obliged to say a little about the history of the *Dream* in the theatre. It is against this that Brook's achievement can be realised. Even during the 1920s the business for the Mechanicals was an aggregation of gags, a stereotyping of the most ancient devices. The lovers, astonishingly, were played straight, a method one finds hard to recall at a time when Helena and Hermia, Demetrius and Lysander are figures of glinting comedy. Even the firm-set Robert Atkins always let them have their head; we remember the racing-and-chasing during the 30s across those Regent Park spaces that were not then burdened by built-up sets. (Most attractive sets, I hasten to say; but there is also something to be said for the empty space, as Brook would be the first to agree.)

I have overshot myself. It took centuries for *A Midsummer Night's Dream* to enter the repertory in its unclouded text. Pepys, in the sultry theatre of his time, thought it 'the most insipid ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life'. In later years the *Dream* was simply a basis for spectacle, often operatic. It had little luck even in Hazlitt's age. After it had been hashed up as a Covent Garden entertainment by the incorrigible Frederick Reynolds ('with alterations and additions') Hazlitt wrote: 'All that is fine was lost in the representation. The spirit was evaporated, the genius was fled; but the spectacle was fine; it was that which saved the play.' And he went on to apostrophise the scene-shifters and scene-painters, the manu-

facturers of 'moon and stars that give no light', the men in the orchestra, fiddlers and trumpeters. 'This is your triumph; it is not ours.'

By 1840 the Shakespeare text, or quite a lot of it, was in use, but it was still submerged in scenery. Mendelssohn had arrived now, so applauded that some found the play to be an interruption of the music. Charles Kean, at the Princess's in the 1850s, was wildly archaeological. For a first scene he provided the Parthenon, the Erichtheum, the theatre of Bacchus, the temple of Jupiter Olympus, and the temple of Theseus. All very fine; and the night went on to 'innumerable fairy legions' and, at the close, 'myriads of aerial beings'. It also brought the nine-year-old Ellen Terry as Puck, but Kean was not to know that this child would give more to the British theatre than all his laborious archaeology.

Until the end of the century the décor ruled. Even Frank Benson had a lush early production in London that included the irrelevance of a sustained fight between a spider and a wasp. He also brought in the Indian Boy, usually a shadow off stage. By 1895, when Shaw wrote of Augustin Daly's London revival, matters were altogether out of hand. The fairies were fitted up 'with portable batteries and incandescent lights which they switched on from time to time, like children with a toy'. Then there came Beerbohm Tree, with the moss and rabbits and bluebells in his wood, Julia Neilson singing *I know a bank,* and the business only marginally connected with Shakespeare.

Day dawned in 1914 when Harley Granville-Barker did (at the Savoy) the kind of thing that in spirit Brook has done. He made his own creation of the *Dream,* remembered now perhaps too much for its setting which refused to be realistic, and for the gilded fairies who moved like marionettes. But Barker had a note: 'What else was Shakespeare's chief delight in this play but the word-music to be spoken by Oberon, Titania, and Puck? At every possible and impossible moment he is at it.' True; but no one had thought of this and for a while nobody was eager to be reminded of it. Practicable trees were what mattered. In the provinces Granville-Barker might never have existed. Companies brought along what looked like gauze and cardboard, and every theatre had at that time its own Wood or Garden set to which the 'pomping folk' could help themselves. You can imagine what they looked like; I can still see Olivia's garden in *Twelfth Night* as a stained and crumpled disaster of scene-painter's topiary with a few small brown earthenware plant-pots in front of it.

In London Basil Dean, then at Drury Lane, did an elaborate, arboreal, strongly-cast revival in which we could laugh with the lovers: Athene Seyler and Edith Evans were Hermia and Helena. Later, the hour arrived for stylisation. Even so, various productions in an older mood cropped up, and Walter Kerr, in New York, was much alarmed by an Old Vic effort planned for the Metropolitan Opera House: 'Acres and acres of receding arches, in the best ruined-classic manner, rise stodgily into the heavens. Trumpeters in gold hoist their trumpets, fairies in gossamer flutter their hands, kneeling maidens toss actual rose-petals as Titania and Oberon

mark off Mendelssohn's Wedding March.'

I have lingered with the history of the play because, of all the comedies, it was the most vulnerable. No doubt this appealed to Peter Brook. Certainly, by the time of his production at Stratford in 1970, the *Dream* needed, desperately, another convention. What Brook did was to honour the arts of the theatre. He had said something important two years earlier, in the R.S.C. magazine:

> If a well-known play is pulled to pieces and reconstructed, it is an attempt to understand more fully how certain structures work at certain times. If an audience is put in strange positions in unusual surroundings, it is to help both actors and audience to discover what is gained, and what is lost if certain apparently accepted conventions are broken.

When the hour came his words about 'a pure celebration' must have cheered those who were afraid of Jan Kott. The Polish scholar's unsparing book on Shakespeare had worried many; they knew that Kott's idea of a Beckettian *Lear* had fired Brook, but they were less ready to believe that *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was an erotic nightmare.

As it turned out, Brook trod his own path—someone suggested it was on a high-wire. He did not fall. To complicate the analogy, he examined the text of the comedy (no doubt on the high wire) as if it had come newly that day from the author's hand. All previous productions were ignored. Instead of filling the programme with pages about interpretation and device, Brook contented himself with a few brief quotations, one of them from his own book, *The Empty Space*:

> Once, the theatre could begin as magic: magic at the sacred festival, or magic as the footlights came up. Today it is the other way round. . . . We must open our empty hands and show that there is really nothing up our sleeves. Only then can we begin.

He proposed to show immediately that there was nothing up his sleeve. On that first night at Stratford the audience saw a set like a white-walled, bevelled cube, a bare empty space under a strong light. It might have been a cross between a gymnasium and a clinic. An immense scarlet feather blazed upon the back wall. Above, on three sides of the stage, was a railed gallery. From the flies dangled ropes and circus trapezes. The colours were plain, unsullied. Brook had been impressed by a Chinese circus in Paris, 'a particular group of people' (said John Kane, the Puck) who seemed to perform in a rarefied atmosphere far removed from the physical reality of their audiences. Sally Jacobs's costumes were an attempt to give this uniqueness to the magical elements of the play. It was up to us to fill them with the required degree of assurance.'

They did. It was an extraordinary world that Brook devised, one in which coils and tendrils of helical steel wire, swung down on fishing-rods, formed the Wood; one in which Puck and Oberon rode trapezes, and Oberon caught and spun on a juggler's wand a silver plate that represented 'the little western flower'. The lovers had never been more vigorously athletic, up and down and round the stage. The Mechanicals were British workmen, never turned to burlesque; their gagging vanished. Bottom did not wear a head, simply ass's ears, blocked shoes (for hooves) and a

nose-blob. Now and again, throughout the evening, players would modulate into song. The Pyramus and Thisbe interlude was not heavily fooled and the court was sympathetic. When the night was ending, Puck, at 'Give me your hands if ye be friends', led the company into the house, clasping hands with responsive members of the audience.

What made this so enchanted a night? With some directors we should have called it a gross interposition between the dramatist and his hearers. Not so here. Brook's new magic worked. One accepted the circus techniques without comment. Personally, I realised after the first two or three minutes that I was hearing the lines as never before. Familiarity had muffled them. Now they came over with an intense clarity that never began to wane. Brook, in his exercises with the cast during rehearsal, had insisted upon verbal and mental dexterity; nothing was hazed or fumbled; and, on the night, because we in the audience had to concentrate so hard on the virtuosity of the performers and their uncommon techniques, the language too was revealed to us in full splendour.

Brook offered four unexpected and legitimate 'doubles', those of Theseus with Oberon, Hippolyta with Titania, Puck with Philostrate, and Quince with Egeus. Oberon and Titania one could regard as the other selves of the Duke and his bride, released in dream and night; Egeus and Quince represented two forms of paternalism; and Puck was as natural a master of the ceremonies as Philostrate.

As I have said, the critics received Brook with enthusiasm, speaking of 'a masterpiece', 'a new way of making Shakespeare eloquent to this generation,' 'a production radical, full of laughter, and theatrically a triumph'. Robert Speaight, the actor-scholar, congratulated Brook on 'commanding us into a frame of mind when the very notion of magic, of supernatural agency, had to be created afresh'. Even *The Times* published an approving leader. So to applauding America; back to another Aldwych season; and now to face the world. 'Give me your hands, if we be friends.'

No one, I think, would have been happier than Sir Barry Jackson, of Birmingham. He took the risk of giving Brook his first important assignment, *Man and Superman*, at the Repertory Theatre. On the morning of the first rehearsal, as he wandered restlessly from his office, wondering whether he had done right, an experienced actress in the company came from the rehearsal room. 'It's all right, Barry', she said, 'that young man knows what he wants, and he's going to get it'. *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is yet another of many proofs.

[John Trewin is Editor of *Plays of the Year* in 41 volumes (Elek) and *The Journal of William Charles Macready* (Longmans).]

THE CASE FOR A WORLD UNIVERSITY

by James Avery Joyce

REVIEWING the personal impact on contemporary events of the four Secretaries-General of the United Nations, a top official recently characterised each of them as follows: Trygve Lie, a jurist; Dag Hammarskjold, an intellectual; U Thant, an educationalist; and Kurt Waldheim, an activist. But 'the most impossible job in the world' has by its very nature compelled each of these four world figures to exhibit in turn all these qualities combined in meeting the unending series of challenges that have confronted them from the first day of their taking up office.

History alone can tell what predominant personal trait will leave its mark on the Organisation. They each have served it with singular ability and fidelity. But, in this article, I am especially concerned with what is perhaps all too little known, namely, the outstanding contribution that U Thant, who retired last December after ten years as Secretary-General, has made to world education. Himself a product of the British educational system in Burma, near the beginning of this century, he began his career as a high-school teacher, then became a headmaster, before entering the service of his Government. This vocation he combined with journalism of a high order. As a translator he gained, when quite young, the national translation prize. Several books followed, including one on *The League of Nations*, testifying to his life-long belief in world peace through international co-operation, even before the Second World War. His projected memoirs are eagerly awaited throughout the world, for it is expected that his shrewd judgment of men and events will throw a piercing light on many dark places which certain national leaders, living or dead, would greatly prefer to be kept hidden from public view.

U Thant has never ceased to be a front runner in that race for human survival that H. G. Wells once described as: 'Education or Disaster'. He has visited the main universities throughout the world and spoken again and again to learned bodies on the needs and purposes of education for a world society. In his Annual Report to the U.N. General Assembly in September 1969, he stated that the time had come when serious thought should be given to the establishment of a United Nations University. He told the U.N. membership that such a university would be a unique institution such as has never before existed. It should be truly international in its make-up and personnel and it would be devoted first and foremost to the implementation of the U.N. Charter objectives of peace and progress. In that basic fact would lie its uniqueness.

'The institution I then envisaged', he has said, 'ought to be staffed with professors coming from many countries, and include in its student body young men and women from many nations and cultures. Working and living together in an international atmosphere, these scholars and students from various parts of the world would come to understand one another

better and gradually break down those barriers between nations and cultures which create misunderstanding and mistrust today.'

As its primary objective would be to promote world understanding at both the political and cultural levels, such an undertaking would be the legitimate concern of the United Nations Education, Scientific and Cultural Organisation. UNESCO would, he thought, be responsible for working out the administrative details, selecting a board of trustees, and appointing a scholar of world renown as its rector. The location of the University should be in a country noted for its spirit of tolerance and freedom of thought. That was the germ of the idea that U Thant put before the General Assembly late in 1969.

Since then—as is the U.N. fashion—many authorities and expert bodies have explored this simple formula. Its scope has been widened considerably in the process. Concepts over which 130 sovereign governments and their peoples keep a wary eye are not to be fleshed out in a day. So far, progress has been concerned with blue-prints, not with creating an academic structure. Yet, although the project is still at the 'paper' stage, progress has been quite encouraging. Support has come in particularly from the developing countries in Africa and Asia. The full-fledged proposal will come up for a 'yes' or 'no' decision towards the final weeks of this year at the twenty-seventh General Assembly in New York.

There has naturally been a large number of earlier projects for 'world' universities. Even since the First World War, innumerable plans have been presented to various international bodies. The League of Nations considered over a dozen such projects. Since the Second World War, about 150 communications proposing such a university have been sent to the U.N. and to UNESCO.

The General Assembly invited U Thant as Secretary-General to set up an expert study group on the feasibility of the University, in co-operation with UNESCO and the U.N. Institute for Training and Research (UNITAR). As many as thirty-seven States welcomed U Thant's initiative straight away. No delegation expressed views contrary to the idea. But it is no secret that some of the Big Powers are now dragging their feet.

By using the term 'United Nations University', U Thant was stressing the unique character of a world institution of learning whose specific goals would be those embodied in the Charter of the United Nations itself. The term has since won the approval of the appropriate U.N. bodies that have examined the proposal in depth, thus preparing the ground for the forthcoming Assembly's consideration.

In U Thant's view, the 'rationale' of such a university is important. Existing academic institutions of the traditional national type have only limited facilities for the study in depth of the transnational consequences of multinational, regional or even national problems in the way they should be approached in order to meet today's global needs. At present, international contacts and exchanges between scholars from different parts of the world largely consist of short-term visits and meetings. Institutions of

higher learning do not yet exist whose academic staff and students, both drawn from all over the world, carry out jointly scholarly investigation focused specifically on how the U.N. Charter can be implemented and strengthened. Not less pressing are the needs of the developing world for greater access to the advanced scientific thought and technology of the more developed countries.

Mr. Réné Maheu, the Director-General of UNESCO, has recently reinforced this view: 'The world does indeed stand in need of an institution for reflection, research and higher studies to deal, at a very high scientific level, with the problems which concern the whole of mankind and whose solution would help to achieve the ideals contained in the United Nations Charter'.

A United Nations University would encourage the creation of genuinely transnational facilities, with the internationalisation of faculties, scholars and governance, and the creation of opportunities for promising scholars from the developing countries in the various branches of chemistry, geology, physics, mathematics, medicine and so on. A United Nations University would also provide, says U Thant, a natural base for the development of comparative theory and methodology in many branches of knowledge relevant to global problems. And, for this, it would draw on existing institutions.

Institutes in the pure sciences that might be persuaded to co-operate include the United Kingdom's Institute for Astronomy and Astrophysics at Cambridge, the Institute for Physical Sciences at Moscow, the Niels Bohr Institute at Copenhagen, the Institute for Advanced Studies at Paris, and the Tata Institute for Fundamental Research at Bombay. Among those dealing with applied technology which might be associated are the International Centre for Theoretical Physics at Trieste, the Metals Research Institute at Stockholm, the Institute on Insect Physiology at Nairobi, and the Protein Research Institute at Stenhagen.

The actual proposal that appears on the current assembly's agenda is that the university system be created on a decentralised model, with a programming and co-ordinating centre. The panel of experts that has produced the plan has emphasised the fact that academic freedom of the university members is the basic condition for the success of the undertaking, and that such guarantees of academic freedom should be reflected in provisions related to the structure of the University. The panel has also stated that, should the assembly decide that it is both desirable and feasible to establish such a United Nations higher education system, the Secretary-General and the Director-General of UNESCO should be authorised to establish a founding committee, composed of experts drawn from the academic world. The bulk of the financing would have to come from voluntary contributions.

So much for the higher intellectual reaches and mechanics of the plan. But is there not a present danger of deserting U Thant's humanistic emphasis that, by 'working and living together in an international atmosphere, these students from various parts of the world would be better able to understand

one another'? Two and a half years later, his primary idea might almost seem to have gone through a shredding process in the elaborate machinery of U.N. debate, namely, through three sessions of the General Assembly, ECOSOC, several feasibility studies, and so on. The plan that has emerged would appear rather as an inter-related network of research centres, where scholars and scientists can work on world problems: war prevention, social and economic development, and the preservation of the environment.

All to the good. But have the 'students' in U Thant's original proposal disappeared? Some educationalists have thought so and criticised this reshaping process in these terms: 'It has no constituency among students or even among the members of the world's teaching community. It presents itself as a set of additional think-tanks. Big nation-states are not burning to have their thinking done for them by strangers whose ideas might turn out to be dangerous. Too many cats might be let out of too many bags.'

Such was a recent comment by Dr. Harold Taylor, author of *The World as Teacher* and former President of one of America's prestigious women's schools, Sarah Lawrence College. But Dr. Taylor nevertheless agrees that, 'if the world put its mind to it, we could have an overall structure for world higher education within which scholars, students, teachers, poets, artists, writers, scientists and citizens of the world could pool their resources and concentrate on building new international learning environments'. Dr. Taylor adds that the most important effect of co-ordinated U.N. research centres under the scheme, as it has been revised, would seem to lie in the number of new educational developments that would become possible, 'even to the point of redefining the role of the universities themselves and that, for the first time, scholars and universities would be linked on a world scale'.

We are obviously at the beginning of inquiry and action in the creation of global educational institutions on all levels, so perhaps the critics are right when they warn that it would be foolish to leave the planning entirely in the hands of appointed officials inside the cultural establishment.

The United States representative, however, speaking at the committee which was preparing the ground for the coming assembly debates deprecated 'proliferation of effort and talented persons'. But it is precisely the task of the University to bring out dormant 'talents' from within their separate ivory towers, and direct them, as U Thant has stated, 'towards the creation of a community of intellectuals from all parts of the world, who would in themselves be of unique value in promoting the development of mutual respect, harmonisation, and tolerance among nations, thus enabling man to relate himself to his global environment through scholarly dialogue and learning. A United Nations University would thus create a continuing spectrum of scholarship for the exploration of ways of preventing and avoiding—as well as resolving or adjusting—conflicts. Above all, it would stimulate the intellectual participation of the peoples of the developing countries in the understanding of world affairs and thereby accelerate the solution of global problems through planetary partnership.'

The University's uniqueness would also lie in its distinctly teaching

function as a post-graduate institution. The curricula would be devised for more senior students as envisaged above. But a degree from a national university would be only one way of ensuring intellectual suitability for admission. Mature persons could seek admission on the basis of other qualifications, such as their competence in industry, agriculture, public service, or teaching. In any case, courses would not be directed mainly to the awarding of diplomas. Students who select, for example, developmental planning as an interdisciplinary field, might be sent for three months of each year to one of the specialised institutes or to visit developmental works in process in different parts of the world.

One of the designations which might be earned on the completion of the prescribed courses could be: 'Fellow of the United Nations University for Higher Studies'. This would be a distinctive addition even for the scholars who had earned higher degrees in their own country. The Board of the University might also elect a limited number of Senior Fellows from among men and women of distinction in scholarship or educational leadership.

How might this novel experiment in planetary education be financed?

It is assumed that the host governments would generally absorb the cost of the lands and buildings. Several governments have already offered sites for some units of the university system. It is expected to follow up these and other offers of financial support when the Assembly authorises the creation of the University. But the panel of experts believe that the project could not be even partially financed from the regular U.N. budget or from that of any of the specialised agencies. The bulk of the budget would have to come as voluntary contributions from:

(a) State Member Governments;
(b) Intergovernmental organisations, including the specialised agencies; and
(c) Non-governmental organisations, such as foundations and universities, as well as individuals.

It is also assumed that during the first two years negotiations will take place with one or more countries with a view to setting up the University's co-ordinating and programming centre. The Assembly would be required to approve the composition of the University's first governing board, which would presumably elect the rector and draw up the constitution or charter. The Rector and governing board would select the site for the central unit, at the same time undertaking negotiations for the first research and training centres.

Finally, one may ask: Where does Britain stand in this unprecedented intellectual adventure? From past debates it would appear that the scheme will probably be approved by a fair majority vote in the present Assembly. But will the United Kingdom stand in the forefront of the vote—or lag behind? The result will be cautiously awaited. Nothing is more powerful than an idea whose day has arrived.

[Dr. Joyce is a Consultant at U.N. Headquarters in New York.]

SIMONETTA: A PROFILE

by William Kean Seymour

When I first saw Simonetta
I was a gangling lad
Vaguely enamoured of grace and beauty
Wherever I found them in London surroundings.
Later I extended my view.

I did not know then that she was Simonetta,
Botticelli's model, Simonetta Cattaneo,
That she was Genoese by birth,
Of Anglo-Italian parentage,
Or that she dwelt in Florence.
I was enamoured of her face,
The pale tints of her flesh,
The spun gold of her hair,
Her delicate draperies,
Her willowing line.

In a triumph of art her beauty sufficed.

In the National Gallery I first saw her.
Afterwards I met her many times
In Botticelli's lucent canvases,
In other galleries—in the Uffizzi
In her home town Florence.
Always her candid, compelling, effortless gaze
Shining so passionless in cool serenity,
In *Primavera, Mars and Venus,*
Judith and Holofernes, and in the supreme
Witness and testimony, *The Birth of Venus.*

The fact that, when she was sixteen
She married a wealthy Florentine,
Marco, the son of Pierio Vespucci,
Friend and follower of the Medici,
Seemed to me irrelevant
Until I learned that she became the mistress
Of Giuliano de Medici, and surmised
That he encountered no objection from Marco and his clan.
Difficult, in any case, in those times;
And, as it happened, Giuliano,
Who, with his brother Lorenzo the Magnificent
Shared the title 'principi dello stato',
Fell to an assassin's dagger in his prime.

Whether she mourned for him I do not know,
But in that year she sat for Botticelli
And *Primavera,* wreathed with flowers and light,
La bella Simonetta. When she died,
Still in her radiant youth, the grave received her
With her calm face uncovered.

Nymph, Madonna,
Goddess and earthly beauty, she survives
In ageless youth, the pride of centuries,
As a flower sufficient, or a bird singing
At evening in a grove of olives
As the cool air descends.

NOTE. Of Botticelli and his model, Walter Pater wrote in *The Renaissance:* 'He paints the story of the goddess of pleasure in other episodes besides that of her birth from the sea, but never without some shadow of death in the grey flesh and wan flowers. He paints Madonnas, but they shrink from the pressure of the divine child, and plead in unmistakable undertones for a warmer, lower humanity. The same figure—tradition connects it with Simonetta, the Mistress of Giuliano de' Medici —appears again as Judith, returning home across the hill country, when the great deed is over, and the moment of revulsion come, when the olive branch in her hand is becoming a burthen; as *Justice,* sitting on a throne, but with a fixed look of self-hatred which makes the sword in her hand seem that of a suicide; and again as *Veritas,* in the allegorical picture of *Calumnia,* where one may note in passing the suggestiveness of an accident which identifies the image of Truth with the person of Venus'.

DEV: A SHORT STORY

by Bryn Gunnell

IT was April and mid afternoon. The sun had burrowed into a cocoon of white cloud which filled the whole sky. Life dragged. The bee-eaters no longer swooped but sat seesawing their tails and preening their green taffeta bodies in the shade of a bamboo thicket. A mantis, tired of crossing the simmering desert of a path, lurched into a patch of leaf shade and stood there, slowly twisting its head. Life stopped.

Dev stopped, too. He was cutting grass in the park that surrounded the factory. Unrolling a red kerchief, he took out a pad of betel, sat down under a tree and began to chew. That morning he had been down to the lake to fetch water for the garden and had found that it was no longer a lake. The oxen had crossed it, stumbling on the mud cakes which pointed skywards, topsyturvy, all cracked and laughing. There had been just one damp spot where, after much pressing and kneading, he had filled two buckets with chocolate-coloured water.

He waited, chewing contentedly. It would not be long now. Eventually it came, a slight voice from the earth, hardly perceptible; a huff of wind.

The cocoon around the sun began to unravel in wisps and one clear islet of blue swam through. He set to work again. Whew, whew—the trimmed stick slashed the wiry tussocks. He took another step forward and trod on a ridge of sand. The ridge hissed, struck, recoiled and stiffened with head low, ready to strike again.

Dev stood paralysed, without even raising his stick, and watched the snake. It waited, poised, and then, uncoiling in a leisurely manner, began to move away, though not seeming to move at all. Its velvet back rippled in winking rings and it seemed to Dev that, between the moment when it struck and the moment when the tip of its tail slid into the thick grass, he could have lived his whole life over again. He was not afraid, for he was used to snakes, but he suddenly felt exhausted and lonely. He threw down his stick and lay on the ground, cursing his lack of presence of mind.

'Only three days left to pay day. What will Lata do if I'm not there? They will never give the money to her.' His leg throbbed; it was becoming bulgy and blue. He began to weep quietly and the tears scalded. A wave of anger and frustration came over him: all because of a snake.

The breeze freshened slightly, tossing the white stars of the mango tree above his head. It smelt of dry forest and brought with it, in snatches, the cackle of a flock of babblers roving through the scrub. The bee-eaters were out again; the mantis had resumed its journey. Life clicked into motion and Dev responded to it with all his strength, fighting to hold on despite his dizziness and thundering heart.

'I'm only resting as usual. Everything is all right. The other men will be coming back from the market soon. Perhaps they will bring some beedies and we'll sit and smoke and chat before setting out for the village.'

A tongue of fire coursed up his veins and made the sweat pearl on his forehead.

He had been dozing a long time when the thud of feet on the path roused him. He sat up and waved his arm above the sea of grass. His mouth was dry and his voice sounded like a croak when he shouted 'Snake! snake!' Two men lifted him up and, hobbling on his sausage leg, half supported by their bony hands, he managed to reach the factory.

Owing to some miscalculation, the medical officer was in. He was a short bulldog of a man whose incompetence was partly concealed by a permanent show of ill-temper. People dared not ask him to change the needle when giving injections in case he refused to give an injection at all. If he retained his post it was because he belonged to the same caste as the factory manager, and it would have been embarrassing for anyone to try and remove him since there were rumours that he had some pull in high places. The educated tolerated him for this reason. Some were sorry for him because he had a large, bothersome family and low pay, but they could never bring themselves to believe that he was as useless as people said, and they all imagined they would get special treatment if they flattered him. No peasant ever came to him unless the case was desperate. Dev knew this and felt ashamed.

The doctor took one look at his leg. 'How many hours ago?' he grunted. Dev, who reckoned by the wind, could not say. 'Sit down here, you dolt, instead of pretending you can stand.' He pressed the swelling until the boy whimpered, tied a bandage above the knee-cap and mumbled something which, since it contained more English than Marathi, was lost on his hearers.

'Huh, clean wound. No bleeding. There's no point in giving him serum now, anyway.' He looked sternly at the men. 'Take him to the Civil Hospital'.

The Civil Hospital . . . Stories of its horrors were used to still unruly children in the villages. Dev would willingly have spent a night alone in the forest rather than go to that hospital.

'Well, what are you waiting for? Call a tonga and get a move on.'

'But Doctor Sahib, we haven't enough money for a tonga.'

'No, of course not. And what about my fee? Two rupees fifty. Oh, never mind now. I'll just see that it's deducted from your pay.'

Dev's companions rose and, supporting him by the arms, led him to the door. He looked at each face in turn. 'Brothers, you must take me back to the village.' They nodded, for they would have wished the same.

Once outside the dispensary, they unwound their turbans and made a sling on to which they lifted Dev. Softly they set off with six miles to go, two cropped, glistening heads, pink shirt and blue, trotting along the dusty path in the tracery of shadow cast by the banyans.

The sun was sinking fast, making the paddy fields run with fire. Beyond the hills the village drums were already booming, calling men to leave the land free for all the creatures of the night. Crows flew overhead, going laggardly home. They dived suddenly and, with slow wing-beats, hung

near the men, peering at them with their filmy eyes.

'Why do they come so near?' asked Dev. The effort of speaking pulled at his heart and he fainted with the pain of it.

By the time he recovered consciousness they had reached the crest of the hill that overlooked the valley where his village lay. Opposite were the high mountains, shouldering seawards, ashen grey, their sockets filled with mist now that the sun was hidden. The bushes at the side of the path shivered in the wind, each with its own low, dismal sound. The sky had been whisked into horse-tails. Two stars shone out where it was clearest violet and there the first bats tumbled. Pittas called good night to each other, sleepy and warm, from the dry nullahs below.

'Stop here', said Dev, 'before we go down'. He could hardly speak and his lungs seemed to be full of lead pressing outwards. They sat him up against a rock and squatted beside him in silence. 'Untie the bandage. It will make me feel better'.

All at once he was deliciously at ease, as though he was starting the first holiday in his life, and he knew that all these things—the stillness, the calm, the birds, the wide sky—all would be his again though, just then, he had not the strength to reach out his hand and take them. He looked at the mountains. They were very familiar, rising there from behind his own house, and he suddenly felt he must get beyond them to see the sun go down into the waves. It was strange; the idea had never occurred to him before and yet every day the train rumbled past the factory on its way to the coast. It was said there were palm-trees there, as far as the eye could see, and sweet water in plenty and that the people were happy.

'Come. Your wife is driving in the buffaloes. I can see her from here', said one of his companions. It was another half hour before they reached the village, but Dev had reached it long before them, his head lolling to one side.

MASSACRE AT MUNICH

by Gerald Seymour

IT was a fiercely hot perspiring sort of morning, Friday August 25—the eve of the opening ceremony of the XXth Olympiad, the Munich Games. Particularly hot if you were out in the sun in the centre of the main parade ground at the Dachau Concentration Camp. In front of me stood the small, powerfully built Willi Daume, President of the German Olympic Organising Committee. Behind him and a few yards to his left were the majority of the athletes and coaches that made up the Israeli Olympic team.

'I think it was right to come here, don't you?' said Daume, smart in a heavy dark suit.

Whose decision was it to come?

'Mine'. The German millionaire industrialist responsible for the staging of the games and the spending of two thousand million German marks had no doubts, 'I thought we should come'.

So just over twenty-four hours before the Olympic flame was to be lit in Munich 10 miles away, the German organising committee had decided to drive to Dachau with several bus loads of athletes and officials and visitors for a special service in memory of the many thousands, including a large proportion of Jews, who had died in the camp during the 12 years it was operating.

Dachau was the first concentration camp opened by the Nazi regime. It had been running three years when the Third Reich staged the 1936 Berlin Olympics and scored a huge propaganda success.

Herr Daume and his committee believed a short inter-denominational service 36 years later at Dachau would reflect the determination of the new Germany to shut out the past. An hour's service with prayers and music would in some small way be a public act of shame, the gentle wearing of a hair shirt.

It was natural that the Israeli team should be there in strength; it was to be their last outing as a complete squad before the shooting of September 5.

A little self-consciously they walked round the camp. The Munich authorities have preserved Dachau after a fashion—a clean, scrubbed, hygienic, historic fashion. To the casual visitor it is hard to relate the rows of grainy, blown up photographs, tastefully displayed in the former administration block, with what actually happened here for a dozen years before and during the Second World War.

The Israelis walked round the block, trod the sharp, large cut gravel that forms the seemingly endless path between the foundation outlines of the former sleeping huts, and laid small bunches of flowers on the rolling platforms outside the ovens.

The athletes of most countries which had had an active resistance during

the German occupation of their country in the last war came to the service, but none in such size as the Israeli team. After their tour of the camp they sat together on the grass or the gravel and listened to the prayers, the music and the readings. Some with their heads deep in their hands conjuring up again the life of the camp, looking at the clean barbed wire, the maintained perimeter ditches, the absence of weeds, the places it was still *verboten* to go.

And after Herr Daume had gone back to Munich with the Olympic VIPs and the other competitors had taken the buses back to their village and last minute training sessions, the Israelis stayed on—still in their group—to take one final look at the gas chambers, the sleeping huts that had been preserved, and the wire. By the time they climbed into their own coach a few were in tears; all looked a little shaken. It was hardly ideal preparation for young people about to compete in the Olympics, but the Organising Committee was obviously pleased that in front of German TV's live electronic cameras the service had been seen throughout Germany; would follow later in the afternoon as a Eurovision offering, and in the evening go on the satellite coast to coast across America.

The Nazi Olympics were well and truly purged.

The 'Happy' Games could start.

The next day the mood of Dachau and whatever it had stood for was abruptly pushed aside as the opening ceremony launched the XXth Olympiad. The Israeli team that eleven days later was to be a centre of attention, faded into the background.

For the international press struggling to keep up with the front runners of the Olympics there was no reason to stay closely in touch with the small, athletically undistinguished team from Israel.

A little before 7 o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, September 5, the Independent Television team had the tip that there had been a shooting incident involving Arabs and Israelis inside the village. In the next few minutes all relevant phone numbers were either not answering or engaged. With our film crew I set off to try and get into the village and check the story out.

At the main gate we were speedily turned back by police and village security men. At two more gates we were told the Olympic village was closed and sealed till further notice. By 7.15 a.m. it was obvious that there had been an incident of grave proportions somewhere inside.

Faced with the gates blocked by an increasing number of police and stewards the only alternative was to go 'over the top' or under the fence that circled the skyscraper tower blocks where the athletes lived. I went over and had a sizeable rip in my trousers to show for it. The film crew, with sixty pounds of equipment to wrestle with, went under.

The atmosphere inside the fence was bizarre; it seemed that fully half of the athletes had no idea anything had happened. At first, at the Israeli building itself, there was nothing to see. It was the end of a long two storey block with two balconies running along the full length of it. Curtains were drawn at the windows, and the door on to the top floor

balcony was open but shielded by another curtain. Some athletes still walked past the rooms where by now two men had died and nine more were held hostage, as though nothing was amiss.

The first clear description of what had happened in Block 31 on Connollystrasse came from an Israeli journalist. He had something of a world scoop by being the first reporter to talk at length to one of the Israeli officials who had been able to break away soon after the Arab gang took over the Israeli quarters. He was able to tell of the initial shootings in the half light as the Palestinian 'Black September' group infiltrated the building from an underground garage and parking area; to give details of the ransom demands made by the terrorists, list their weapons and to emphasise the appalling danger to the nine hostages.

The garage tunnel under the building was packed with ambulances and police wagons. A young ambulance driver told us how he and his colleagues had been warned off at gunpoint by the guerrillas although their information was that though one Israeli was dead, another was still alive and in need of medical attention. An hour later the body of Moshe Weinberg was dumped outside the door, and they were allowed to collect it. By 9 o'clock, the police had escorted two mobile operating theatres into the tunnel and it was said that they were clearing hospital beds close to the Olympic complex.

From the eighth floor of the Puerto Rican block, or the roof area of the Italians' billets, with the help of camera lenses, telescopes and binoculars, the TV teams and reporters were able to keep a continual watch on Block 31. At 11 o'clock in the tunnel area it was apparent that the Munich police were prepared if necessary to storm the building. Half hidden by their colleagues, a dozen of them stripped off their clothes down to their underwear, and began to put on track suits hurriedly brought over from an Olympic sports outfitter's shop across the village square. Over their vests, and under their track suit tops, they strapped leather shoulder holsters. The squad then set off to reconnoitre the Israeli block, trying hard to look like a group of athletes out for a stroll.

Throughout the morning the police and politicians negotiating with the guerrillas made frequent trips up Connollystrasse. To follow these we were dependent on the balcony vantage-point with the Puerto Rican basketball team. From here we saw the guerrillas keeping watch on the front of their building. At a first floor window was a young man in a maroon sweater, with long, almost girlish hair and nervous fidgeting eyes, who watched the open movements of the negotiators and the hurried dashes from one point of cover to another of the police marksmen. His attention, we felt, was almost totally reserved for the marksmen who now had the block encircled.

For perhaps fifteen minutes in every hour we saw the young man in the maroon sweater.

More occasional was a slim built figure on the top balcony, whose head was always masked with a white cloth balaclava. Sometimes he had a rifle in his hand, sometimes only a grenade.

Most frequently we saw a small man in a safari jacket and pale khaki slacks, always in a floppy and incongruous sun hat. He was obviously a leader and a chief negotiator with the Munich police and politicians. He did his talking from either the patio doorway of Block 31 or, as the day wore on and his confidence grew, from the pavement ten metres away from the doorway. At least fifteen times in the morning and afternoon he met the negotiators. Manfred Schreiber, head of the Munich police, Bruno Merck who was the Bavarian Minister of the Interior, and the one-armed Hans Dietrich Genschler, the Federal Minister of the Interior.

The anxiety of the Germans was clear as they scurried to each rendezvous while the attitude of the little man in the sun hat grew in cockiness. At three o'clock, with the siege approaching its twelfth hour, perhaps the commandos thought the Germans were not taking their threats to liquidate the hostages seriously enough. Anyway, they produced at a first floor window, where the cameras could clearly see him, a bound Israeli athlete. It was the first we had seen of the hostages all day. From the Puerto Rican block it was difficult to observe the expression on the face of the young Israeli, but he held up his bound hands for all to see. Abruptly, he was removed from the window back into the darkness of the room, and negotiations resumed with more urgency. Behind the block we saw the 'storm commando' moving farther up, no longer maintaining the pretence of being disguised as 'competitors' as they now wore steel helmets and carried sub-machine guns.

On the Puerto Rican balcony the shooting team's coach produced his competition rifle with its moulded stock and telescopic sight.

'Hey, John Wayne come yet? I want some action, brother' someone shouted.

As the light began to fade, the negotiations were intensified, with the police chief, Schreiber, frequently seen to raise his arms to the guerrilla leader in the sun hat, with what seemed exasperation.

Though we didn't realise it, this was the critical time when the Arabs thought they had made a deal to fly out of Germany, and the German police were beginning to plan their ambush at Furstenfeldbruck military air base.

Clearly, the Puerto Rican *Chef de Mission* began to feel the strain. He felt that the cameramen's long lenses on his balcony might be mistaken by the guerrillas for rifles and so draw fire on to his competitors. Politely but firmly, he insisted we move. The Italians next door were less cautious and provided a direct line 'phone on their roof which took the pressure off our walkie-talkie batteries, which had been in use throughout the day.

By just after 7 o'clock it was dark. We'd been in the village for 12 hours, and there was no immediate sign of a breakthrough. A track coach in the British team smuggled us a bag full of food from the cafeteria down Connollystrasse, and we ate it sitting on the pavement. It seemed the right time to begin to make plans for sleeping rough in the village.

Only at the quiet, cordoned part of the Connollystrasse pavement was there evidence of any abnormality in the village. Barring the closure of the

discotheque, the athletes' night life was at full blast; carrying on around and in spite of the police who were completing their arrangements to bring the guerrillas and their hostages out of the Olympic complex on their way to Furstenfeldbruck by a route where as few as possible of the other 12,000 athletes and coaches would see them.

The first we knew that a deal had been done was towards 10 o'clock, when the helicopters thundered over the village and landed.

A little after 10 o'clock, more than 17 hours after their capture, the nine hostages were escorted into a bus in the underground garage for the drive to the helicopters. We saw the bus pull away, with a police escort in front and behind.

The decision by the Germans that the gun battle and attempt to free the hostages should take place not in the Olympic village, but inside the military air base at Furstenfeldbruck, was now irreversible.

Quite unaware that the German police had no plans to allow the Arabs to fly out, and believing that a deal had been done with an Arab government allowing for the release of the hostages and safe conduct of the guerrillas when the plane landed in the Middle East, the press drove the 25 kilometres to Furstenfeldbruck.

With my camera crew I arrived a little after 11 o'clock and had no sooner taken up a position on the base perimeter wire where we could see the waiting Lufthansa Boeing, when there were bursts of automatic fire from across the illuminated tarmac. In the next few minutes we saw convoys of para-military police driven at speed along the road that fringed the runway; others being briefed and forming up in lines for search parties; others, behind them, pulled along by their tracker dogs.

The search parties were on both sides of the wire and we were soon sent angrily to the main gate. With the benefit of hindsight it is now clear that we missed the main shooting by about ten minutes, and were in time only to hear the occasional exchanges between the police and the Arabs still alive after the first volleys.

At the main gate the German press were definite. The hostages were safe. It had been announced on the radio. The government spokesman from Bonn had announced the rescue operation a success. Some terrorists had been killed, others had escaped and that was why the dragnet was out.

There was no reason to doubt the news, and so we settled down to wait for the departure through the gate of the Israeli hostages. But the next arrivals at the check point again indicated that all was not well inside the base. A convoy of armoured cars was driven in by the Border police, cursing at the cameramen through whose arc lights they had to drive. There were at least fifteen of them, with escort cars for their officers, and it seemed a mighty force to put against one or two fleeing guerrillas.

We were not to know that 1,000 metres away, shielded by trees and the control tower, five of the guerrillas were still alive, sheltering by their helicopters, and that of the hostages eight were already dead, and one still strapped and bound inside a helicopter was severely wounded.

On a news story of this scale the pure sports journalists were as

involved as the general news 'leg' men, and it was Raymond Brooks Ward, the British Broadcasting Corporation's equestrian events commentator for radio, who heard the explosion of a hand grenade in the distance.

In fact, at that very moment the surviving guerrillas had made their final break for freedom, and had blown up one of the helicopters, killing the last hostage. Two more of the Palestinians were shot dead as they ran for it; three were captured.

There was no military or police spokesman prepared to answer questions at the gate, and we were still dependent on the optimistic reports coming out of the German radio studios that the hostages were safe.

The arrival of fire engines and ambulances, and the non-appearance of the hostages more than an hour after they were supposed to have been rescued caused the doubts to multiply. By 2 o'clock we heard that Avery Brundage, the retiring President of the International Olympic Committee, had gone to his hotel bedroom in Munich, after congratulating the German authorities on the success of their ambush operation. And 15 minutes later, having driven over to another gate, we saw what we were told was the last of the captured terrorists being driven away, covered in blood and earth, stripped to his underpants, pressed on to the back seat of a police car, with a plain clothes man hanging on to his long hair. Yet there was still no sign of the hostages, only an updated radio report that though all the hostages were alive, some might have been injured in the rescue.

Many of the press corps had gone now, satisfied with the radio reports. Those that remained were convinced that something tragic and disastrous had happened inside the airbase.

Towards 3 o'clock came the first hard signs of confirmation. The observers on the turrets of the first two armoured cars to leave Furstenfeldbruck were in tears, hardly the reaction of men just involved in a successful anti-terrorist operation. A little later a civilian employee at the airbase, on his way home after finishing his night shift, gave us the first eye-witness account of what had happened on the tarmac.

He told of the moment the police marksmen had opened fire, how one guerrilla had sprinted sixty or seventy metres through the gunfire to the dark shadows under the helicopter before shooting out the airfield searchlights; how the guerrillas had emptied their Klashnikovs into the helicopter seats where the hostages were strapped; how he'd seen one of the helicopter pilots go down; watched a hand grenade thrown into the cabin of one of the helicopters and seen the bodies of the Israelis laid out on the tarmac, many with fearful stomach wounds.

With a dozen microphones under his neck, and blinking against the television lights, he gave his description of what had happened to a group of silent reporters.

Twenty minutes later, in a news conference carried live over German radio, we heard the official confirmation that the hostages were dead. It had taken the German authorities more than four hours to make the announcement.

With summary speed later that morning the International Olympic

Committee decided that the games should go on. It was September 6, the second anniversary of the Palestinian hi-jacking of three trans-Atlantic jets, one of which they blew up in Cairo while the other two landed in the Jordanian desert.

The flags went to half mast. There was a memorial service where thousands of Germans clapped and cheered the decision that the Games should continue, and by tea-time competition was under way again.

The German police had no on-the-record statement to counter the considerable criticism that they had mismanaged, in fact bungled, the whole operation. But by the following afternoon they had organised what was to be the major and definitive news conference to justify their actions. Three times in the day it was postponed; twice its location was changed. But at 2.30 p.m. in the Bavarian State Economics Headquarters, the three men who had sanctioned or planned the abortive rescue operation sat down to face a hostile German press corps.

They had decided to take their story chronologically and, in deference to the international press present, to follow statements in German with translations in French and English. By the time the narrative had reached Furstenfeldbruck, two and a half hours had gone by.

The message was loud and clear. All that could possibly have been done was done. From the start the hostages were 'condemned to die'. There was only 'a very faint hope that we could improve their situation'.

No blame for the failure attached to anyone—at least no one facing the press that evening had any intention of accepting any of it.

The news conference broke up with German reporters clearly dissatisfied with the explanations they'd been given as to why only five marksmen had been sent to Furstenfeldbruck to pick off eight terrorists, and the apparent lack of a clear concerted fire order when they did start shooting.

But the German police and politicians would not budge from their basic premise . . . that the chance of rescuing the hostages was next to impossible, and that they had done all that could have been expected of them.

One of the reasons the Federal Republic wanted to stage these games was to rid Germany of the memory of the pre-war Nazi Olympics. Ironically, the deaths at Furstenfeldbruck and on Connollystrasse ensured that the reputation of the Munich Games will have as little to do with sport and the Olympic ideal as the Games held in Berlin 36 years ago.

[Gerald Seymour is a World Reporter for Independent Television News.]

At the Pre-session Press Conference at the U.N. Headquarters in New York the Secretary-General, Kurt Waldheim, declared that the United Nations could not remain 'a mute spectator' in the face of a growing trend towards acts of terror and violence against innocent people in the world, and requested that an item to this effect be placed on the Agenda. At a session of the Security Council the United States did not press for a Vote on a separate draft Resolution under which the Council would have condemned the terrorist attack in Munich on September 5.—Editor.

DADA AND *THE BOY FRIEND*

by Adrian Rendle

ARRIVING at Entebbe, Uganda in June was a good deal different from leaving the place in September. Over three months Idi Amin Dada, Uganda's much publicised Military President, showed his medals and his unbalanced sense of leadership in a country that struggles to match its natural beauty to its widespread poverty.

The June rain had left the tarmac looking like rock pools and in the immediate flat humidity of the morning my suit hung like a sack. A slight confusion nearly despatched my luggage to the Seychelles (African airports have a charming uncertainty that is entirely their own) and as I got into the car that was driving me into Kampala, some twenty miles away, the ash-tray fell off the back seat. Nothing, you see, is really safe in these parts!

Kampala was waking up on a Sunday morning—a town about the size of Canterbury—with a heap of new white buildings thrusting up in arrogant modernity around which the traffic zooms with undisciplined speed and zest. It is a robust, oversized village that has earned the reputation of becoming East Africa's social city in a country which by its own mismanagement has become one of the poorest in the world. The rich, smooth feel of elitist Kampala is the background of tourists and newspaper men who sit in the City Bar and compose political pieces for home consumption—as though politics were to be found in every Berni Bar of the English provinces. Kampala is enigmatic; it tells you nothing but looks as though it is telling you everything. It is Afro-European, complete with Night Club life and a straight old colonial central street on which the Asian shops cluster in sunshine and shadows. This is the street that the President referred to as 'looking like a Bombay bazaar' in one of his empirical speeches against the Asian affluence.

Although Kampala was there as a mecca of social activity my own work was to take me into the educational reaches of Kyambogo and Makerere University: the only true reflection of what is meant by the term 'development' in one of the countries of the third world. The only real problem of the third world is simply that politically most of its leaders are third rate—something that is out of step with the arts, which as always survive with foresight and wit in times of extreme danger.

My stay of three months was to leave me in little doubt that the talent and intention of the African theatre was a serious feature of East African development. And it is the constant interlacing of theatre and the arts with the politics as expounded by a grimly militaristic right wing government that accounts for these notations and opinions on the theatre and its aims as shown in Uganda.

Within twenty-four hours of my arrival I found myself surrounded by the staff of the National Teachers' College, Kyambogo. There is

nothing quite so daunting as a group of educationists who are anxious to shed some of their teaching time in the hope that a new face may lighten the daily routine. Certainly, when I became acquainted with the system of teaching spoken English in the language laboratory, I could see why a fresh outlook was desired. As a professional theatre man it was soon very clear to me that my stage devices were anticipated as a kind of magic; that perhaps I was, after all, an English witch doctor with a cure for all intrusive vowel sounds and a sure-fire method in discovering self confidence.

My British Council brief had been elastic enough for me to expect this kind of thing and my first six weeks were geared to the problems of taking theatre in the raw—that is, working with student teachers who would eventually be structuring some programme of Drama in the many villages of the country.

Within a week of arriving at Kyambogo my students were at work on the texts of *A Man For All Seasons, Hamlet* and *The Lion and the Jewel;* the last being a well known West African play by Wole Soyinka. At the same time a senior member of the English staff asked me if I had any opinions on how to go about auditioning a show such as Sandy Wilson's *The Boy Friend*. It seemed an odd request at the time—something strangely out of tune with all that was going on in the African theatre. But *The Boy Friend* was to be with me, off and on, rather like His Excellency Idi Amin Dada (Dada for short but not for long) for the rest of my stay in Kampala.

To say that Uganda is rich in theatrical enterprise is not an overstatement. As in Ireland, almost everyone seems able to perform. The Government is the 'greatest show on earth'—a collection of strident clowns in a circus of bayonets and bullets, gold braid and neo-imperialism. It is as though the old musical play, *The Chocolate Soldier*, were on one never-ending tour.

In an atmosphere of feverish competition the National Theatre in Kampala (National by name rather than by intention) parades a wide collection of plays and other entertainments; all of which find an adequate yet different audience for each event. Few people, one discovers, actually go to the theatre unless they have a particular group to support. The general theatregoing audience is very small indeed.

Although there is as yet no fully professional theatre in Uganda, there is enough activity to ensure that there will eventually exist a company and a policy that will focus the effort in a professional way. At the moment it is left to the intensive onslaught of the amateurs and because of this no real centre is likely to be found. Three months enabled me to see a lot of African vernacular plays—written in Luganda and performed with that relaxed, almost lazy skill of the African actor who knows his audience. The African in this style of play is used to the audience participating by throwing in the odd remark and cheering certain lines and speeches—a singular mark of the audience's detailed concentration on the dialogue. The *rapport* naturally produces a keen awareness to the improvised moment and its performance value and the African actor is never slow to pick up

the tone of an audience and use it to his own comic advantage. In this arrangement there is a naïvety which at its lowest is little better than 'Variety' turns put into dramatic situations but which at its best resembles the reactions of the players and playgoers of the Shakespearian theatre. Pistol and Nym are there in full cry—playing their bold personalities to the groundlings with all their rumbustical skill.

The African actor is never afraid to 'play' his audience—indeed the problem is often one of getting him to do the reverse in the course of natural behaviour. When the production and the play came together in a highly disciplined form the effect of this kind of playing was stunning. Such a play is *Kikwabanga* where the scene is described as the home of a cruel Chief named Busabwambogo, a man who owns many wives and rules over a village with great power. In this play the brilliance of the actor playing the Chief as a really dangerous buffoon was truly remarkable. Beside me in the audience sat an African who had been specially requested to interpret the play for me as it progressed; but the action was so clear that he need not have worried. In the play the Chief tests the fidelity of his wives by getting a servant to call to them in their special compound and use his name; if the head wife answers it shows that she doesn't know her true master and the Chief—roaring for all the world like an enraged bull—punishes her by twisting her ears until she weeps for mercy. This play is set in a Buganda of some one-hundred-and-fifty years ago but its customs are not lost on the audience of today. They enjoy seeing the local Chief with his irrational demands and his pleasure in demonstrating his power. In a sense the play becomes an historical satire—inviting laughter where it is most cruel. As later events showed on the political scene, such Chiefs are quite likely to be found in positions such as President. Amin would have played the part with a touch of reality but his buffoonery would have been almost as obvious.

Buffoonery, however, is not always the *raison d'être* of the African performer. Back at the ranch, I was busy working with a group who had been gathered together by a Group Dynamics teacher. Over the course of almost two years he had been putting together some very cogent factors about African life and shaping them towards a final dramatic form.

At Kyambogo, John Molleson invited me to the early rehearsals of his short documentary show entitled *Tuli Wano* (We Are Here). This was not performed by actors, but student teachers who were piecing out a story made up from the facts about themselves and showing that although they were in the unique position of being the educators of tomorrow, they carried with them a heritage that was full of the poverty and problems of village life. *We Are Here* said the show, but how have we got here? And now that we are here where do we go?

This wholly fascinating slice of documentary theatre originated from the discussions of the students and eventually developed enough material in song, dance and story to make up an hour-long performance that finally spread its wings and flew direct to Edinburgh to take part on the fringe of that city's much valued Festival. Sitting in with *Tuli Wano* must rank

as one of my best experiences in Uganda. The British Council backed the idea to the hilt and readily assisted with some money; but most of the funds needed were raised from local advertising and other schemes fostered by the group themselves. The facts show that they really cared about what they were doing as a group. The direct simplicity of the performers was unaffected and yet not without performance appeal. So, for example, the story of the girl who spoke of her early primary school days when she walked through the long grass, spreading her skirt before her to collect the dew and keep her companions who followed her dry: 'I belonged to a servant tribe' she said 'and my friends made me go ahead of them in this way'. When she arrived at school she was of course scolded for being dirty at the start of the day.

What *Tuli Wano* achieved was a comment on the highly pressurised colonial education system perpetuated at a time when all of these students would have been in their primary days. And Uganda's educational standards are better than most African countries—Makerere University for instance, celebrating its golden jubilee in October this year. What *Tuli Wano* achieved dramatically was a statement that was at once noticeable and acceptable by the Western world in a way that was different from the usual educators' gratuitous journalism.

Back at the political front, I couldn't but feel that a major public performance of this show would have lasting value to the policies being shovelled out by a much harrassed Ministry of Education. *Tuli Wano* was, quite simply, drama to the life.

I was amused to read a review when the show eventually reached Edinburgh, where a worthy critic found the ingredient of Scottish country dancing a happy feature. The fact that this particular cultural activity was a direct result of the Scottish Missionaries in Africa, was lost on him. Can there be anything quite so quaint as the Eightsome Reel replacing the natural hip-flinging dances of Buganda? Only a Calvinist could argue the case, one feels.

The dance is as natural as life in Africa. And as I once said at a rehearsal where my actors found movement difficult to invent: 'The whole of Africa waits for a drum'.

Once the drum is to hand the body swings and the arms rise and the legs leap. The drum is the heart of the matter.

The deep beat of the drums must be associated in every Englishman's sub-conscious with his boyhood days as he sat reading *King Solomon's Mines* and *She*. The period, after all, is not so far away. The drum reminds you that all the city slickers of Kampala with fast cars, the additions of Pizza bars and drive-in cinemas, is just a crust on the surface. Africa's drum is subtle and immensely sophisticated in a culture that is as old as the Nile.

At a music festival given by the Primary Schools, the traditional dances and songs were flowing out with simple and direct appeal. It was sitting in the National Theatre watching these young performers at work with the musical instruments of the old Africa that made me realise something

of the life rhythm that surrounded everyone out there. Bits of 1972, like a modest insistence on the girls wearing bras in the dancing, seemed strangely out of place. Or schoolgirls in smart blue uniform dresses performing a chain song of the river, standing in a long line clapping their hands from side to side and maintaining a subtle counterpoint beat with the drums; and the thumb pianos playing inside calabashes for extra resonance. For anyone finally interested in seeking the true drama of Africa this sort of evening explains a great deal.

Much more so here, than in a subsequent evening of music and dance given at the National Teachers' College, where beautiful Acholi girls suddenly appeared beside a piano and sung such ancient British ballads as *Whispering Hope.* The basic frailty of a Western song of this character only serves to highlight the impulsive energy of the singers and dancers who are waiting to spread their legs and flash the straw bustles in a frenzy of passion. Whispering hope indeed!

So when we speak of the drama in Africa what are we looking for? The modern African writer, such as Wole Soyinka, writes in a tautly Western structured way, yet retains the real values of what is essentially an African culture. The author who works entirely in the vernacular, like Byron Kawadwa, is probably much more the representative voice of what the peoples' theatre in Uganda is about.

Yet strangely it is the Western orientated writer who in the end will do the most for his own culture. He is the possible political satirist who can penetrate the ridiculous pomposity of our Dadas and their gun-dominated regimes, because he can find the words in English that will speak out to a world rather than just a single section of one country. Soyinka's brilliant but ill-defined play, *Madmen and Specialists,* suddenly turned up in Kampala. Its witty political speeches were appreciated even if the main theme of a play that licks the wounds of the Biafran war was only vaguely assimilated.

It is this continual discussion on what is African culture and its relevance to the new society of political independence that provokes the question 'Is theatre new in Africa?'.

This question was finally put to me at a lecture and discussion in Makerere University and I simply answered that, as I read the situation, theatre *was* new.

From then on, the need to define theatre leads to a confusing pattern of arguments in which everything that is drawn from the ritual of African celebration (weddings, births, funerals) is claimed as a clear indication that the theatre is in fact very old in Africa. Clearly there is a resentment that theatre should be judged only on European standards, but then the question is not 'Is *culture* new in Africa?' which is quite another matter. In seeking a rich past of drama the African argument seeks to place a lot of cultural custom at the stage door. It also holds to the belief that the only way for foreign drama to succeed is for the plays to be Africanised.

On the point of ritual culture, great stress is laid on the circumcision ceremonies and the attendant dances both up and down the mountain

where the drumming inoculates the senses of the young men arriving at manhood against the pain of religious surgery. The drum and the dance are in the ascendant and the central priest stands waving his sharpened-up home-made knife. Several African friends who find the affair distasteful are amazed by the popularity of it all. Yet for all the bizarre barbarism of the ceremony it is possible to see the thread of dramatic joy; a feature that must grow into the newer concept of theatre that is being written in Africa.

Africanisation of European texts can become a fetish. If one isn't careful about the adaptations it is possible to end up with the author's intention completely disfigured plus a sort of arrogance that takes the view that really the whole thing works much better in an African style; in fact, that the original has no business to be played in its own language or custom! The best adaptations seem to be found from the works of Molière and Sean O'Casey; indeed O'Casey seems to fit as snug as a glove —the Irish peasant background and the humour finding easy, direct parallels with the African temperament. But I'm not surprised that *Look Back in Anger* failed to come off as a black production. Jimmy Porter's acidulated thinking is the product of a particular brand of European literary anarchy; the problems don't correspond in any way to an African life-style.

From the aspects of theatre that are continually bumping into each other, the modern African playwright is facing the uniqueness of his own heritage and culture while attempting to formulate a professional attitude which uses all the past and the future to major effect.

It is possible to see the professional part of this machinery in the one company in Kampala that has been set up by the playwright-producer Robert Serumago. Serumago occupies the fortunate position of being an African who is wealthy enough to run a company and attempt to put some of his ideas into permanent practice. A lecturer at Makerere and an actor of some distinction in some of the multi-racial productions that were once part of the Kampala scene (Virginia Woolf is often quoted), he has been working towards presenting a style of African drama that can be called individual. Fortunately during my visit his new play *Renga Moi* opened and gave everybody a chance to see exactly what he and his young, enthusiastic company had been working at over the past few months.

The play is based on an old African legend and there is a great deal of dance drama to support the symbolism of protest (which is perhaps more intellectually interpreted than in the breach of political struggle). Cruelty, suffering and re-birth are the major items in Serumago's play. Above all, it is highly skilled in its direction. As a director, he works entirely from a Western point of view when it comes to lighting and planned movement, which is probably the reason for the production being selected as one of the items in this year's Festival of Theatre in Belgrade. As a piece of spectacular sightseeing, *Renga Moi* is sure to get the Festival audience on its feet; as a play that says anything positive on the new Africa it will almost certainly draw a blank.

I became much more aware of this while I was busy at the University working on a production of Euripides' play, *The Bacchae*. In the old

Greek drama the statement of the play is clear; it can travel anywhere in the world and its warnings and excitement reach out to any audience. Euripides writes of the penalties of intolerance; as indeed does Serumago—yet with Euripides there is no mistaking the point.

In a country beginning to seethe with intellectual indignation under the yoke of Dada and his daily decrees, the central character of Pentheus, the intolerant Prince of Thebes, began to take on a contemporary relevance that was marked. 'A foolish and headstrong man is a danger to the State' remarks the blind prophet, Tieresius. When this line was finally spoken on the stage it was already September in Uganda and the pressure of the last few weeks leading up to this time was to explode with military brutishness.

In the course of *The Bacchae* a messenger tells the detailed, agonising story of how Pentheus has been torn to pieces on the mountainside by women, and how his mother is returning home in triumph carrying the head of her son, believing it to be the head of a lion.

I was reminded of the relevance when I was told a story that harked back to the *coup* that had put Idi Amin Dada in control. Briefly, a young man had returned to his village and was called out one morning by two members of the new military and hustled into a truck. Naturally, he assumed that he was being taken out to be shot. About half an hour's drive out of the village they stopped and the two Army men got out and pointed their guns at a tree. In the branches sat another African soldier, and they asked the young man from the village if he knew the man and whether he belonged to the Lango tribe (Obote's tribe); and then ordered the man down. He refused so they shot him in the leg and he fell (with one incessant scream as Euripides writes of Pentheus). Then they tied him to the ground; jumped on his genitals and put a plank under his neck. They attached the plank to the truck and slowly drove the truck off, tearing his head from his shoulders.

There is nothing sacred or ritualistic about this ghastly slice of tribalism, but the country that can sport such natural brutality can be viewed through the classical eye as a wide open field for the theatre that can challenge savagery with meaningful argument.

It is perhaps stranger than fiction itself that, in the midst of such real-life drama and struggling intelligent theatre, a production of *The Boy Friend* could take place at all. Yet there in the shadow of Dada and his gun the tinkling pastiche of the 'twenties suddenly took on the atmosphere of a camp concert given in a Prisoner of War compound. The violent imprecations against the Asians and the stirring of racialism somehow heightened such lyrics that sweetly cooed *I could be happy with you if you could be happy with me.* Artistically, fiction is stranger than fact; a phrase that might almost become the sub-title to Uganda history books.

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LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

THE ONE AND THE MANY

Beaverbrook. A. J. P. Taylor. Hamish Hamilton Ltd. £6.
The Offshore Islanders. Paul Johnson. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £4.25.

On the face of it, the links between these two brilliantly written books are not obvious, apart from the sparkle and vividness. Mr. Taylor has fondly acknowledged Mr. Johnson as his former pupil, but by this time the influence from that source is too subtle to distinguish. The interesting comparison is between a superlative journalist turned historian and an eminent historian devoutly chronicling the life of a mighty journalist.

Not that Lord Beaverbrook can be disposed of with the single word 'journalist', though that was how he described himself in his passport, and his journalistic genius was undoubted. Beaverbrook was best known, says Mr. Taylor, as a newspaper proprietor, and that is surely how he will be longest remembered but, as Mr. Taylor also points out, he had become a Member of Parliament before he had ever thought of acquiring an English newspaper and his greatest achievement in the First World War, his elevation of Lloyd George to the Premiership, owed nothing to his ownership of a newspaper.

Mr. Taylor argues that though, when the Second World War broke out, Beaverbrook was a newspaper proprietor of the first rank, this was if anything a handicap. True in one sense, but surely not in another. It was his success *in newspapers* which gave him the reputation for improvisation and drive, and it was this particular reputation which Mr. Taylor rightly describes as his main qualification for crucial office. Let us however agree that his work as Minister of Aircraft Production, quite unrelated to newspapers, in the darkest days of the war will always stand out as a major contribution to victory and his one lasting monument outside the sphere of newspapers.

Mr. Taylor insists additionally that Beaverbrook must be rated highly as a contemporary historian. It is difficult to accept the claim as made. Certainly Beaverbrook possessed originality, flair and an unusual gift of words, not to mention a passion for collecting documents. But when one happens to possess a specialised knowledge (in my case of the Irish Treaty), one is quickly aware of his limitations, and Mr. Taylor leaves us in no doubt that in his memory a fact slipped not infrequently into fiction under the impact of his romantic imagination. There is a wonderful little anecdote in which we find Arnold Bennett writing to Beaverbrook on September 24, 1925:

> You told me that
> 1. Beresford attacked you.
> 2. You replied.
> 3. Haldane criticised you favourably.
> 4. Curzon criticised you unfavourably.
>
> Your secretary tells me that this debate occurred on February 12th, 1918. I doubt this, as in the 'Times' report of the 13th there is no mention at all of a speech by you or of a speech by Lord Haldane.
>
> Beaverbrook did not answer, and this was scarcely odd. For his alleged speech was never delivered. . . .

Pace Mr. Taylor, most professional of historians, Lord Beaverbrook remains the arresting amateur *par excellence*.

Mr. Taylor writes *con amore,* if ever man did. 'I loved Max Beaverbrook when he was alive. Now that I have learnt to know him better from his records, I love him even more.' There is something disconcerting about so frank an avowal. But in the event the outcome is peculiarly satisfying. Mr. Taylor is extremely candid about some of Lord Beaverbrook's activities, financial and other. The fact that he is so obviously biased in his favour, and yet does not hesitate to make such scorching revelations, convinces us that we are getting the full picture, warts and all.

I myself knew Lord Beaverbrook, not well but well enough to be very fond of him, though repeatedly warned against him by my elders and betters in the Labour movement. One can accept without hesitation his capacity for inspiring affection and his own form of religious interest. The question that remains is how far his undoubted mischievousness can be disposed of as a humorous whimsicality or deserves a harsher label. No one who heard his poignant speech at what was palpably a farewell dinner can doubt that he expected to have to answer shortly for his life and character before an other-worldly tribunal.

One gasps with admiration at the sheer intellectual feat of Paul Johnson's single-volume British history (100 B.C.—A.D. 1972), written during a single year's release from editorship. One was already aware that no one, not even Alan Taylor, writes a more incisive thousand words in a weekly journal. It was fascinating to find out whether in the same strong brain concentrated unification of thought could be applied over the full distance. A single theme is worked out steadily and coherently and at the end the past, present and the future, are brought together in an alluring synthesis. The great British virtue is seen as the gift of independent, though collective, energy.

The penalty might be expected to be some squeezing of the variegated facts to fit a unitary pattern. And it would be an affectation to say that this never occurs. But Mr. Johnson is an old hand at working in the seeming irrelevance. His book teems with incidental attractions. 'But what the Tories chiefly objected to was not the association of honours with Party contributions, but the fact that most of the cash went into Lloyd George's hands and not their own. A particularly sore point was the behaviour of Sir Horace Farquhar, to whom Lloyd George gave an earldom in his resignation honours. When Farquhar died, the Tory bosses angrily discovered the kitty was bare. In the words of Lord Beaverbrook "Horace had spent the lot and L.G. had got £80,000 of it . . .". These transactions were still going on during the comparatively recent time. And to-day? Who knows?'

If one criticises it is on rather different grounds. Mr. Johnson has his great heroes and great villains, or perhaps one should say his illustrious nincompoops. The former include Alfred the Great, Elizabeth I and Cromwell. The latter range from the Stuarts to Sir Edward Grey. 'What a strange man Alfred was; an archetype of all that was best and yet most mysterious in the curious race whose destinies he helped so decisively to shape.' 'Elizabeth was a political genius of a very rare kind, for her inspiration was a sense of tolerance springing from a warm heart and a cool intellect.' 'We have noted before that toleration flourishes in England only under strong governments. Cromwell was as strong as he was tolerant.' But a very different tale is told of the Stuarts: 'They had betrayed the national mission. The English would redeem it.' And poor Sir Edward Grey really catches it: 'He has the sombre distinction of having inflicted more damage on the English people than any other man in their history'.

Mr. Johnson, like any other historian, is entitled to his preferences and priorities, but it is questionable history to present the leading figures in quite such black and white terms, as goodies and baddies, though it makes for excellent reading. Respectfully one suggests that he might take a leaf out of Mr. Taylor's book, or at any rate this particular book of Mr. Taylor's. At the end of it, Mr. Taylor leaves us with a complicated picture of a complicated man. Mr. Johnson inevitably perhaps in the circumstances simplifies an infinite variety of people and happenings. Next time perhaps we can look to Mr. Johnson to probe from every angle the life-story of a single human being and Mr. Taylor to take us with one vast leap through Britain's glorious if troubled history. Meanwhile each has tackled the problem set him delightfully and most efficiently. LONGFORD

TUCKER'S STALIN

The Soviet Political Mind: Stalinism and Post-Stalin Change. Robert C. Tucker. Revised Edition. Allen and Unwin. £3.50.

Most of Professor Tucker's book consists of articles published in the late '50s and early '60s and first collected in book form in 1963. Three new essays have been added. All deal with the impact of Stalin's personality upon the Soviet régime and society. The new essays, in particular those on totalitarianism and on Bukharin, give continuing expression to Tucker's fascination with Stalin's rule and its consequences. There is little here on the political and psychological constraints upon contemporary Soviet leaders' attitudes. Discussion of Khrushchev is confined largely to his role in the twentieth Party Congress, dethronement of Stalin and the pace of his destalinisation policies. The only treatment of Sino-Soviet relations is confined to a rather dated essay, 'The Dialectics of Co-Existence'. Nor has this revised edition been amended to take account of the contributions of other western scholars in the field of Soviet politics, such as Fainsod, Conquest, and Moseley. The resulting (I am sure unintended) impression of Olympian single-handed analysis is thus slightly deceptive.

The opening essay argues for the value of 'revolutionary mass-movement régime' as a comparative concept enabling one to compare similarities between communist, fascist and nationalist single-party régimes. In the Soviet context Professor Tucker illustrates this by showing how Stalin brought about a 'metamorphosis' of the Leninist Bolshevik régime into a new movement-régime of a fuhrerist type while disguising this in the ideological language of Leninism. Professor Tucker is, of course, not alone in finding close similarities between Stalinism and fascism, but he also makes admirably clear the positive dangers of equating communism with fascism. In his essay on totalitarianism, Tucker argues that it is misleading to conceive of the Dictator as merely a necessary function, mechanistically determined by the needs of the system. Rather it is the Dictator's own personality which is the decisive determinant in the 'dynamics of totalitarianism'. Stalin, like Hitler, made politics and ideology the main outlets for his psycho-pathological needs. The longest and most provocative of the new essays deals with Bukharin's show trial and attempts a casebook illustration of the manner in which Stalin's displacing of 'private affects' on 'public objects' affected his victims in the Great Purge and the system as a whole. Tucker argues that Stalin only completely 'totalitarianised' the U.S.S.R. through the bloodbath of the *Yezhovschina,* which he suggests should be termed *Stalinschina.*

There are real difficulties raised by this attempt to define totalitarianism in terms of the intensity of terror and of the scale of blood purge. In Germany, for example, did the Roehm purge of 1934 mark the transition of Hitler's rule from dictatorship to totalitarianism? Surely more complex criteria are involved? However, Tucker's commentary on Stalin's megalomaniac rule and on his suppression of potential organs of opposition and on the motives underlying the Great Purge is extremely persuasive and is supported by a growing volume of biographical material previously reviewed in these pages. Of Stalin's show trials he writes: 'We may view the trials as vehicles for the acting out of something similar to a paranoid delusional system complete with central theme and malevolent pseudo-community'. Thus, while their political purpose was to eliminate all potential opposition, Tucker argues that actually Stalin believed the main legend of the great conspiracy of 'Anti-Soviet Bloc of Rights and Trotskyites' even though he knew that some of the N.K.V.D.'s embellishments were invention. He also argues that the trials enabled Stalin to eliminate Old Bolsheviks who were likely, because of their ardent anti-fascism, to obstruct his 1939 Pact and collaboration with Hitler. It is certainly true that poor Bukharin was a passionate anti-fascist intellectual. Tucker's hypotheses regarding Bukharin's conduct in his trial are very persuasive even if they seem to push beyond available evidence.

All these essays reward careful reading, and demonstrate that Professor Tucker is one of the most learned and lucid western analysts of Soviet theory and ideology. His interpretations of Stalinism provide both a valuable source of insight and a goading into crucial arguments about the historiography of a living nightmare.

PAUL WILKINSON

THE ARDENNE OFFENSIVE

The Battle for the Ardennes. John Strawson. Batsford. £2.50.

As a student of Hitler's 1944 Ardennes Offensive I was fascinated by this intelligent, witty and readable account. General Strawson modestly claims only to furnish some entertainment for the general reader but although the entertainment is certainly there—his pithy comments and caustic criticisms of ally and enemy alike ensure that—the clear analysis of the command problems and careful assessment of the battle's historical context are a real contribution to the history of the last war.

The author believes that the venture was doomed from the start. He points out that a master principle of war is the selection of a correct purpose and the capture of Antwerp all the way from Germany in December 1944 was palpably impossible, as all the German commanders, except the one who mattered, knew. But once that commander, Hitler, had achieved the well-nigh impossible feat of creating a new, powerful mobile reserve and fresh divisions it should have been possible to advance across the Meuse, establish a strong bridgehead, create havoc among the allied dispositions and at least to threaten Brussels. Why, after achieving complete surprise and all but destroying a weakly-held front, the Germans did not even gain their first major objective, the Meuse, is a mystery which has engaged military historians for the last twenty-five years. The author is not afraid to give us his explanation: '. . . But take 28 divisions, fritter away half of them banging their heads against unyielding enemy concentrations, keep one quarter up your sleeve, use merely the other quarter for the offensive action which seems to offer the main chance, then refuse to reinforce it with the quarter still up your sleeve

at the moment when appearance takes on the mantle of reality, and you are throwing away the winning cards as soon as play has started'. There is much more in this lively vein for John Strawson speaks his mind, giving ha'pence where he thinks they were deserved and kicks whenever they were.

Inevitably there are a few mistakes as with all battle histories but none is serious except perhaps to formations whose efforts are ignored. For instance the Guards Armoured Division are credited with helping to stop the 2nd Panzer Division, the furthest German advance, when, in fact, they were some twenty miles behind the line at the time and did not fire a shot during the German offensive in the Ardennes. 2nd Panzer's advance units were brought to a halt by a regiment of the 29th Armoured Brigade, the 3rd Royal Tank Regiment, who are not mentioned at all. However *The Battle for the Ardennes* does not purport to be a detailed history but is a professional soldier's summary of a decisive battle and, as such, succeeds admirably.

PETER ELSTOB

PSYCHOLOGY AND SUBJECTIVITY

Towards Deep Subjectivity. Roger Poole. Allen Lane. The Penguin Press. £2.25.

In *Towards Deep Subjectivity* Roger Poole has written a brief but committed statement which is of some contemporary interest. Mr. Poole attacks the 'false objectivity' which he sees as exemplified in Pentagon reports about warfare in Vietnam and also in the behaviouristic traditions of much modern psychology and philosophy. His contention is that in adopting physical science as a model for enquiry into human affairs certain contemporary philosophers and psychologists have encouraged a dangerous separation of moral sensibility from data.

Subjectivity, exemplified in non-violent modes of protest, is an expression of the rejection by a young generation of both political objectivity and the 'thinkerless thought' of the academic who maintains an isolation from major human concerns by a myopic concentration on circumscribed and emotively neutral problems. In this non-violent form of protest the body and non-conformities of dress are used as a visible expression of dissatisfaction, either in general, or at sit-ins and demonstrations, and, most shockingly, in the self-immolation of Jan Palach. Protest of this type is seen as basically beneficial, although those who uphold the prevailing objectivity will perceive the protest as dangerous, and will equate it with terrorism. Mr. Poole rejects this equation, since terrorism is anonymous, indiscriminate and unconcerned by human suffering.

Mr. Poole has argued his case on these matters persuasively, and the reader can readily accept that objectivity as a cloak for a disregard of human values is a proper target for indignation. The Chomsky-like extension of this condemnation to the work of academics who have elected to study small-scale but complex problems is less firmly established. Further, Mr. Poole fails to define a method of enquiry which might effectively replace current approaches to the study of human psychology.

P. H. K. SEYMOUR

THE CHILD KILLER

The Case of Mary Bell. Gita Sereny. Eyre Methuen. £2.50.

The motivation of writers who record murders which stimulate universal horror and unease, such as the 'Moors Murders', has been the subject of considerable speculation, some of it remarkably insightless. Presumably

realising this, before launching into the life, times, and trial of Mary Bell, who, in 1968, at the age of eleven, caused the death of two male children aged four and three, in Newcastle, Gita Sereny states, 'I am finally convinced that the importance of using what has happened to this unhappy girl as a warning example, outweighs any other considerations or qualms'.

We are told that the author has worked with disturbed children in France and Germany: her reporting of the social background, the trial and the aftermath, is of high quality, but although she can objectively record intensely distressing facts, her overall approach is emotional and angry—both, as she tells the reader, common effects of contact with Mary Bell. She asks a number of highly-charged and impassioned questions, to which she must surely know that in the present state of psychiatric knowledge there is no reply. She feels at the end of the trial that 'Something was very wrong. We needed to ensure, I thought, that no such trial should ever take place again. It seemed to me that it had judged and punished but left the most vital questions unasked and unanswered . . . Why should one child want to kill another child she hardly knew and had no grudge against? . . . What *is* a child psychopath? How does it come to be?'

It is interesting to see how unhesitatingly the psychiatrist concerned with the case employed the term of 'psychopath', whereas the modern tendency has been to shun its use in childhood, when the personality is not yet formed. Be that as it may, Gita Sereny has elicited many telling anecdotes: at Red Bank Approved School 'Special Unit' 'Two members of the staff have left, solely because they felt themselves becoming too involved with Mary' and one 'who has also now left the school—became convinced that Mary is innocent of killing those little boys'.

Apart from speculations on the pathoplastic features, the other important issues in the case remain the legal one of whether or not it is right that a child should be placed on full trial for homicide, and the socio-psychiatric (and economic) one of the paucity of provision in this country for the containment and psychiatric treatment of severely disturbed children and adolescents. Gita Sereny deplores both the legal requirement and the psychiatric lacunae.

MOLLY TIBBS

THE MYSTERY OF OMAR KHAYYAM

In Search of Omar Khayyam. Ali Dashti. Trs. by L. P. Elwell-Sutton. Allen & Unwin, £3.50.

During the 113 years since Edward Fitzgerald published the first of his five paraphrasic translations of *The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyam* the name and fame of the 12th-century Persian poet and his English translator have been inseparably linked. Millions of English readers in succeeding generations have rolled the euphonious book-title on their tongues and spoken aloud their preferences among the melodious quatrains without enquiring as to the form and nature of the Persian original. The *ruba'i* (*ruba'iyat* is the plural form of the word) is the 4-line verse-form used by good and bad Persian poets from time immemorial. The form, as Mr. Elwell-Sutton explains in his Introduction to Ali Dashti's book, lends itself particularly to 'the expression of pithy epigrammatical thoughts and in this respect is not unlike the Greek epigram or the Japanese *haiku*'. And he adds: 'One striking characteristic is the final "punch line", summing up the moral of the whole.' It must also be stressed that there is no such thing in Persian literature as a stanzaic poem composed of *ruba'iyat;* 'they are always individual, independent quatrains and can be

arranged in collections according to the taste of the anthologist. . .'. In effect, Edward Fitzgerald ignored the traditional Persian convention of the isolated quatrain poem and constructed from manuscripts (the 'Bodleian' and 'Calcutta'), of which his friend Edward Cowell procured copies, the material for his English-form stanzaic *'Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam'*.

All this and much more may be gathered from a close perusal of Mr. Ali Dashti's valuable volume, first published in Tehran 1966 and now translated by the eminent Persian and Arabic scholar Mr. L. P. Elwell-Sutton, Reader in Persian in the University of Edinburgh. It appears as one of the *Persian Studies Monographs* under the auspices of the Pahlavi Foundation.

Ali Dashti's approach to the mystery of Khayyam is that while the philosopher and mathematician 'is a clearly defined figure, easily discernible through his scientific and philosophical writings, Khayyam the poet is still unknown, a blurred indistinct personality. There is only one source from which we may judge his poetic nature—the quatrains—and we cannot be sure that any of them are his, and certainly some of them are not.' Dashti's second chapter presents Khayyam as seen by his contemporaries, and then he proceeds to discuss him in connection with Sufism and Isma'ilism. The approach is both humble and profound, until—warming to his work—he discusses 'The Key Quatrains' which, quoted, include several resembling in sense thoughts with which English readers are familiar in the Fitzgerald versions. Another 'key chapter' is on 'Khayyam and His Imitators'; also one on his 'Wine-Poetry'. Finally, the book contains two Appendices compiled by Mr. Elwell-Sutton: one, 'Biographical Notes', and the other a 'Glossary of Technical Terms'. All in all, Ali Dashti's compendious volume of research, demonstration and discussion is most timely in view of the publication in 1967 of *The Rubaiyyat of Omar Khayyam* in London, a new translation by Robert Graves and Omar Ali-Shah; and in New York (1968) appearing as *The Original Rubaiyyat of Omar Khayyam*. In London the translation was described by *The Times* reviewer, Major J. C. E. Bowen, a Persian scholar, as being remarkably similar in the choice of quatrains used by Fitzgerald in his versions.

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Right to Say No (Sidgwick & Jackson, £2.75). This is a courageous and revealing book by Judith Todd, daughter of Garfield Todd, the former Rhodesian Prime Minister. Like her father, she has been a prominent and persistent worker against racism, coloured segregation and inequality and, of course, an opponent of the Smith regime and all it stands for. After five years abroad, she returned to Rhodesia towards the end of 1970; and in this volume she describes conditions in Rhodesia until after the Report of the Pearce Commission. It is a bitter story based upon personal involvement and working closely with black Africans, with the climax of her own arrest and detention without trial. Everything was done by the Smith regime, in terms of force, represssion, segregation and censorship, to try and prevent the true expression of opinion by the black population upon the White Paper proposals, in spite of the Smith undertaking to permit normal political activities. From her own experiences, Miss Todd has no doubt at all that the great majority of black Africans understood perfectly well the basic proposals of the White Paper and rejected it without the coercion of

black extremists. She is also bitter at the attempts by the Foreign and Commonwealth Office and Sir Alec Douglas-Home to restrict her movements and activities before she left England. No doubt she feels that there is an underlying understanding now between Sir Alec and Smith to resuscitate the White Paper proposals and push them through upon some artificial and bogus conception of consent. Miss Todd is, of course, extremely biased, but her book rings through with integrity and with understanding of what is really happening racially and politically.

Erskine May's Private Journal, 1877-1882: Diary of a Great Parliamentarian (H.M. Stationery Office: House of Commons Library Document No. 9, 57p). Here for the first time is published Sir Thomas Erskine May's occasional private diary edited with Notes, Introduction and Appendices by David Holland and David Menhennet of the House of Commons Library. It covers almost the whole of his service at the Table of the House of Commons, first as Clerk Assistant 1856-71 and then as Clerk of the House 1874-1886. During all these years he was intimately associated with and helped to guide the conduct of parliamentary business, and had close personal relations with leading politicians, including Gladstone. This diary, though largely of an autobiographical nature, expresses also Erskine May's views on current parliamentary problems and his contribution to their solution, during his period of office. His reputation became such that his advice frequently became the determining factor in the development of House of Commons practice and procedure. This is an important publication which will be widely welcomed.

Inside the Underworld (Allen & Unwin, £2.50). Peta Fordham has written a fascinating account of the English criminal underground. A member of a legal family and over the years as a social worker and crime journalist, she has acquired a close personal knowledge of this extraordinary world and has friends and acquaintances both inside and out of prison. She has acquired a degree of trust which enables her to give a realistic account of what goes on. In the result there is nothing very startling. She has much to say about the organised robbery requiring highly developed technical skills and the disposal of stolen property. She is not happy at the punitive long term sentence as a deterrent to others. ' "They" will always be cleverer. What long sentences have done in many cases is to ensure that men, particularly the rising generation, going on a job, carry guns'. The author expresses the surprising view that 'the underworld needs a king to hold it in check'. Also there is need for 'a top gang', she argues, to whom police can at once turn 'when a large crime has been committed' and also 'be able to keep tabs on new associates'.

Englishmen and Irish Troubles (Jonathan Cape, £4.50). No matter how many books, newspaper articles or TV documentaries may be available to the general public no clear and final answer to the Irish problem seems to emerge. D. G. Boyce, in his authoritative and comprehensive survey has not attempted to deal with the apparently insoluble dilemma as it now stands but has instead gone to the very roots of the situation and prepared a detailed account and analysis of the direction of Irish policy between the years 1918-22. Beginning with the General Election held late in 1918 he explores the progress of the popularly based decision to grant some degree of self-government to Ireland. Enhanced by illustrations, extensive Notes and some useful Appendices this book will prove indispensable to students of recent Irish history.

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Contemporary Review

Founded 1866 incorporating The Fortnightly

December 1972 Vol. 221 No. 1283

SPECIALLY FOR CHRISTMAS

by Robert Gittings

IF you question any poet how he began to write his own Christmas card verses—and many do—he will probably say that it arose from receiving some from a friend. That neglected poet and fine craftsman, Frank Kendon, used to live in the same Cambridgeshire village as myself. On some Christmas Day before the war, one of Frank's poems appeared in our mail, beautifully printed by the Cambridge University Press.

They were asleep no doubt and dreamt of angels—
Men have strange dreams today and have had always—
—They saw the feathered stars (slipped from their anchors)
Drift above the east—meeting and mingling—there
Where in one bright quarter they gathered singing together—
And on earth peace towards men of good will.

Long beside the dreamers the flocks fed peaceably—
—By and by as they woke the stars moved out to their stations
—Above the same pastures a different silence rested
That has not broken now almost two thousand years.

Looking back, I realise that Frank's undogmatic, undenominational, near-humanist poems set the tone of my own Christmas verse. Much later I sent out a poem myself, in which I can hear, faintly and far after him, those accents.

Ready for Christmas, autumn rolls up its sleeves,
Boughs that strip to plunge to the icebare elbow,
And on the ground the leaves
In black layers lacquered together.
No rackruin weather

This, but a preparation of climate, a watch
Kept to welcome the rumoured newcoming season,
Whose tinkling footbells catch
The ear one frosty glinting nightfall,
And by morning the rightful

Travellers arrive, the tall white-bearded kings,
Their robes and alpine staffs feathered with snow-flowers,
As each to birthday brings
The world's grey wisdom, orient-keen:—
A midwinter scene.

Perhaps the cool tone has its own temptations: to be over-detached, not to be drawn into the clumsily-tied but human last-minute package of a

twentieth-century Christmas. On the other hand, leafing through what has now become a miniature anthology, I see that some poems date themselves by their secular topicality. This must have been the first Christmas of the war, with all the stress, perhaps over-emphasised, of that situation.

If now above our darkened earth
A star was born, defying night,
Would we not too suspect its birth,
And point destruction at the light?

If in our Parliament, a boy
Taught truth to leaders of our race,
Would they not murmur to destroy
So strange a voice in such a place?

If in this warring time, a man
Refused the gods of force and greed,
Would he escape our human plan
Whereby the sons of Europe bleed?—

Our life his drink, where soldiers mix
Poison with wine; our words his whips;
Our faithlessness his crucifix;
Our fear the blows that bruise his lips;

Each month of war a hammered nail
Hanging his flesh from groaning wood:—
Thunder has torn the lying veil.
He, not the world, has understood.

Post-war, the first Sputnik makes its Christmas appearance. This must have been about 1960.

The trigger nations hurl their stars
Rocketing round the astounded earth.
Wise men are stay-at-homes: their fears
Point only to some monstrous birth—

Man's final satire on God's fable—
Yet in the private heart of all
Still kneels the group within the stable
Under a star that will not fall.

More recently, a restriction occurs which dictates the form, and, one hopes, disciplines the poetry. A member of the family became an expert on brass-rubbings, from which blocks were made and printed. This meant that the poem had to follow the picture; moreover, the physical shape of the picture had to be considered too in making up the card. I had to learn that a sonnet, typographically, is roughly square. So a poem illustrating a medieval plate-brass of the Trinity, with the Holy Spirit in the form of a dove, had to go like this.

Dove, that emperches here among the powers,
The holy third that conflict has cast forth,
Hold in your beak one leaf of better hours,
An olive year to reassume the earth.
Keep then the hawk away, whose vicious cross
Quivers above all fieldfare innocent growth,
The warring principle that wins by loss,
Gyring its wings alert on gusts of wrath.

Dove, mediator between the implacable
God, having set this going, cannot stop,
And outstretched arms of ordinary common hope,
Take our voice to the sacrificial throne,
Repeating there in your soft still recoule
Prayers for a peace the world has never known.

Subject, shape, and, of course, feeling too have come to be generated by the picture; if the theme does often seem to be war-torn, it is not only our age, but, in that instance, a particularly militant God the Father, whom the medieval craftsman had engraved with Old Testament fervour. By contrast, a long, thin and tender fourteenth-century delineation of St. Anne teaching the Virgin to read, two slender delicate figures fitting a narrow tall card, called for this matching verse.

Mother and daughter
Scarce begun
An open book
To share as one,
So many tender
Groupings gone
Into this pose.
For them alone
The unwritten page
They pore upon
Simply to spell
The name of son.

Why does one continue to do it? Partly, as a small gesture against commercialisation; perhaps, since Christmas cards are often the only time and means in which we communicate with friends, an attempt to make more personal an annual ritual. Also, if we are honest, an exercise in ingenuity: to find a common speech to a known yet bewilderingly various audience. This does not make for great poetry. Even if one were capable, this might look pompous and overbearing on the plain card. An Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity might sit uncomfortably among the wreckage of wrapping-paper on our friends' table; yet, on the other hand, these domestic morsels, unlike cracker mottoes, may outlast the Christmas for which they were made.

THE POLITICAL INFLUENCE OF THE THRILLER

by Grant Hugo

> Come Miss Morland, let us — praise *Udolpho* in whatever terms we like best. It is a most interesting work. You are fond of that kind of reading?
>
> To say the truth, I do not much like any other.
>
> JANE AUSTEN[1]

MISS Morland's tastes are widely shared today, for *Udolpho* was an early thriller, that is to say, a story of conflict or intrigue, nowadays usually involving crime, espionage or violence, in which the reader's attention is focused on the dangers run by the characters. There are few forms of writing so clearly identifiable or which command a wider public. In 1967, for instance, the world's 50 most frequently translated authors included 11 writers of thrillers, of whom Simenon surpassed Shakespeare and was beaten only by the heavily subsidised Lenin, while Alistair Maclean did almost twice as well as George Bernard Shaw.[2] In 1961, 25 per cent of all paperbacks published in the United States were thrillers[3]; and in 1971 about a fifth of British fiction in print as paperbacks fell under the heading of 'Murder and Mystery'.[4]

These crude figures—there are no useful statistics of comparative sales and readership—can be reinforced by ordinary observation. Thrillers are more widely and easily available to the public than almost any other category of book. Not only do most libraries and bookshops reserve a special section of their shelves for thrillers, but these are always prominent in the far more numerous bookstalls and miscellaneous shops that include among their other wares a small selection of paperbacks. These distributors are responding to a special kind of popular demand. The casual reader in search of distraction frequently has no particular book in mind. He is likely to prefer fiction—a recent survey suggests that this accounts for over half of all books borrowed from public libraries[5] — but he does not ask for 'a novel', because novels are too heterogeneous. He looks for an identifiable type of novel. If the reader is a man (women tend to prefer romances) his choice is most likely to be a thriller.

His tastes will be equally well served if he prefers watching to reading. In one week chosen at random nearly 50 per cent of all fictional entertainment programmes on British television were thrillers. As a means of communicating with a mass audience, the thriller probably offers greater opportunities than any of the conventional methods of disseminating political ideas. Party political broadcasts are often switched off before they begin, leading articles are skipped by most newspaper readers, political books and pamphlets seldom command a wide circulation. Indeed, overtly political ideas do not always attract much attention even among the minority actively interested in politics, many of whom are positively repelled by any expression of opinion which differs markedly from their own.

Exceptional talents or opportunities are needed if explicitly political propaganda is to exercise much impact beyond the narrow circle of party workers and others already committed. Thrillers, on the other hand, have long been as popular among the politically influential as they are with the general public. Baldwin revelled in the works of Buchan;[6] two of his successors in the office of Prime Minister paid public tribute to Agatha Christie on her jubilee as a writer; President Kennedy was one of Ian Fleming's faithful readers; and many less illustrious politicians have been happy to confess to interviewers their addiction to so innocent and popular a form of relaxation.

Given the ease with which the thriller reaches both the masses and the ruling class, all that is odd about the idea of its political influence is that this should receive so little notice. In England, admittedly, writers of fiction are not taken very seriously. It is only, or so we believe, in the Soviet Union that the publication of *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* could constitute a major political event or the circulation of *Dr. Zhivago* be treated as akin to treason. Yet English law recognises the ability of novels to influence those into whose hands they fall by the occasional prosecution of authors for the explicit description of sexual behaviour and English politicians have not always been indifferent to the impact of fiction. Gladstone, when Prime Minister, resorted to public denunciation of a short story: *The Battle of Dorking*. 'These things go abroad,' he declared, and 'the result of these things is practically the spending of more and more of your money'.[7]

Political novels, even the most successful—*Animal Farm, On the Beach, Fail Safe*—nevertheless arouse a certain consumer-resistance among that substantial section of the public (many of them not without political influence) who resent attempts at persuasion, shun anything 'serious' and demand 'a good read'. To them the thriller seems less suspect, a surer source of the pleasures of unadulterated escapism. This is precisely its attraction for the modern propagandist, who no longer alienates his audience by assertion and argument but, whether it is a cigarette or a politician he is selling, seeks to project an 'image' by appealing to emotions, prejudices and cravings as potent as they are often unconscious or unavowed.

For techniques of this kind the thriller is a natural medium. Unlike the old-fashioned detective story, which teased the reader's intelligence with a neatly packaged conundrum, the thriller is in the mainstream of imaginative literature: it also seeks to arouse vicarious emotion. But excitement and suspense will only grip the reader who has first been induced to suspend his disbelief. The crude melodrama of the earlier writers no longer passes muster today, when readers and viewers expect a coherent plot and an authentic setting before they will surrender their critical faculties and identify their own emotions with those of the characters.

Ian Fleming, for instance, owed much of his success to the meticulous verisimilitude of his backgrounds. The precise detailing of Bond's break-

fast helped us to swallow the octopus as well. Fleming's revelling in the minutiae of luxurious living was unjustly denounced as a superfluous snobbery. It was an essential element in his technique of suspending the reader's disbelief. Having introduced him to one unfamiliar, but interesting and easily comprehensible, aspect of a strange existence, Fleming leads him on, step by carefully detailed step, to the temporary acceptance of ever wilder fantasies, each anchored to seeming reality by an authentic address, a brand name, a specific price, a topical reference.

Even the cleverest handling of incidental detail is nevertheless insufficient to render plausible a story of crime, violence and suspense, unless these, and the sensational events they produce, are given a convincing social framework. In the earlier days of the thriller this framework had little political significance: the story was set in places or periods sufficiently unfamiliar for the strangest combinations of circumstances to be supposed probable by the unsophisticated. Such were the Gothic novels that so entranced Miss Morland, but her successors have long learned to heed Henry Tilney's exhortation to 'consult your own understanding, your own sense of the probable, your own observation of what is passing around you'.[8] There are still thrillers set on lonely islands or in isolated farm-houses, but they have to be very good—and the isolation has to be very plausibly explained—to exert the same impact today.

Besides, the more restricted the setting and the fewer the characters, the greater the ingenuity required from the writer in providing a sufficient variety of thrills to maintain suspense and excitement. Car-chases, the techniques of sabotage, frontier crossings, alien conspiracies and the unforeseen interventions of passers-by: all these enrich the author's scope, but the more contact his characters have with the world around them, the more they commit him to a view of that world's political and social organisation. He must be prepared to answer—affirmatively and plausibly—Henry Tilney's key question: could such atrocities be perpetrated in a country like ours?

Raymond Chandler faced that question squarely by presenting a picture of a Californian society in which any degree of violence, corruption and oppression seemed credible. Thrillers are read for entertainment, not for instruction, but we are nevertheless accustomed to accept much information on trust from their writers, because it is necessary for our enjoyment of the story. How many people not professionally interested in such subjects could honestly claim to know much more of legal and police procedures, toxicology or espionage than they have learned from thrillers? And learned, what is more, almost unconsciously, for the best thriller writers have a gift, which any instructor should envy, for conveying technical information both palatably and imperceptibly. But, if we believe Chandler when he tells us that paraffin wax will reveal traces on the hand that fired the fatal pistol, why should we not believe him on other subjects as well? Provided, of course, that his views appear (as they always do) to be no more than incidental to the main theme of the book.

For fantasy soon loses its grip on the educated reader. Once the book is finished, the spell is broken. He no longer accepts the superhuman virtues, strength and acumen of the hero; the depravity of the villains or the plausibility of much of the intrigue. But he remembers the bit about paraffin wax and the return of his normal scepticism does not entirely obliterate the impression, conveyed with casual art, that Californian society is inimical to the more refined concepts of justice or civilisation.

Sophisticated Russians no longer admit to a belief in the contemporary reality of Dickensian England, but one wonders how many British writers on the importance of violence in the American political scene have been influenced as much by Chandler and his imitators as by first-hand experience or more erudite reading. Historians, after all, have seldom scrupled to draw on the fiction of their period to supplement the aridities of their more respectable documentation. And the reader we are considering—the busy executive who relaxes over a thriller—may never in all his life open a book on the nature of Californian politics and society. On that, as on the climate and the characteristics of gunshot wounds, Chandler is his authority and the source, conscious or unconscious, of many of his reactions to the next headline or news flash from California.

Even so, Chandler does not take the thriller beyond the first stage of its political involvement: the creation of a setting appropriate to conflict and violence. Numerous writers have gone further and chosen a specifically political intrigue as the mainspring of their plot. Even when this is no more than international rivalry, its adoption entails a greater degree of political commitment. The readers of Ian Fleming and Alistair Maclean must identify themselves not only with the hero, but with his country, its allies and a particular conception of the world. Few Russians, Chinese or Communists could regard these works as novels of pure entertainment. Other writers prefer more complex forms of political conflict. Hurd and Osmond, in *Send Him Victorious,* describe a coup d'état in Britain involving the kidnapping of the Monarch; Knebel and Bailey, in *Seven Days in May,* expose an American President to similar plotting by the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Subversion of the established political order, whether the villains are domestic or foreign, has long been a traditional theme for the thriller.

Most writers handle it on the fairly simple assumption, which could be a reflection of the views of readers rather than an attempt to influence them, that the status quo is acceptable and its subversion a crime. Complications arise when the powers that be are infiltrated by the enemy or otherwise incapable of right action, so that the hero must actually struggle against authority to restore the just equilibrium. This often confronts him with the crucial questions: whom can he trust, who is the ultimate custodian and interpreter of the national interest? It is striking how often, nowadays, this father-figure turns out to be some kind of secret policeman. This was less true of an earlier generation, when the heroes of Buchan, Sapper and Leslie Charteris made up their

own minds and allowed established authority only a secondary and often derisory role.

Curiously enough, the change seems to have come from the Left. The early novels of Graham Greene—*A Gun for Sale, It's a Battlefield, Confidential Agent*—depict a social order as fundamentally and generally corrupt as Chandler's, but still discern a residual virtue in the British police. In Nicholas Blake's *The Smiler with the Knife*, the heroine finds the Head of the Special Branch her only ally in foiling a Fascist coup d'état. Eric Ambler's British heroes relied on an illegal resident of the K.G.B. to assist their struggle against appeasement and the sinister machinations of international capitalism. This trend has since spread across the political spectrum—John Le Carré's ambivalence is now exceptional—and reaches its height in the sophisticated and idiosyncratic works of William Haggard, who takes a differently jaundiced view of British society. The Foreign Office, diplomats and civil servants are regularly flayed in his pages; those British politicians whom he likes or, more often, detests are—very recognisably—allotted supporting roles or sticky ends; the *Daily Express*, the Americans and the K.G.B. are invariably treated with respect. But the nation's only saviour—the arch father-figure of them all—is Colonel Russell of the Security Executive.

The final stage of political involvement is attained when the thriller becomes the vehicle of a specific message on a political issue of topical importance. It is always dangerous to speculate about the motives of imaginative writers and, the higher the quality of their work, the harder it is to guess whether a particular subject was chosen for its literary or its propagandist attractions. But the political impact of *The Riddle of the Sands* is as well established as that of *The Quiet American*. Constantine Fitzgibbon's *When the Kissing Had to Stop* was a powerful argument against the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, then at the height of its influence, while John Le Carré's *A Small Town in Germany* was equally topical in its warning against the dangers of Neo-Nazism. Only Graham Greene's masterpiece, admittedly, was far enough ahead of existing currents of opinion to be regarded as a major source of new ideas. Other writers, however, have enlisted the thriller in support of even more unorthodox views. That remarkable novel, *The Douglas Affair*, by Alistair Mair, is a saga of insurgent Scottish Nationalism in which the villains are English politicians and the Special Branch.

Overt commitment, particularly to minority causes, nevertheless remains a rarity in the thriller. It is not necessary to its political influence. Indeed, as earlier argued, it may even constitute an impediment. That influence is most reliably based on one of the fundamental postulates of the thriller: the menace that can only be met by force, the wrong for which society provides no legal remedy. Even that embodiment of the enlightened social conscience, the schoolmaster hero of Michael Gilbert's enthralling *Fear to Tread*, has to resort to blackmail to defeat a highly placed villain whom the police are powerless to prosecute. Most writers are less scrupulous: to them power grows out of the barrel of a

gun.

Even when the ultimate success of violence is reassuringly diverted to the safe hands of heroes and of authority, this is a doctrine of great political potency. Obviously it coincides with the moral climate of our times, but no amount of research is ever likely to determine how far thrillers merely reflect that climate or to what extent they help to create it. Thrillers have been shown to command a wide audience and to be suitable vehicles for the unobtrusive dissemination of the political concepts that are at least implicit in most of them. The intriguing question is whether or not this potential is, or might be, deliberately exploited. The artist—and many writers of thrillers are of outstanding talent—is admittedly an uncertain instrument in the hands of the propagandist. However discreetly tempting the inducements — and the author of thrillers has a special need for the authenticity which official information can give—the result may only be a masterpiece as remote from the intentions of the client as a portrait by Graham Sutherland. Even the best-seller has his own integrity and a considerable independence. Some scope there must be for suggestion and persuasion: the political spectrum of the thriller is wide enough for most propagandists to pick a writer who need only vary and enrich his accustomed themes. But authors able and willing to diffuse a message that was not of their own devising might best be sought among those of lesser talent, many of whom already earn their living by embroidering the ideas of others: the script-writers for films and television, the ghosts of stock serials, the already compliant servants of editors and producers and publishers. Someone, after all, skilfully reversed, in the film of *The Quiet American,* the political message of the book. Do the carefully authentic *romans policiers* of television owe only their factual knowledge, or also their ethos, to official assistance? Had those who tunnelled into that bank so suggestively close to Baker Street actually read *The Mystery of the Red-Headed League*? Which subversive group is now studying, as diligently as the Abwehr in 1940, the works of our leading authors?

To the student of politics these are questions not altogether devoid of interest. To the sociologist they offer opportunities for research. To authors, one suspects, they may at most suggest a plot and to addicts they will surely seem irrelevant. The art of the thriller will outlive its political implications and adrenalin will be demanded even when it is adulterated.

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BULL-SLAYING AT MANCHESTER

by E. D. Francis

W. H. Auden once wrote that 'we are lived by Powers we pretend to understand'. Whether or not this feeling of frustrated optimism affected a Roman acolyte of Mithras, it well describes the response of the modern scholar as he gazes upon the icon of a young man in Persian garb casually slaying a sacrificial bull. Monuments from Hadrian's Wall to the Euphrates attest to the fact that bull-slaying was Mithras's chief preoccupation, the climactic act of his terrestrial existence, so Mithras presumably knew what he was doing. Today, however, we cannot be so sure that we understand the intent of his act, how an initiate was taught to perceive it, and why so many in the early centuries of our era were able to identify with it. To discuss these and related questions, scholars from Europe, India, and Iran, the former satrapies of Mithras, and also North America and Japan, gathered at the University of Manchester in July of last year to attend the *First International Congress of Mithraic Studies.* The Congress, generously supported by the Imperial Court of Iran, was held under the presidency of Professor Sir Harold Bailey of Cambridge University and in association with the Twenty-fifth Centenary of the Founding of the Persian Empire.

It has often been claimed that, of all the world's religions, Mithraism possesses the longest recorded history, for the name of Mithra (Indic *Mitra,* Greco-Roman *Mithras*) is first attested in Anatolian texts dating from the 14th century B.C., and his annual festival is still observed by scattered Zoroastrian sects in Iran. This claim, however, offers an entirely false sense of continuity, since although the god's name may have remained constant during these 3,400 years, his character has drastically changed. Mithras enjoyed two major epiphanies, the first in the East, the second in the Roman Imperial West. He was celebrated in the earliest Indo-Iranian poetry but, despite this literary evidence, his roles, functions, and relations to other gods are still the subject of dispute. According to the more widely accepted interpretation, Indo-Iranian Mithra was the architect and guardian of reciprocal rights, the lord of the grasslands. In this tradition, the notion of 'pact' is predominant, and, in many ways, Mithra's function is comparable with the sense of reciprocity implied by the archaic use of Greek *Dikê.* Mithra was not, as he became in Sir Thomas More's *Utopia,* 'the Supreme Being . . . that Great Essence, to whose Glory and Majesty all Honours are ascribed by the Consent of all Nations.' He was an adjutant god who supervised voluntarily formulated contracts, protector of those faithful to their contractual word, but wreaking vengeance on whoever deceitfully broke his bond. Indo-Iranian Mithra was not a sun-god, he enjoyed no terrestrial career, he did not tour his grasslands slaying bulls. On the other hand, it is exactly these attributes which characterise the god who reappears in the Roman Empire. Conversely, in Roman Mithraism, the role of 'contractual bond'

has either, as some have claimed, no significant function, or at least a very changed one. In view of these facts, the widely-held notion that some direct and clearly traceable genealogy unites both Eastern and Western manifestations of Mithras requires thorough revision.

The proposal of a seamless Mithraic garment stems in large measure from the pioneer work of the Belgian scholar of pagan religion, Franz Cumont, whose *Textes et Monuments* (Brussels 1896-99) inaugurated the modern history of Mithraic studies. Cumont's view of Mithraism remains the standard account, for subsequent scholars have, with few exceptions, chosen to repeat or elaborate his reading of the evidence, rather than re-evaluate it. In his quest for coherent synthesis, however, Cumont not infrequently pressed his conclusions beyond the available evidence, and what many *epigoni* have taken to represent unassailable fact may rest on little more than an imaginative interpretation of unusually problematic data. The increasing realisation in Mithraic studies that little in the field is either well understood or invites consensus accounts at least in part for the considerable renewal of interest in this ancient cult.

Let us first consider the nature of the evidence on the Roman side, for while the relevant Indo-Iranian tradition is, for the most part, a literary one, the Roman material is chiefly archaeological. These facts led Cumont to the statement that studying Mithraism was like looking at Christianity from the standpoint of only the Old Testament and the mediaeval cathedrals. This memorable but misleading parallel implies that we are entitled to assume the existence of a lost Mithraic New Testament, a canonical body of written dogma, or, as Cumont himself called it, 'the sacred book of Mithraic belief'. Secondly, Cumont held the opinion that a professional Mithraic clergy supervised the observance of orthodox ritual and instructed the faithful in keeping the faith. There is, however, no sure evidence to support the supposition of either a 'holy text' or its formal ecclesiastical administration. Finally, as Cumont himself was well aware, any comparison between a Mithraic shrine and a mediaeval cathedral cannot be taken seriously. All Mithraic shrines were relatively small, averaging about 15 to 20 feet by 10. The Walbrook Mithraeum in London which measured 60 feet by 25 is, by Mithraic standards, enormous. Very few were basilical in structure; Walbrook is again atypical in this respect. Many were subterranean, most were vaulted or otherwise constructed in the form of a cave and probably all depended almost exclusively on internal lighting (torches, oil lamps, incense stands). In particular, the light source seems to have been specifically directed toward the illumination of the cult image. It might seem odd that the cult of a god so intimately associated with the sun should typically be celebrated underground, or at least in a structure consciously resembling a grotto, and built with every attempt to exclude direct solar influence. Nevertheless, there is no contradiction, since a Mithraeum was constructed in order to represent a complete and self-contained world away from the world, under the protection of the astral powers and focusing on victory against odds, an event which Mithras the actor survives,

because he is *invictus,* unconquered and unconquerable.

The typical Mithraeum then was small, too small to admit more than a relatively few initiates—women were steadfastly excluded—whose relation to one another within each community was ritually defined by their respective status on the hierarchical ladder of Mithraic initiation. The fraternity had its own strict rules and social order, an order derived metaphorically from the initiates' real world but, in fact, quite distinct from it. We do not really know what went on inside these shrines and, at this distance, there is not much point in trying to be a *voyeur.* At any rate, we can be fairly certain that bull-slaying entered the shrine only as an image of action, not as an act itself. Apart from the fact that there would not have been much space in which to commit the bloody deed, it is obviously not necessary, let alone proper, to insist that the physical re-enactment of the god's victorious feat was any more essential to Mithraic ritual than weekly crucifixions are required by Christianity. On the other hand, we do have a fair indication that the shrines saw extensive feasting: the bones of fish, fowl, and small animals have been found in many Mithraea, Mithraic graffiti from Dura-Europos on the banks of the Euphrates record payment for wine, meat, radishes and sauce, and communal banquets actually seem to be depicted by wall-paintings in the Sta. Prisca Mithraeum at Rome. Even so, we are not therefore automatically entitled to assume, as many do, that Justin Martyr correctly described this feast as a Mithraic Eucharist, indeed, a parody of Christian communion and devised by the devil.

Besides Justin Martyr, there is a fair body of ancient literature which discusses Mithraism, not Cumont's 'holy book', but rather the writings of a neo-platonist like Porphyry and the rantings of a Christian apologist like Tertullian. We should obviously weigh this testimony with extreme caution. How much can we really expect the uninitiated to know about what was, in essence, a secret cult? Indeed, apart from the matter of secrecy, can we really expect Tertullian, a militant representative of Christianity which saw Mithraism as its arch rival, to describe Mithraic ritual and belief with any objective sense of truth? Would a literate cult member like the Emperor Julian be anything but reticent about the details of his initiation? At most, we should use these remarks as a means of confirming archaeological evidence, and not, as is so often the case, as a framework for organising it. In the first place, we must rely on the shrines themselves, the sculptured reliefs and painted frescoes they contain, the dedicatory inscriptions, and, at Dura-Europos, the extensive collection of graffiti. We shall then be in a better position to judge the reliability of contemporary reports and, finally, to attempt to interpret the role of Mithraism in its wider cultural and sociological context.

Mithraism came west, probably from Asia Minor, sometime during the latter half of the first century A.D., and in the formative period the evidence is at least as much from the periphery of the Empire as from its centre. The earlier dedications are characteristically made by men

who describe themselves as slaves, freedmen, and, particularly, centurions, and who carry names frequently borne by men of Levantine and Syrian descent. By the end of the 2nd century, Mithraic propaganda received important impetus, especially in Italy, from the fact that the Emperor Commodus, son of Marcus Aurelius, officially supported the practice of the cult. In the 4th century, Mithraism was again to receive direct Imperial recognition from Diocletian and Julian the Apostate, until in the last years of that century, Theodosius outlawed pagan ritual. The increasing partiality for solar worship among the emperors of the 3rd century also provided a favourable context for the propagation of the Mithraic cult of the unconquerable Sun. Although there is nothing intrinsically implausible in the fact that a common soldier in England, an entertainer at Dura-Europos, a wealthy merchant in Ostia, and an Emperor at Rome were all votaries of the same god, we would be negligent if we did not inquire about the peculiar nature of a sect that attracted such dissimilar devotees to what was typologically the same shrine, a comparable experience.

The system of initiatory rank, together with the interior design of the Mithraic shrine and the image of the bull-slaying cult relief, comprises, in my judgement, the essential definition of Roman Mithraism. The initiates knew themselves as *syndexi* 'those who have given their right hand in a gesture of trust, a token of bond'. In a Mithraic context, the act implied by *syndexius* may symbolise the celestial pact between Mithras and the Sun, but, more immediately, it affirms the mundane contract through which each member of a Mithraic fraternity is bound to his fellow. Just as Indo-Iranian Mithra has undertaken a terrestrial existence in the Roman world, so the Indo-Iranian focus on Mithra as god of pact has shifted to the pact itself, undertaken on equally binding terms by each initiate, ratified and protected by the god from whom it ultimately derives. *Consacraneus,* a synonym of *syndexius,* likewise refers to those who have taken their Mithraic vow, their *sacramentum,* together. With its connotation of both a military and a ritual oath of allegiance, *sacramentum* exemplifies an ambiguity which has many parallels in the Mithraic *militia.*

The seven-fold ladder of Mithraic initiation is well-attested in many different Mithraea. Its steps bore the following names: *Raven, Bridegroom, Soldier, Lion, Persian, Heliodrome* ('he who runs the course of the Sun'), and *Father.* (At Dura, the term, *Stereotes* 'he who ratifies the pact', occurs in place of the Italian *Heliodrome*). The fact that the ladder had seven steps is no accident. Mithraism was preoccupied with numerology and particularly with the number '7'. While the septet is common enough in other Hellenistic cults, in Mithraism it is pervasive and all-encompassing, and evidently evoked the sense of perfection and the security of the whole; in particular, it postulated a cosmic harmony between the astral power of the seven planets and the mundane status of the seven Mithraic grades.

It has been widely supposed that the seven-fold scheme of initiation

was developed from a simpler system based on the air-borne Raven and the fire-born Lion. This assumption accords well with Porphyry's division of the initiatory scale into two successive series respectively comprising the first three grades and the second four. Moreover, the first set he termed that of the acolyte, the second he regarded as participatory. The terminology of initiation may therefore represent a coherently articulated sequence of staging-posts along the Mithraic pilgrim's progress which I have discussed in detail elsewhere. It is highly significant that such a metaphorical drama should be enacted within a complete, physical image of the cosmos, and that the infinite possibilities of the firmament could be symbolically limited and defined in a way which brought them within the organisational reach of a mortal community.

The grade-system is crucial to our understanding of Roman Mithraism because it emphasises rank, with its underlying bureaucratic and military metaphor. The fact that a major gulf existed between the Raven-cycle and the Lion is especially important since the last rank in the Raven-cycle is that of the Soldier. Beyond the Soldier-grade, there is a fiery, liturgical chasm, and the initiate must cross it before he reaches the second cycle in which cult membership begins again, so to speak, on a new footing. One rank in the Roman army seems to reflect just such a hierarchical position, namely, that of the Centurion, and it is therefore perhaps of major significance that Centurions comprised the most numerous class of Mithraic dedicants. The fact that advancement beyond this military rank was relatively hard to achieve, that the Centurionate represented a terminus rather than an easy link in a chain of military promotion, seems to have a direct analogue in the Mithraic division between these two series of initiatory grades. The title of Soldier described the role an initiate characteristically occupied in the external world. In the initiate's Mithraic context, however, while a barrier to advancement similarly existed, it was by no means so insuperable. In particular, such advancement depended more directly on the self, working in relation to one's contractual fellows, than upon the bureaucratic superstructure of the Roman army. Parallel considerations apply to the Ravens of the real world, the slaves, freedmen, and recruits below the rank of subaltern officer.

In the security and confinement of a Mithraic shrine, social relationships were thus simply divided into seven hierarchical ranks representing the total gamut of non-Mithraic social experience. All initiates, regardless of their actual status in the external world, presumably began their Mithraic initiation on equal terms, at the bottom, but united by a common oath. Within Mithraic society, a slave need not always remain a Raven, a soldier could become a Persian, or even a Father, according to the terms established by the small group of *syndexi,* those who shared a voluntarily pledged bond. Nevertheless, it would probably be absurd to suppose that everyone therefore lived happily ever after in Mithras' idyllic grasslands. The same competitive urges that frustrated the Mithraist in the external world doubtless drove the ambitious to seek

swift advancement up the Mithraic social ladder, but at least the opportunity for a fresh start, for a new momentum which could carry one to a more exalted social destination, held out an attractive promise for the bored, the weary, the displaced, and the oppressed.

The internal design of the typical Mithraeum as a cosmic image of the world enclosed by the vaulted firmament, characterised in turn by the symbols of planetary and astrological powers, contributed to this sense of a new security. It afforded a release into a new world whose possibility had been created by Mithras's mythological act, a world which met particular needs and which fed particular hopes. To this extent, Mithras probably could be regarded, in Porphyry's terms, as both *demiurge* and *mediator*. This sense of the whole was likewise reinforced by the Mithraists' self-conscious attention to popular but coherent numerological patterns.

The bull-slaying relief, the third component of Roman Mithraism, was the central image of every Mithraeum and focuses attention on Mithras's act as much as on his person. We can, however, mark local variations in Mithras's attitude towards his deed; his expression is variously uncertain, exultant, sorrowful, and he strikes reluctantly, energetically, or casually. Sometimes he is full of attention, at others his head is averted. We cannot finally know whether such discrepancies should be attributed simply to different art historical conventions, or whether they reflect a lack of specificity on the part of the cult. As Rome conquered, so Mithras killed to survive, to assure regeneration; whether or not he liked his role, no one seemed to know. We may also note the frequent mimetic relationship between the posture of the slayer and his victim, and particularly the contrast between Mithras's effortless *coup de grâce* and the bull's energetic death. It is not hard to see how a soldier fighting for his own survival could readily respond to such an image. The ease of conquest and the escape from death, the assertion of strength and renewal which the victory invoked, could appeal directly to members of a warrior caste. The standing epithet of Roman Mithras, *invictus*, 'unconquerable', likewise evokes the rhetoric both of military strife and mundane survival. Although the epithet is also applied to other deities, for example, to Mars the god of war, its significance in Mithraism may transcend mere convention, for Mithras was plausibly called 'invincible' rather than 'victor' because he represented primarily the survivor and not the ministrant of mortality. For this reason, the variety of the god's expressions may indeed reflect different ideological attitudes towards the act of killing and not merely a predetermined, art historical cause. Quite apart from any ritual ceremonies which may have occurred within the Mithraic shrine, the optimistic identification between the plight of the individual soldier and the authority of the god helps to explain the source and sociological definition of Mithras's appeal.

Mithraism was pre-eminently ecumenical. Only the particular use of its symbolism was distinctive. The worship of the sun as the eye of heaven, the source of power, not to mention bull-slaying, had ancient

roots in the Greco-Roman world as well as in Asia Minor, Egypt and Syria. In general terms, the pursuit of the quarry, the ride on the back of the maddened beast, and the jugular thrust of a dagger implied an act of great courage, strength and virility. The effect of the act was regenerative in that the death of the bull brought new life and fertility to the earth. In addition to the life-giving power residing in the dead beast by whose death a new generation could come into being to continue the cycle of survival, the slayer might also be thought to inherit some of the physical and progenitive strength of his victim. All these general ideas, along with familiar astrological paraphernalia and a few Persian ritual terms, fed into Mithraism. The remarkable achievement of the cult was that it organised these simple beliefs into a clear and structured whole, focusing on the central act of bull-slaying.

Mithraism was not merely tolerated by the army and among certain civilian populations but even received official encouragement, and while the shrines were not admitted inside the *sanctum* of the military *praetorium,* they were typically constructed within the perimeter of the Roman camp. By contrast, Christianity had a marked tendency to anti-political propaganda, or so its enemies alleged. Moreover, its directive to love one's neighbour was scarcely the most constructive maxim for a soldier's mess-hall on Rome's frontier. The army of Mithras provided a temporary release from the army of Caesar, not an antagonistic alternative. Furthermore, Mithraic respect for bureaucratic rank was a major factor in its appeal both to the devotee and to official authority. Elsewhere, the goddess Cybele actively encouraged ritual excess and ritual ecstasy. As a religion of perversion which invited ritual emasculation and claimed a female, a goddess, as its tutelary deity, this Phrygian cult was scarcely appropriate as a vehicle for maintaining order either among the legions or in Roman society at large. We have only to look at the reign of Elagabalus to see what happened when oriental cultism got out of hand. Unlike Christianity, Mithraism was often tolerant of other cults which sometimes shared its shrines or easily coexisted beside them. So while Mithraism assimilated many features from other contemporary cults, it rendered them not merely harmless, but positively beneficial. For instance, in Mithraic iconography, the Phrygian ceremony of emasculation is directly reinterpreted as the scorpion characteristically darts for the testicles of the slaughtered bull. The scorpion's tail does not, however, primarily emasculate the bull: instead, it becomes an agent of survival, since it proceeds to infuse the seed of the bull into the earth, thus initiating a further stage in the cycle of regeneration. This process of transforming tabuistic symbols from potential injury to emblems of survival well illustrates the euphemistic intent which characterises much of Mithraic iconography.

We thus reach the crux of Mithraic belief and its potential contrast with rival cults. Scholars characteristically cite Mithraism as a cult which promises an after-life, *post mortem* salvation. In my opinion, however, this was not its chief focus. The evidence points rather to Mithraism as a

cult, not of salvation, but of survival. This conclusion obviously does not exclude the hope for a more propitious after-life, but the paraphernalia of Mithraism seem especially designed to alleviate one's mundane condition. To be sure, the bull achieves regeneration by his death, though only indirectly for himself. A soldier could readily respond to Mithras as a leader who was immediately visible, intensely virile, and totally identifiable in his ritual context.

Mithraism was not, strictly speaking, a 'mystery religion'. Nevertheless, it did attempt to remain secret, not like Christianity to avoid persecution, but to maintain its posture of exclusiveness, a posture which could have been highly gratifying to a common soldier or slave. In more settled populations, like Rome and perhaps Ostia, where a merchant class was active in Mithraic cult life, different impulses from those at the military frontier presumably motivated Mithras's devotees. The opportunity for social release, however, doubtless still applied: a retreat from oppressive economic and bureaucratic superstructures in the non-Mithraic world, together with commercial uncertainty and competition, suggest an analogous context for Mithras's appeal. Membership in a brotherhood where one's position and the social respect it implied was regulated in terms of a religious bond could continue to attract a prominent citizen long after he ceased to regard himself as displaced or alienated. Indeed, a high position on the Mithraic ladder might even serve to reinforce a man's view of himself in the external world. It is in these more wealthy settlements, potentially self-indulgent and sedentary, that a theology might be expected to develop as an accretion to the basic liturgy of action. It is therefore not surprising that, at Rome, in the later period, in the context of rampant occultism, signs of a verbal liturgy begin to appear, to appeal to the more sophisticated, or decadent, initiate. In such an urban community, the cult of Mithras could still attract its followers, for while it vicariously focused on the actual victory of life over death, the ritual itself was in no way life-endangering, it was not politically insidious, and it was not personally objectionable. Various social conditions contributed to its final demise, which was undoubtedly due to more than the will of Theodosius and the oft-proclaimed triumph of Christianity. Especially when Mithraism began to merge with other less politically desirable cults, its days became numbered, for even ecumenical tolerance can be tried to excess.

We have, then, a military metaphor, an inherited sense of pact once supervised by a vengeful god, but now among men by a terrestrial warrior. I have argued elsewhere that the sociological conditions of a pact, a meeting place, and a concept of invincibility expressed by Mithras's bull-slaying are well met by the bands of Cilician desperados to whom Plutarch traces the immediate origins of Roman Mithraism. The choice of Mithras as a masculine deity who arbitrates the pact and serves as agent of the Sun, the ever-watchful eye of heaven, in order to oversee a sworn fraternity of robbers fighting for their victorious survival against odds, seems eminently plausible. (Plutarch's remarks do not, however,

offer any evidence that Mithraism reached Italy before the 1st century A.D., as has so often been claimed). When Rome inherited the cult, probably imported by Levantine and Syrian soldiers, sailors and slaves, it invested it, characteristically enough, with its bureaucracy, and adorned it with uplifting and esoteric symbols from the arcane wisdom of the East. The ritual was organised into a coherent and disciplined system in which the ranking of the seven-fold ladder of initiation became the all-important symbol of cult status. When, by the end of the 4th century, Mithraic ritual showed signs of reverting to its more desperate origins, it was abolished.

By concentrating on the periphery of the Empire we have described the mainstream of Mithraism. Obviously many questions remain: we may be only Ravens in our perception of the cult. Nevertheless, we have entered the shrine and, to further our understanding of Mithras in all his cross-disciplinary aspects, a *Society for Mithraic Studies* has been formed under the presidency of Sir Harold Bailey. Moreover, the Imperial Court of Iran has graciously invited the Second Congress to convene at Teheran in the summer of 1974. John Hinnells of the University of Manchester is now preparing the *Proceedings* of the First Congress for publication by the Manchester University Press. These *Proceedings* will include a translation and edition of Franz Cumont's last major work, *The Dura Mithraeum,* which recently came to light at Yale University and is now being published for the first time. Inquiries concerning the Society may be addressed to the Secretary at 2116 Yale Station, New Haven, Connecticut 06520, U.S.A.

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UN GENERAL ASSEMBLY, 1972

by Sydney D. Bailey

EACH annual session of the U.N. General Assembly acquires a distinctive character of its own. What special factors will have shaped the session which opened in New York on September 19, 1972?

First, the United Nations has a new Secretary-General, the fourth holder of the office. On his performance so far, Kurt Waldheim seems closer in style to Trygve Lie than to his two immediate predecessors, Dag Hammarskjold and U Thant. Before his appointment, newspaper commentators had said that Waldheim lacked dynamism; perhaps to counter that accusation, he has been conducting a high-profile operation. He has visited the capitals of the five permanent members of the Security Council. He was in Addis Ababa for the meetings of the Security Council in late January and early February. He has addressed the U.N. Committee on Natural Resources in Nairobi, the Organisation of American States in Washington, UNCTAD III in Santiago, the Environment Conference in Stockholm, and the Organisation for African Unity in Rabat. In various visits to Geneva, he spoke to the disarmament committee, the International Labour Organisation, the Commission on the Status of Women, the Economic and Social Council, and the International Law Commission; in New York he has addressed the Governing Council of the U.N. Development Programme, the Seabed Committee, the Board of the U.N. Children's Fund (UNICEF), and the Trusteeship Council. He has also found time to visit Argentina, Brazil, Canada, Cyprus, Greece, Italy, Poland, Somalia, South Africa and Namibia (South West Africa), Turkey, and Yugoslavia. Nobody can now accuse Secretary-General Waldheim of lacking energy.

During the 1971 session of the General Assembly, five new members were admitted (Bahrain, Bhutan, Oman, Qatar, and the Union of Arab Emirates), bringing the total membership to 132. There have been some recent changes of name: the United Arab Republic has become the Arab Republic of Egypt, Congo (Kinshasa) has become Zaire, and Ceylon has become Sri Lanka. There will be at least one application for membership during 1973, from Bangla Desh, but this could run into a Chinese veto. The admission of the two German States is unlikely to take place this year.

The United Nations has almost trebled in size since 1945. There were 48 States at the founding conference at San Francisco. The Soviet Union had (and still has) three delegations, one representing itself, as it were, and separate delegations from the Byelorussian and Ukrainian S.S.Rs. Poland acquired founder membership of the U.N. after the San Francisco Conference had dispersed.

The increase in size, due largely to decolonisation on a scale which would have seemed inconceivable when the Charter was drafted, has complicated the diplomatic process. To treble the number of States is to increase both the complexity of international issues and the time needed

to deal with them. But it is not only a matter of size. The focus of parliamentary diplomacy has altered greatly because of the special characteristics and interests of the new States. More than half of them (72) are developing countries in Africa, the Arab Middle East, and Asia. Twenty-four are in Latin America and the Caribbean. Ten members are East European with Communist governments. These groups total 106. The remaining 26 are a mixed bag comprising the United States, Western and Southern Europe, the three older Commonwealth countries, Japan, Israel, and South Africa.

A new factor of the past year is the increasingly confident participation of China in world affairs. After waiting for 22 years, China received more than a two-thirds majority in October, 1971. China now has diplomatic relations with 80 States, and has re-opened her embassies in Ghana and Tunisia; relations with Britain and the Netherlands have been raised to ambassadorial level. The pretence that the *Kuomintang* régime in Taiwan represents China has been abandoned, and its claim to represent Taiwan is even in doubt. As part of the agreement for the exchange of ambassadors, Britain is on record as 'acknowledging the position of the Chinese Government that Taiwan is a province of . . . China'. The U.N. Secretariat has agreed that, even for statistical purposes, Taiwan does not exist as a separate entity. The apparently quaint idea that *the people of Taiwan* should determine their own future is under increasing pressure; Sir Alec Douglas-Home told the House of Commons in March that the Taiwan question is a Chinese internal affair, to be settled by the Chinese people themselves.

It is contrary to traditional ideas of power to believe that relatively small entities like Taiwan can defy the rest of the world, but the fact is that by signing the Biological Weapons Convention in Washington in April as 'the Republic of China', the *Kuomintang* régime has ensured that the real China will veto the draft resolution by which the Security Council would have affirmed its readiness to implement the 'complaints procedure' to be established in connection with the Convention.

The participation of China in the work of the U.N. and its agencies illustrates the multipolar nature of the contemporary world. The post-war hostility between two blocs headed by the United States and the Soviet Union, symbolised in the creation of NATO and the Warsaw Pact, has now given way to the era of SALT. Who could have believed 8½ years ago, when President Johnson first proposed 'a verified freeze of the number and characteristics of strategic nuclear offensive and defensive vehicles' that within a decade, the super-powers would agree to limit their strategic weapons?

Those of us who are not citizens of either country are schizophrenic about all this. Great power competition is dangerous, but great power collaboration is as bad, if not worse. I confidently predict that during the current session of the General Assembly, the representatives of many medium and smaller powers will deplore the slow progress on disarmament, and will lay the blame squarely at the doors of the two super-powers.

It will be said that the disarmament treaties of the past decade have been essentially 'cosmetic', designed to give a superficial impression of progress, while in no way reducing the effective military power of the select few.

This is substantially true, but it is important to draw the right conclusions from the facts. The lesson of the past quarter of a century is surely that possession of military hardware should not be equated with effective power.

This is not to deny that military technology has increased the disparity between the few advanced countries and all the rest. There are perhaps a dozen 'threshold' countries with sufficient know-how to make nuclear explosive devices, but few of them have the economic infrastructure to sustain anything more than a crude delivery system for nuclear weapons. Sweden and Canada, two 'threshold' countries, have ratified the nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty. Belgium, West Germany, Holland, and Italy intend to ratify when Euratom and the International Atomic Energy Agency have agreed on the safeguards system. Australia, Egypt, Japan, and Switzerland have signed but not yet ratified the Treaty. Among the non-signatories are Argentina, Brazil, South Africa, and Spain. Two other non-signatories, India and Israel, have managed to shroud their intentions with ambiguity and uncertainty. But there is nothing inevitable about nuclear proliferation.

Now that a convention on biological weapons has been completed and opened for signature, attention will be directed at chemical weapons. This differs from biological disarmament largely in the fact that chemical weapons have been used in war and are more attractive to military planners than germs because the effects of using them are more predictable. There are, however, formidable problems of definition. The Geneva Protocol of 1925 bans the use in war (or, for some countries which have made reservations, the first use) not only of bacteriological agents, but also of 'asphyxiating, poisonous or other gases, and of all analogous liquids, materials or devices'. Britain and the United States are almost alone in holding that the prohibition does not apply to the use in war of C.S. and other similar riot-control gases; the United States goes even further and considers that the prohibition does not apply to chemical herbicides. And what about incendiary weapons? Is it permissible for States which allow the use of fire weapons against personnel to burn enemy soldiers with fire, but forbidden to asphyxiate them with smoke? What should be done about those chemicals which have odinary peaceful uses as, say, fertilisers but which can be combined with other chemicals to form lethal nerve gases?

In accordance with a request of the U.N. General Assembly, the Secretary-General has established a group of 'governmental qualified experts' to report on 'napalm and other incendiary weapons and all aspects of their possible use'. NATO countries have boycotted this expert group, with the result that its membership was unbalanced. Boycott has, in fact, never been a very effective U.N. tactic. The napalm report will have been prepared and submitted to the Assembly, and the boycotting States are not relieved of the responsibility of taking a position on its substance.

The proposal for this piece of research came last year from the Assembly committee concerned with human rights, but the napalm problem is really a matter of arms control. It would make sense to refer the report to the Assembly's political committee in the first instance, in the expectation that the report would be remitted by the Assembly to the Geneva negotiating committee for more detailed consideration and action than is possible in a committee with more than 130 members.

The revolution in military technology has now made it possible to devastate the enemy's rear bases and cities, to destroy his whole society, without first defeating the intervening army, and this makes nonsense of the traditional doctrine that non-combatants should be immune from direct attack. Governments now even seek to manipulate the weather for military purposes.

It would be easy to list a score of proposals for partial disarmament which are of great urgency and on which progress could be realistically expected during 1973, but pressure for disarmament on and within governments is but a fraction of the pressure for larger defence budgets from military, scientific, and industrial interests. Serious discussion in non-governmental circles about the future of the British nuclear deterrent has barely begun, and what discussion is taking place is more an attempt to devise a rationale for a weapons system that exists than a consideration of how to respond rationally to a perceived threat.

The U.N., for good reason, has been the focus of idealism. Yet it must be admitted that there is widespread disenchantment with the United Nations, a feeling that the Organisation has failed to realise the high hopes and noble standards expressed in the Charter. It is the new countries of the Third World who have been most disappointed with the United Nations. In the U.N. Assembly, the votes of all are equal, and it is natural that States with little material power should be attracted by a system which ostensibly ignores differences between big and small, strong and weak. But the legal equality of U.N. members does not obliterate the facts of power. To the extent that *apartheid* in South Africa will be eliminated by external means, the decisive factor will not be moral condemnation by the U.N. Assembly but a willingness on the part of States to exercise pressure and coercion. And what is true of South Africa is true in other cases where governments refuse to comply with U.N. resolutions.

In the economic and social field also, U.N. accomplishments have not matched the hopes of the new countries. UNCTAD III provided an opportunity for the expression of deeply felt frustration, disappointment, and bitterness.

Perhaps the mistake was to have had exaggerated hopes in the first place. In the colonial era, failures could be blamed on the imperial power. Now the tendency is to blame the United Nations, or at any rate, groups of U.N. members.

The expectations of Western countries about the United Nations were always more modest. Their reason for disenchantment during the 1960s was the belief that the new countries were not using their massive voting

strength in the Assembly with sufficient responsibility. My own view is that the Assembly should not compromise the high standards on which the U.N. is based in those parts of its resolutions asserting the principles of the Charter (usually the preambular paragraphs). When it comes to decisions to act, however, the criterion should not be to satisfy the emotional needs of the sponsors, but to have a positive effect on the actual situation.

As for the Communist countries, with the notable exception of Yugoslavia, the United Nations has never been more than a handy diplomatic instrument. Perhaps for these countries 'disenchantment' is not the right word, as they were never enchanted.

There are more than a dozen items out of a hundred odd on the agenda of the Assembly that relate to racism, and a major test for Western countries will be whether they are willing to use deeds as well as words in the struggle against racism in Southern Africa. By November 15, Secretary-General Waldheim is due to report again on his contacts with the South African Government about 'the necessary conditions so as to enable the people of Namibia [South West Africa] . . . to exercise their right to self-determination and independence . . .'. It will surprise everyone if he is in a position to report progress other than of a procedural kind.

There will be continued pressure, especially from African States, to tighten up the mandatory sanctions against the illegal régime in Rhodesia. This is the only issue so far on which the Security Council has resorted to compulsory non-military sanctions to enforce compliance with its decisions. This is proving to be a test case for the authority of the United Nations: South Africa and Portugal are openly contemptuous of U.N. decisions, and there is a good deal of other evasion.

The West, and particularly Britain, is in a cleft stick about Southern Africa. Racial prejudice and discrimination are abhorrent. Sanctions against Rhodesia cannot be fully effective so long as Portugal and South Africa flout the authority of the Security Council by refusing to implement its decisions. If non-military sanctions were seen to fail, more and more members of the Black communities in Southern Africa would turn to violence. The situation already threatens to disturb world peace. At the same time, British firms and individuals have substantial investments in Southern Africa, and Namibia is an important source of uranium needed for both military and peaceful purposes.

It is sometimes said that external investment has a beneficial effect on economic and social conditions in Southern Africa. It would be pleasant to be sure that this were so, but it is a proposition which has not yet been proved. It is to discover how much reality there is to the assertion that external investment is beneficial that four academic institutions (in Britain, the United States, Uppsala, and West Berlin) are co-operating on a study project to establish the facts about external investment in South Africa and to consider how far such investment affects social change.

This is but one example of the need for more and better research if the goals of the Charter are to be realised. The implementation of international

agreements on the protection of human rights, for example, or the role of intermediaries in the peaceful settlement of disputes, should be the subjects of sustained academic study, especially using the principle of analogy. Are there any principles about the exercise of third-party mediation which are generally applicable, whether the parties in conflict are States, management and labour, parents and children, or religious and ethnic communities?

The U.N. Charter was based on the over-simplistic view that wars are caused by aggression, and that aggression is a crime which the international community must punish. But in actuality, aggression is a symptom before it is a cause. It arises because a human group believes that an unjust situation cannot be remedied without resort to arms. The responsibility of the U.N. begins, not at the moment when international peace is disturbed by an act of aggression, but as soon as a sense of injustice manifests itself.

There are now taking place the first tentative attempts to use strictly scientific methods for the study of peace and conflict. Much of this work is still highly tentative and speculative, and some of those engaged in it do not take sufficient trouble to describe their work in language which the traditionalists can understand. As a result, foreign offices are not yet convinced that these newer approaches have much to offer. The situation will no doubt change as the quality of peace and conflict research improves and its usefulness becomes more apparent. But it is surely reasonable to beg those engaged in peace and conflict research to avoid concepts and jargon which the traditionalists find bizarre. There is no special virtue in incomprehensibility.

SOCIAL WELFARE IN TWO ASIAN COUNTRIES

by Dame Eileen Younghusband

THIS is an impressionistic account of social welfare and social work education in two Asian countries, India and Ceylon (now Sri Lanka). It is based on brief visits earlier this year, under British Council auspices, to India which I knew already and for the first time to Sri Lanka.

First of all for the contrasts. Sri Lanka is a small country, in many ways isolated from the rest of the world by its geographical position slightly off the main East-West flow of tourism, business, trade and specialist visitors. It is making a valiant attempt to create an equalitarian society without extremes of wealth or poverty but may be in some measures (for instance the free ration of sugar for everyone) trying to run before it can walk. At any rate it has an acute balance of payments crisis. It is importing some commodities which it could make at home, though many others could not be profitably manufactured in a small country. On the other hand it has invested too much of its export resources in tea. Here demand is not expanding, partly on account of increased production in East Africa, while the tea estates suffer from labour shortages owing to the repatriation of many Indian plantation workers. The crying need for diversification, for increased exports and decreased imports is hard to meet; while it may not be possible to introduce all the drastic remedies for unemployment suggested in a recent report by an International Labour Organisation inter-disciplinary team of experts which studied the economy in all its aspects from the jumping off point of unemployment. The rate of unemployment is very high, particularly among young people in the towns and consequently there has been serious unrest. As this report says: 'Unemployment, by affecting the family income, reduces the possibility for the individual to cope with such essential health needs as nutrition and housing. It also demoralises him (or her) and produces internal family tensions, frustration and lack of social identity and self-reliance—all of which are potential sources of emotional distress which may jeopardise health, especially mental health. This is a matter of impressionistic speculation; so far as we know no study has yet been made of the relationship between unemployment or underemployment and such aspects of social deviation as alcoholism, drug addiction, delinquency and prostitution.'[1]

This is by way of background. What struck someone like myself on a brief visit was the dignity and poise of the people, their upright bearing and apparent physical health, perhaps partly due to an excellent and comprehensive free health service, both in the towns and the countryside. It was remarkable to meet only one beggar, a small boy holding out his hand half laughingly with his mother's not very pressing encouragement. I saw none of the dreadful mass poverty of India, the thin children, the stunted adults, the untreated deformities, the urgent desperation of the beggars. In short, the things I did not see in Sri Lanka made as much

impression as those I did see. It included the people, serious and self-possessed, and the beauty of the Indian Ocean, the green mountains and the vivid flowering trees. Obviously, though, there are many social problems as in all countries at whatever stage of development.

The purpose of my visits to both countries was to discuss developments in social work education. Of course these developments cannot be judged except against the background of the country's way of life, values and economic level. Sri Lanka is at a much earlier stage of development than India so far as social welfare services in the more specific sense and training for social work are concerned. Most investment has gone into education, health and housing but social welfare has had a low priority. Yet there is much social dislocation, the breakdown of traditional social controls and the need for well-planned and extensive remedial, preventive and developmental social welfare services to go hand in hand with economic and social change. This is recognised but the necessary infrastructure of social research and social work education is at an embryonic stage. The consequences of this lack of trained personnel and action research were not felt earlier when the only aims were the relief of destitution and custodial care. But now, if social welfare is to become part of the whole strategy of investment in people, the situation is very different—as is well appreciated by those in positions of authority in Sri Lanka.

The school of social work in Colombo, which was started only in 1964, is under the auspices of the Department of Social Services. It faces an enormous task since about 3,000 people employed in public and voluntary social welfare services are untrained. Much effort is being concentrated on short in-service training courses and only a handful of students take the one year full-time course followed by a year of fieldwork which leads to a diploma. When I was there this course was suspended in order to concentrate on in-service training. The small staff, composed of a principal and deputy principal and a handful of part-time lecturers, is struggling valiantly to meet what are obviously very great demands. This situation is typical of social work education at its early stages in any given country.

Of course ultimately the differences even in countries quite close to each other relate to where the people of that country, particularly its leaders, put their priorities and on whether there are any enthusiastic pioneers with the drive to institute some social welfare services and to get a school of social work started and properly staffed. The enthusiastic pioneers of the present day include the United Nations and UNICEF which have contributed in many developing countries expert consultants, staff salaries, equipment, teaching material, books, fellowships for study overseas, in fact everything needed to help get a school of social work started or on to its feet.

The picture in India is very different from Sri Lanka. Basically this relates to the size of the country, with a population growing faster than the gross national product, the number of isolated villages, the growth of slum areas of cities and the high rate of unemployment. A country of about 500 million people faces almost intractable problems in trying to raise

levels of living, to conquer or treat disease, to eliminate mass destitution and rehabilitate its victims, to abolish shanty towns, provide good education and subsequent employment, while over-shadowing all else is the struggle to bring down the birth rate. What this means comes alive in the person of the thin, deformed child with outstretched hands and high-pitched pleas for money. To those well schooled against indiscriminate almsgiving it is a shock to realise that this child is not doing it simply from a bad upbringing but because he and his family have no other means of getting food that day. And there is the shock too of wondering what it does to his feeling of being wanted in the world, of confidence, self-worth and happiness, when he is usually harshly rebuked and brushed away like an irritating insect. But is it frustration in the face of any reasonable alternative as well as being case-hardened which leads people to annoyed indifference? The answer to this evil is certainly not so-called children's homes which offer custodial care and nothing else. Of course hopeful small scale experiments are going on, some by state governments, some through international aid, some by voluntary organisations. One of these is a scheme to give weekly allowances to poor parents for a particular child who is doing well at school so that he may get better nutrition and a slightly better chance in life.

This is some of the background to social work and social work education in India. In contrast to Sri Lanka, education for social work has existed there since 1936. In that year the Tata Institute of Social Sciences was founded through the enthusiasm of an American and several Indians. Over the years it has become one of the leading schools of social work in the world with a large staff and a varied curriculum. It includes personnel management as well as social work with individuals, groups and communities, with a strong emphasis on family and child welfare and criminology. The students take a post-graduate two year course leading to a master's degree of Bombay University. The Tata Institute also has a considerable research programme some of it sponsored by UNICEF or Indian public funds. It also from time to time undertakes action research projects. There is an urgent need in India for imaginative and well recorded experiments to try to discover what produces maximum results with minimum resources.

The Tata Institute's pattern of post-graduate two year courses leading to a master's degree in social work has spread to a number of universities all over the country. Thus it takes a student at least five years to become a qualified social worker. The economics of this situation are confusing. There is no shortage of both men and women students, who manage to raise funds for this five years of study from their families or other sources. Yet when they qualify there is no certainty of employment, indeed many students do not find social work jobs for 12 to 18 months. Moreover salaries are very low, sometimes less than the equivalent of £20 a month. Much social work activity must also be carried on with so great a lack of resources and of other supporting services as to lead to frustration or indifference in all but the true pioneers of whom fortunately there are

many. The marvel is that in situations of elemental poverty and mass deprivation groups of people in the schools of social work, in voluntary organisations and elsewhere, have the admirable courage to initiate small services and carry them on with hopeful confidence. This is not the only answer to the problem of social welfare when large scale structural changes are also essential but from these experiments will come the knowledge and know-how, the compassion and understanding of the lives of the poor and the desperate without which the structural changes cannot be infused with life and purpose.

In India social workers are mainly employed in probation and other correctional services, child welfare, medical social work, family welfare, some services for the handicapped, leisure time activities and various forms of neighbourhood work. They have not made any real impact in two programmes in which large sums of government money have been invested, community development and family planning—the former aimed primarily at raising the economic self-help level in villages and the latter at a reduction in the birth rate. This means that social workers are too often looked upon largely as a means to give essentially unproductive services to those who are a social nuisance or who arouse social compassion. Of course, as in many other countries, there are some social workers who are widely respected and regularly consulted on issues of social policy and planning. There are also professional social workers at high levels in national and state ministries. But both social workers and social welfare services are still largely marginal rather than part of the main stream, along with health and education.

Obviously social workers in general have not been able to get across their claim to be expert in human motivation and reactions, to know how to bring about changes of attitude and therefore to have a function and an expertise which is just as relevant in work with normal people as with the deprived. This claim, which is essentially related to the concept of social workers as agents of social change, is obviously not a magic panacea. It is only the well-selected, well-trained and well-supported who can hope to make a real impact. Yet in a field like family planning where the comparatively disappointing results so far have shown attitude change and motivation to be key factors, there is much to be said for experiments in using social workers in family planning teams. There should of course be carefully matched control groups and it would be necessary to create situations in which social workers were an integral part of the team rather than an alien body to be ignored and then proved useless.

It might have been thought that education for social work at master's degree level would raise its status and influence. This was indeed the assumption on which it was started in India on the American pattern and subsequently spread in that form. But two things have happened which falsified this assumption and led to the present somewhat self-defeating situation. The first is the uncontrolled spread of university schools of social work. The Association of Schools of Social Work in India is solely a membership organisation with no restrictions on admission to member-

ship and no accreditation function. The other possible standard-setting body, the University Grants Commission, is advised by a Standing Committee on Social Work Education which has a distinguished membership. The UGC has now issued to university schools of social work guidelines of minimum standards for social work education. This is a comprehensive document covering selection procedure, the content of the curriculum, fieldwork and its relation to theory, research, the number and qualifications of the staff, library facilities and the procedures for assessing students' progress and final achievement. This is a development of great potential value in raising standards since it might result in UGC grants being restricted in future to university schools of social work which meet these standards. Unfortunately, however, a number of universities do not come within the ambit of the UGC. They would thus only be affected if they themselves determined to raise standards or if student numbers fell.

In the meantime India faces a situation in social work in which supply and demand are seriously out of gear and the standard of so-called master's degrees in some universities is regrettably low compared with that in others. The second point is that many people in India think the master's degree level of training for social work and its American curriculum was an artificial importation which has made it difficult for social work in India to strike its own indigenous roots in a culture very different from that of the U.S.A. To what extent and in what ways this may be so is an exceedingly complex subject. It is probably true that a master's degree taken by large numbers of students and often not at a high standard has not given status to social work. Moreover this concentration on university training has prevented the development of other types more closely related to the actual situations in which many social workers are employed and to what they might achieve through courses of study and practice closely related to each other. A crucial element in all education for social work in India is the development of practice theory not based upon the American model as such. That model is a useful framework but it needs to be given substance from Indian experience and from comparative findings in other parts of the world.

Social welfare services and the training of social workers employed in them indeed need to be both universal and rooted in particular cultures to an even greater extent than education services and the training of teachers. India and Sri Lanka, two geographically close but very different countries, each face some of the same elemental problems of poverty and deprivation. Each is travelling the same road that other countries have travelled or are now travelling in the struggle to rid themselves of gross social ills and to reach the first stages of social well-being.

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[1] I.L.O., *Matching Employment Opportunities and Expectations: A Programme of Action for Ceylon*, 1972, p. 215.

THE FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT

by David Loshak

A WELL-KNOWN British foreign correspondent said on his retirement recently: 'Well, my days as a gilded vagabond are over'. The phrase is so apt that it hurts. It takes in all the contrary elements of the foreign correspondent's work and life style: his affluent penury (modest salary, high expenses), his joyless jet-setting (does anyone *want* to fly to Calcutta, even first-class?), his light fantastic on the peripheries of power. The foreign correspondent must often act big yet usually thinks small: he can charter a plane to cover a non-event, he can cover a cataclysm only to be stymied if unable to operate a telex to get the story out. He will interview prime ministers and kings but get better results from unknown underlings. He is regularly flying off to 'intriguing' places and exciting trouble spots. (In the past couple of years I have been to Phnom Penh, Zanzibar, Katmandu and Ovamboland—only to become a cross between a VIP and a tourist and getting the worst of both worlds.) He lives in five-star hotels or a Bengali hovel, entertains in rosetted restaurants or eats out of a mess tin. He spends freely in the plushest, darkest bars, yet is no carefree gadabout: his home life is inevitably in a state of permanent disruption, if not distress and divorce—most foreign correspondents have been divorced. He is forever at the mercy of the caprice of events, the midnight telephone, the dawn coup.

The job possesses far less 'romance' and adventure than the average person imagines, but also, fortunately, rather more than the average person enjoys. I also like to believe that, responsibly done (which is not always the case, of course), it is a job of some importance in contemporary society.

That, unhappily, sounds horribly pompous. The point needs making, all the same. For beyond the tiny spheres of diplomacy, top business and the international cosmopolitan set, almost all public awareness of what goes on beyond the shores of Little England is governed by what is written and said by the foreign correspondents of press and radio and, above all no doubt, television. This is not to say people believe everything they hear and read about 'abroad', only that their information comes from no other source. If it is a boring commonplace to note that the world has shrunk, that decisions taken in Osaka today will hit Gourock tomorrow, such abstract generalisations come to life when one sees in practice how developments in some distant, vaguely-comprehended country—shall we say: Uganda?—can have a striking and immediate impact on life at home. Munich and Bulawayo, Reykjavik and Grimsby, Chittagong and Pudsey: such apparently unlikely couplings, to take only three of dozens so far this year, prove demonstrably that no man is an island, that all nations are inextricably linked. This justifies and necessitates the foreign correspondent.

In today's world, the average man at home needs to be well informed about average men elsewhere. Yet, as far as the British news media are

concerned, there are no more than 70 journalists stationed abroad. (This excludes Reuters, an essentially multi-national news agency.) It is a number which should, if anything, be going up, but in fact is declining because of the lethal economics of modern newspaper and television production. The cost of maintaining a staff man abroad is extremely high: taking into account such items as salary, running expenses, air fares and communication costs, it can hardly leave much change out of £15,000 a year, and in many cases is somewhat higher. This has meant in the past year, for example, the year in which China entered the U.N., that the British newspaper with the largest corps of foreign correspondents, the *Daily Telegraph*, ceased to maintain a permanent staff correspondent in Hong Kong. There are only three British 'staffers' (as they are known in the trade) on the Indian sub-continent, only four in the whole of Africa. All this puts a pretty heavy responsibility on the working journalist sent out from London to be based abroad.

The gaps are filled in two main ways: by the news agencies, notably Reuters, which has its headquarters in Fleet Street, and by the part-time local men retained by newspapers in all major centres and many minor ones, known as 'stringers'. Reuters have more than 100 staffers and newspapers like *The Times* have about the same number of stringers. These journalists provide a basic factual news service, but by and large they do not, and cannot, do what the foreign correspondent does *par excellence*. The news agency man 'files' stories to newspapers and broadcasting media all over the world. He provides, as it were, a mass of raw material, not directed to any particular audience but catering for a multiplicity of readers and listeners. He is therefore largely confined to answering the 'what?', 'where?' and 'when?' questions. The stringer, too, has a limited function. He gives a sort of 'long-stop' service (though there are some stringers who have the authority and status of staff men but who prefer, perhaps, the independence of remaining self-employed or, even better as far as finances are concerned, contrive to combine their stringing with a steady locally based job). The typical stringer is a national of the country in which he works—probably as a journalist on a local newspaper: he might be a reporter, or even the Editor. Often, he will send 'copy' to several news outlets. This means that while he can, to a greater extent than the agency man, address himself to 'how?' and 'why?' questions as well as the basic three, he is not usually well able, or even free, to do so. This might be no more than a matter of mere mechanics: with his own paper to work for, or filing for several foreign newspapers simultaneously, he may simply lack the time to provide a cogent analysis or an informative 'backgrounder'. Indeed, he may not even have the training or qualifications to do so: as a 'long-stop', it is not necessarily his function to be a thinker. In many countries, too, stringers are under heavy constraint. There is in fact only a handful of countries outside North America and Western Europe where a stringer need not worry over what the government might think of his reports. In many countries there is press censorship: it is only in rare cases, such as in Israel, that it operates openly and in accord with

strict rules. More usually, its existence is only half admitted, or even denied, and the rules are often arbitrary. A stringer whose livelihood can well depend on not falling foul of the authorities must therefore write warily. Some stringers, too, are actually in government or semi-official employ. This means either that they cannot be relied on to write what they know or believe to be the facts or that they are, simply, peddlars of propaganda. By contrast, a foreign correspondent, whose livelihood is not dependent on the whim of capricious or hyper-sensitive ministers or officials, can allow himself far more freedom of expression—though, of course, even he should not be unmindful of local sensibilities. Nor, while certainly not tailoring his copy to suit the local cloth, can he always ignore censorships, for he is valueless to his paper if imprisoned or expelled, necessary though it often becomes for him to risk this.

There are, therefore, places which, either permanently or temporarily, are too important for the agencies and stringers alone. The permanent ones are the vital world capitals—Washington, Moscow, Bonn, and the like—and other key centres such as Beirut, New York and Hong Kong or Singapore—where there must always be based a staff man if a paper sets out to give its readers steady and serious foreign affairs coverage. These men form the corps of foreign correspondents as that term is traditionally understood, but before we go on to consider their work in a little more detail, there is another and hardly less important type of foreign correspondent, the so-called 'visiting fireman'. As the name implies, he is usually despatched to cover a sudden major occurrence at extremely short notice. We can take the case of President Amin's decision to expel British Asians from Uganda. From the start, this was too big a story to be left to the agency men and the stringers, however capable (and they are certainly not necessarily any less capable than the foreign correspondent). But as there are no staff men based in Kampala, it became necessary to send in firemen.

The fireman might have been watching Z-Cars yesterday evening but he is filing from Kampala tonight. He might never have been to Uganda before, or even to Africa. Equally, of course, he might know the area well, but not be well briefed: may, indeed, know no more than what he has half heard over the radio. Then, he is off. His journey will be rushed, possibly difficult. The trip may be overnight, in which case he is unlikely to get much sleep. It is enough to drive a man to drink, and drives many! So, rumpled and jaded and perhaps with a mild hangover, he will land in the thick of a complex and swiftly developing situation. Nevertheless, by that very evening he will be filing a story which his editor will expect to be, and which probably will be, up-to-the-minute, on-the-spot, well-sourced, well-written and well-informed.

It sounds a tall order, and it is. While business executives expect to be allowed several days to acclimatise to a new country and adjust to the disorientating effects of changed time zones or even changed seasons, while political officers in the embassies bone up for months or even years before starting in a new post, the fireman (to mix the metaphor) jumps in

at the deep end and within a few hours of arriving has become something of an 'instant expert', committing himself and his paper in print. It is true that he is unlikely, at this stage, to express any very strong opinion or make any value judgement, and will stick to the facts. However, as every student of history or contemporary affairs knows, appraising the facts is a nice matter of judgement in itself. The fireman has still to decide what 'facts' really are facts, which of them are significant and which not. He has to disentangle truth from rumour and even evaluate the rumours themselves. It is not because he does this kind of job badly that so often gets the visiting fireman a bad name (though, working in a minefield of potential error, he inevitably will stumble disastrously from time to time) so much as the apparent impossibility of carrying out the task well at all. It must seem, from all this, that the media (particularly, perhaps, the press) rely excessively on inexpert and half-baked, not to say bleary-eyed, observation for a reportage which purports to be accurate and informed.

But this is not so. I hope I will be forgiven for citing an example from personal experience. In 1966, I spent some weeks in West Africa, never having been there before. In January and February, I covered the Nigerian military *coup d'état,* in which General Ironsi ousted the much-respected Sir Abubaker Tafawa Balewa. A few days of interviews and informal conversation with a representative selection of Nigerians soon made it plain that the coup marked a recrudescence of tribal and regional enmities and was therefore likely to lead to more trouble. In May, it came. At that time, I returned to Nigeria to make an investigation into rioting in the northern region. From this it proved possible to establish that hundreds of Ibos had been slaughtered in well-organised and co-ordinated pogroms: this marked the opening of the Nigerian civil war and the beginning of the Biafra tragedy. My visit was cut short after a week, as I was expelled by General Ironsi (who was himself killed and deposed shortly afterwards). In June, I was in Freetown, Sierra Leone. On the surface, nothing was happening at all (I was there only by chance, en route for neighbouring Guinea), but even a transit stop was enough to show that an immense political ferment was brewing beneath the surface. Because I described this, Sir Albert Margai's government put me on trial for sedition. The case was raised several times in the British parliament and, after my expulsion from Sierra Leone, several private members criticised the government for not making sufficiently strong representations to the Margai régime. Replying, the Minister told the House that I had been in Sierra Leone only two weeks and had evidently got hold of the wrong end of the stick, having misunderstood or only partly understood the realities of the situation there. But, soon afterwards, there was a *coup d'état* (followed by several more), Sir Albert Margai was exposed as monumentally corrupt and, again, the essential accuracy of my reports was confirmed. This is not to claim any special powers of insight or prescience: it was, more than anything else, a matter of good luck and journalistic training. The Minister said I had been in Sierra Leone 'only' two weeks, but in Nigeria I was filing reports, which read quite accurately

today, within four hours of arrival, and so were a dozen other correspondents. My second visit to Nigeria lasted only a week, but it was enough to uncover the roots of the civil war.

The fireman, then, can do a legitimate and useful job. It is not necessarily, or often, invalidated by the handicaps under which he works. It is important to note this if for no other reason than that foreign news coverage is tending to become more dependent on the itinerant, rather than the resident, foreign correspondent. Yet, especially for the more 'serious' media (the BBC, *The Times* and *Sunday Times*, the *Daily* and *Sunday Telegraphs*, the *Guardian* and *Observer* — these three pairs each work to a greater or less extent in tandem) it remains important to keep staff men in a number of key cities and countries. Clearly, capitals like Paris and Washington, countries like India and South Africa, areas such as the Far East and Eastern Europe, are a continuous source of important news developments, usually of interest and often of direct significance to Britain, and must be continuously reported. But the foreign correspondent of a serious newspaper has more to do than just report. It is for him to explain, to give the background, to give the *flavour* of a country. In the case of a complex nation like India, for example, no fireman could hope to do this properly. It can take a year or longer even to begin to 'get the hang' of things in such a difficult posting as Moscow, where a journalist almost needs to be a cryptographer as much as an Alistair Cooke. South Africa is another good example of a country in which serious continuing coverage would be impossible without a permanently based staffer (or, as is the case with the *Guardian*, a stringer of star quality). This is because of the complex way in which the many strands of South Africa's history have intertwined to produce the intricate pattern of its society today, because of its unique problems, which are not nearly as simple as they may appear to the superficial observer, and because of its close and enduring cultural, strategic, and economic links with Britain.

For the fireman and the permanently based foreign correspondent, the approach to the job is fundamentally the same. He has, first, to find out what is going on. As often as not, this means finding out how to find out. In a war, for instance, the fireman must obviously see some action for himself as far as possible (the foreign correspondent's work has its element of physical danger), but he must also know if and when there are press conferences or defence briefings, or if information is being put out officially in some other way, or if it is a matter of 'leaks' from senior officers. The resident foreign correspondent in the United States is deluged with news and information from a wealth of sources—his task differs in appearance from his Moscow colleague's, say, whose task is painstakingly to winkle out nuggets of information on the rare occasions when they can be found. A foreign correspondent has to be a careful student of the local press. In India, for example, there are eight or nine major daily newspapers. Each carries the same basic news, but each is the mouthpiece of a specific political view or economic vested interest. In many countries, certain

newspapers or certain local correspondents are regularly used to 'fly kites' for the government, to test public feeling on some contemplated course of action. In other countries, such as Russia or Singapore, the press is government owned or controlled, or subject to undue official pressure. This can result either in a totally vapid press, which discloses nothing, or in the carefully calculated press of the *Pravda* model, in which every word needs to be weighed and the slightest *nuance* can be the clue to a major development.

Local radio, too, is an important news source, and nearly always a government mouthpiece in its comment programmes. Yet often, the correspondent does not require this, for it is part of his work to know at least some of the leading political figures at first hand. Of course, this is not always possible: cabinet members are not invariably notorious for their accessibility; cabinet ministers in India, on the other hand, will talk for hours and disclose nothing either of their policies or of themselves; while elsewhere, there may be no ministers at all. However, a foreign correspondent, even a young one, enjoys a high status abroad, and can often become almost an intimate of leading politicians, labour leaders, top editors and other national figures. But while such close contact is important for purposes of insight, it can be a pitfall. The foreign correspondent must always be wary of 'going native', becoming a spokesman or apologist for the country which, through coming to know, he has come to love.

A correspondent can know a great deal but it is of no use to his paper if he is unable to communicate it readily, or if he cannot work at great speed when necessary. The staffer in India, for example, faces formidable logistic problems. He has also to win the communications battle. Time is on his side, as India is some five hours ahead of London, but those five hours can all too easily be dissipated in sterile battles with cable clerks and post office bureaucracy.

More than a century ago, one of the first foreign correspondents, William Howard Russell, went to the Crimea and shook the conscience of the nation by his reports to *The Times* on what he found. Today, as then, the foreign correspondent does a job for which there is no substitute. Diplomatic despatches are, of necessity, secret, and diplomats are constrained in their contacts by the requirements of protocol and professional etiquette: in the weeks before last year's Indo-Pakistan war, for example, military attachés could not see for themselves what was going on in the border areas on each side, and after the war, until Britain recognised Bangladesh, British diplomats could not sound out Bangladesh representatives in India. In both cases, embassies depended to some extent on journalists for their information. At times, the foreign correspondent can play a vital role. Foreign correspondents such as Hugh Carleton Greene in pre-war Germany did much to alert if not the public then certainly Churchill and the men around him to the realities of Nazi Germany. More recently, intensive coverage of the Vietnam war (a notable instance being the My Lai revelations) has been of decisive influence on

events themselves. It is not always so dramatic. The real task of the foreign correspondent is not to make amazing disclosures or to file 'scoops'. (In *Scoop*, Evelyn Waugh gave the ultimate lie to that ludicrous aspect of the business.) But while, like any other trade—indeed, one must candidly, and thankfully, admit, more than most—the career of a foreign-based journalist has its absurdities, it has, I believe, a contribution to make to the contemporary world. Every day, the average newspaper reader can, if he wills, know what is happening where, and why, around the world. It's not bad value for a few pence.

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THE IDENTITY OF JACK THE RIPPER (2)

by Richard Whittington-Egan

THE anguish of puzzled alarm which gripped Victorian England in consequence of the series of peculiarly savage murders in and about the district of Whitechapel in 1888, and attributed to the agency of an unknown assassin evocatively nicknamed Jack the Ripper, provoked a positive frenzy of bewildered speculation among all classes of society.

Indeed, the monarch herself was not proof against the sinister allure of the 'Hunt the Ripper' vogue. Queen Victoria's sober and practical thoughts on the subject were embodied in a letter which she caused to be addressed to her Home Secretary, Mr. Henry Matthews. 'Have the cattle boats and passenger boats been examined? Has any investigation been made as to the number of single men occupying rooms to themselves?'

But there were other notions of a more bizarre order. They ranged from the quasi-mystical suggestion that Satan or Cain might be revisiting the earth to George Bernard Shaw's wry hint that the crimes were the unconventional social work of an assiduous reformer determined to draw attention to the appalling conditions governing the lightless lives of the poor in the East End of prosperous nineteenth-century London. They included theories that the culprit was a vampire, an escaped gorilla (shades of Edgar Allan Poe), a butcher, a slaughterman, a woman disguised as a slaughterman, a Malay, a seaman, a ship's doctor, a secular religious fanatic or an unbalanced cleric, an escaped lunatic, an illegitimate son of British royalty, a policeman (this idea was cleverly utilised by Thomas Burke in his story, *The Hands of Mr. Ottermole*) and, most popular of all, a mad doctor.

Those with a taste for greater specificity later alighted upon Swinburne, Gissing, Walter Sickert, Dr. Barnardo, William Gladstone, the Reverend Samuel Barnett (founder of Toynbee Hall), and a perfectly innocent member of the late Bertrand Russell's family. With, if no more justification at least with more excuse, a trio of known criminals, Dr. Neill Cream, Frederick Deeming and Mrs. Mary Eleanor Pearcey, came under popular suspicion.

Walter Sickert told a tale of a pale young veterinary student, living in Mornington Crescent, who paralleled in real life Mrs. Belloc Lowndes' fictive lodger, as portrayed in her novel, *The Lodger* (Methuen, 1913) —vide: Sir Osbert Sitwell's *Noble Essences* (Macmillan, 1950)—Commissioner David C. Lamb, of the Salvation Army, is reputed to have entertained queasy suspicions concerning the implication of a highly skilled sign-writer in the Whitechapel murders. Conan Doyle was quite sure that the Ripper was a man who disguised himself as a woman.

And all the time a succession of thoroughly alarmed 'suspects'—such as 'Leather Apron', otherwise John Pizer, a Polish Jewish shoemaker, and the mysterious 'White-eyed Man'—were being arrested, or 'buckled' as the contemporary slang term had it, and as regularly released.

Ripper alarms were still being sounded as late as September 1889, when a mutilated female body—identity never established—was found under an archway in Pinchin Street, Whitechapel, and again in February 1891, when Frances Coles' savaged corpse was discovered in Swallow Gardens, also in Whitechapel, but gradually the echoes of the dread name died away—at least in the context of an active assassin. The odd thing is that, long after the blood of his last real, or fancied, victim had dried, the memory of the Ripper himself remained perennially fresh. From time to time the story of his atrocities was revived in newspaper and magazine articles, or appeared as a spinal chapter in this or that book of classic murder cases retold. All these had much to say, but nothing of significance to add.

It was not until 1929, forty-one years after the butchering of his last certain victim, poor Mary Jane Kelly, that the first full-length study—apart from a contemporary American booklet by the editor of the *National Police Gazette*, Richard K. Fox, *The History of the Whitechapel Murders* (Fox, New York, 1888)—appeared. This was *The Mystery of Jack the Ripper* (Hutchinson) by Leonard Matters, an Australian journalist and Labour Member of Parliament, and with it was initiated a sequence of volumes of like genre, each of which set out to provide its own copyright solution to the dust-gathering conundrum.

Mr. Matters' theory presented a superficial plausibility. His candidate-elect was a shadowy Jekyll and Hyde medico, the 'Satanic Dr. Stanley'. The motive supplied—revenge. Dr. Stanley, an eminent London surgeon, had centred all his hopes on the achievements which he envisaged for his only son, Herbert, a brilliant medical student. The young man died as a result of syphilis, contracted from Mary Jane Kelly. Thereafter the bereaved father, his mind unhinged by grief, set out obsessionally to track down the woman Kelly. His method was to prowl the East End, enquiring of various street women as to Kelly's whereabouts, and silencing each woman afterwards by killing her. Eventually, Catherine Eddowes told him where to find Kelly. He visited her at 26 Dorset Street, and in a furore of vengeance literally tore her apart. His mission satisfactorily fulfilled, the murders abruptly ceased. Here we are firmly ensconced in the territory of the imagination. Not a shred of evidence can be adduced for the existence of 'Dr. Stanley'. The whole artefact is a pretty exercise in romantic embroidery.

The next production was a pre-Paperback Revolution paperback, *Jack the Ripper, Or When London Walked in Terror* (Mellifont Press, 1937). The work of Edwin T. Woodhall, 'a detective turned author', it need not detain us long. Badly written, shoddily researched, grossly inaccurate, it contributes nothing of significance.

In 1939, William Stewart, Brixton artist turned author, published *Jack the Ripper: A New Theory* (Quality Press). The 'new' theory was that Jack was Jill the Ripper. Her name unknown, she was, suggests Mr. Stewart, a sadistic midwife. As to her precise motivation, he is a little vague, but makes a brave try with the theory that the midwife had at some time been imprisoned for carrying out abortions. Information had been laid against

her by a prostitute whom she had once helped out of a little difficulty, and she was revenging herself against women of the same class as her betrayer. Again, the solution, carefully thought out as it is, stems from the intricacies of imagination and is without a scintilla of supporting evidence.

Twenty more years elapsed before the publication in 1959 of Donald McCormick's *The Identity of Jack the Ripper* (Jarrolds). The solution proposed by Mr. McCormick postulates a Russian killer, Dr. Alexander Pedachenko. The sources of his inspiration appear to be fourfold.

Firstly, he has consulted—indirectly—certain private writings of Sir Melville Macnaghten. We have already considered the public utterances of Macnaghten on the subject, contained in his book of memoirs, *Days of My Years*. However, in February 1894, reacting to a series of articles published in the *Sun* newspaper, in which a mentally deranged fetishist named Thomas Cutbush was unequivocally identified as the Ripper, Macnaghten, apparently smarting at the injustice of the assertion, sat down and wrote a seven-folio memorandum for official eyes only, which he then slipped into the unclosed Ripper file at the Yard. Seemingly, eyes other than those of officialdom were permitted to see the memorandum, for in his *Mysteries of Police and Crime* (Cassell, 1898), Major Arthur Griffiths, formerly one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Prisons, amateur criminologist, and a friend of Macnaghten's, was able to print almost verbatim the material part of the text, omitting only the actual names of three suspects mentioned by Macnaghten. He writes:

> ... the police, after the last murder, had brought their investigations to the point of strongly suspecting several persons, all of them known to be homicidal lunatics, and against three of these they held very plausible and reasonable grounds of suspicion. Concerning two of them the case was weak.... One was a Polish Jew, a known lunatic, who was at large in the district of Whitechapel at the time of the murder, and who, having developed homicidal tendencies, was afterwards confined in an asylum.... The second possible criminal was a Russian doctor, also insane, who had been a convict in both England and Siberia. This man was in the habit of carrying about surgical knives and instruments in his pockets; his antecedents were of the very worst, and at the time of the Whitechapel murders he was in hiding, or, at least, his whereabouts was never exactly known. The third person was of the same type, but the suspicion in his case was stronger, and there was every reason to believe that his own friends entertained grave doubts about him. He also was a doctor in the prime of life, was believed to be insane or on the borderland of insanity, and he disappeared immediately after the last murder, that in Miller's Court, on the 9th of November, 1888. On the last day of that year, seven weeks later, his body was found floating in the Thames.

Mr. McCormick selected Suspect No. 2, the Russian doctor, from this trio.

His second source, albeit subsidiary, was a curious book by William Le Queux, *Things I Know About Kings, Celebrities, And Crooks* (Eveleigh Nash & Grayson, 1923). In it, Le Queux, who had assisted the British Government as a secret agent in the First World War, claimed that he had discovered the manuscript of a book written—in French—by Rasputin, entitled *Great Russian Criminals*, in which it was disclosed that

the Whitechapel murderer was a Dr. Alexander Pedachenko. Pedachenko had served on the staff of the Maternity Hospital at Tver, and later came to London, where he lived with his sister in Westmorland (sic) Road, Walworth. Le Queux, claiming to quote from the Rasputin manuscript, writes:

> ... Our Secret Police ... had themselves actively aided and encouraged the crimes, in order to exhibit to the word certain defects of the English police system.... It was, indeed, for that reason that Pedachenko, the greatest and boldest of all Russian criminal lunatics, was encouraged to go to London and commit that series of atrocious crimes.... Eventually at the orders of the Ministry of the Interior the Secret Police smuggled the assassin out of London, and as Count Luiskovo he landed at Ostend, and was conducted by a secret service agent to Moscow. While there he was, a few months later, caught red-handed attempting to murder and mutilate a woman named Vogak and was eventually sent to an asylum, where he died in 1908.

Mr. Le Queux's reputation for veracity has not survived untarnished.

McCormick's third source was Dr. Thomas Dutton's diary for the year 1924, which he claims he was fortunate enough to see in 1932, before the doctor's papers disappeared. In it, Dutton had noted: 'What Le Queux should have found out was that Pedachenko worked as a barber-surgeon for a hairdresser named Delhaye in Westmoreland Road, Walworth, in 1888'.

Fourthly, and finally, McCormick asserts that the late Prince Serge Belloselski showed him a copy of the Russian Secret Police bulletin, the *Ochrana Gazette*, dated January 1909, containing this item:

> Konovalov, Vasilly, alias Pedachenko, Alexey, alias Luiskovo, Andrey, formerly of Tver, is now officially declared to be dead.... A man answering to the description of the above ... was wanted for the murder of a woman in Paris in 1886, of the murder of five women in the East Quarter of London in 1888 and again of the murder of a woman in Petrograd in 1891.... Known to disguise himself as a woman on occasions and was arrested when in woman's clothes in Petrograd before his detention in the asylum where he died.

On the face of it, Mr. McCormick's solution has much to recommend it, but, as with the other most likely solution, propounded by Mr. Tom Cullen, seconded by Mr. Daniel Farson, which we shall presently examine, the final clinching evidence simply does not come up to proof.

Mr. Robin Odell's *Jack the Ripper in Fact and Fiction* (Harrap, 1965), published within a matter of days of Tom Cullen's *Autumn of Terror: Jack the Ripper His Crimes and Times* (The Bodley Head, 1965), provided, like the Ripper on September 30, a double event. Mr. Odell's book included a careful consensus of all that had gone before. His own contribution was the notion that the Ripper might well have been a Jewish ritual slaughterman or *shochet*. Indeed he might. Once more, it was a tenable theory, but impossible of proof. No amount of discussion can do more than point out the feasibility of the concept.

With *Autumn of Terror*, however, we seem to be on firmer ground. By some means which is not entirely clear, Mr. Cullen succeeds in producing, like a conjurer's rabbit out of a Victorian gibus, the name of Montague John Druitt. The context is that official and secret memorandum of Sir Melville Macnaghten's to which we have already had occasion to refer. Mr. Cullen supplies the names which Major Griffiths was constrained to

suppress. The Polish Jew was Kosminski. The insane Russian doctor was Michael Ostrog. The third person was Mr. M. J. Druitt. Druitt is described in Macnaghten's alleged words as:

> A doctor of about 41 years of age and of fairly good family . . . (his) body was said to have been in the water for a month, or more—in it was found a season ticket between Blackheath and London. From private information I have little doubt but that his own family suspected this man of being the Whitechapel murderer; and it was alleged that he was sexually insane.

Primed with this completely new information, Cullen set forth in quest of Druitt.

NOTE: *The Identity of Jack the Ripper* will be concluded in the January issue.

The January issue of the *Contemporary Review* includes *Housing the Arts* by Lady Jennie Lee, *Kurt Waldheim: a Profile* by Thomas Liggett, *Malta after Eighteen Months of Labour Rule* by Christopher Jones and the first of three articles on Mental Health, *Out of Sight, Out of Mind* by Dr. Tom Stuttaford, M.P.

KINGSLEY AT EVERSLEY (2)

by A. L. Rowse

KINGSLEY, Tom Hughes and the Christian Socialists of 1848 were young and idealistic — as we were in our time — ignorant of the impossible nature of men. It is interesting that the enthusiastic Kingsley should have been quicker in the uptake than the rest of them —or had the cool, strong-minded Fanny behind him.

The Macmillans, being Scots, lost no money on their Christian Socialist sympathies, but in the upshot made it. It is a nice tribute to their high-mindedness, and a memento of the historic episode, that the Christian name Maurice, which has come down in the family, should go back to the boring Frederick Denison Maurice, the theological inspiration of the group.

Having conscientiously given up a comfortable sinecure that helped him out with his parish charities, Kingsley was forced at this time to take pupils. One of them describes the way of life there.

> The picturesque bow-windowed Rectory rises to memory as it stood with all its doors and windows open on hot summer days, the sloping bank with its great fir-tree, the garden, a gravel sweep before the drawing-room and dining-rooms, a grass plot before the study—and the tall active figure of the Rector tramping up and down. His energy made him seem everywhere, and to pervade every part of house and garden. The manuscript of the book he was writing lay open on a rough standing desk, which was merely a shelf projecting from the wall; his pupils—two in number, and treated like his own sons—were working in the dining-room; his guests perhaps lounging on the lawn, or reading in the study. And he had time for all, going from writing to lecturing on optics, or to a passage in Virgil, from this to a vehement conversation with a guest, or tender care for his wife—who was far from strong—or a romp with his children. He would work himself into a white heat over his book till, too excited to write more, he would calm himself down with a pipe, pacing his grass-plot with long strides. He was a great smoker, and to him tobacco was a needful sedative.

He was one of the group that made a well-advertised cult of this dirty habit—Carlyle and various Cambridge men, Fitzgerald, Tennyson (can one imagine Newman or Hopkins, Jowett or Matthew Arnold smoking?). But in Kingsley's case there was an excuse: from a child he suffered from nervous excitability, connected with the brain-fever he had had then, which left him with an engaging stammer. Tobacco was an anodyne.

The best account of him is by John Martineau, who was his pupil during 1850-51, when Kingsley was a marked man as Parson Lot, attacked by all sections of Church and Press; publishers would not publish his tracts and books, periodicals rejected his contributions. He had a lot to put up with—but nothing ever soured or embittered him. John Martineau loved the man. 'He was then, above all things and before all things else, a parish clergyman.' Martineau describes the incessant work for his people, all the burdens he was alone in shouldering—he never seems to have thought of declining a burden, though there were occasional breakdowns of health. What enabled him to keep going was this:

> By day and night, in fair weather and in storm, grateful for heat and cold, rain and sunshine, light and soothing darkness, he drank in nature. It seemed as if

> no bird, or beast, or insect, scarcely a drifting cloud in the sky, passed by him unnoticed, unwelcomed.

What responsiveness he had! It is from this that much of his best work comes, and one is astonished at the extent and detail of his knowledge. He was a great naturalist, but he was also a poet—best as a prose-poet; for he had a natural genius for rendering back in words the life of nature with which he was in such accord. When he died, Leslie Stephen wrote a characteristically supercilious estimate of him (one can see the meanness in *his* face)—to receive his reward, when his own biographer in our time notes how inferior Leslie Stephen's efforts at evoking nature are to Kingsley's effortless evocations. These are his best writings—so much of his work is spoiled by what he recognised as his 'preachments'; with this last of Victorians to revive, one should select his *Prose Idylls, Glaucus, or The Wonders of the Sea Shore,* some of his children's books—slimmed of their moralisings—a few poems; none of his historical works or voluminous sermons.

The *Prose Idylls* consists of papers that he wrote for *Fraser's*: a delightful book, it displays his range of country from the Fens, which he knew as a boy, fishing in Berkshire ('Chalk-Stream Studies'), to North Devon. 'My Winter-Garden' penetrates the then unravaged woodlands around Eversley. It describes beautifully the life of the woods, trees, creatures, the listening silences of which he was so aware.

> The breeze is gone a while, and I am in perfect silence—a silence which may be heard. Not a sound; and not a moving object. That ring-dove, who was cooing half a mile away, has hushed his moan; that flock of long-tailed titmice, which were twinging and pecking about the fir-cones a few minutes since are gone; and now there is not even a gnat to quiver in the slant sunrays. The creaking of the saddle, the soft step of the mare upon the fir-needles, jar my ear. I seem alone in a dead world. A dead world—and yet so full of life, if I had eyes to see!

More than almost anyone, he had. There follow exciting descriptions of a hare he watched, being pursued by a fox; and of a fox-hunt.

> The March breeze is chilly, but I can always be warm if I like in my winter-garden. I turn my horse's head to the red wall of fir-stems, and leap over the furze-grown bank into my cathedral.

He then spoils the effect by adding, 'wherein, if there be no saints, there are likewise no priestcraft and no idols'. For he is a flawed writer—that is what made him so good a journalist. Everything in Kingsley is flawed: what he needs is bowdlerising in reverse.

Martineau, with his intimate knowledge of living with the man, penetrates to the essence as no-one has done.

> With all his man's strength there was a deep vein of *woman* in him, a nervous sensitiveness, an intensity of sympathy which made him suffer when others suffered, a tender, delicate, soothing touch, which gave him power to understand and reach the heart.

This meant that unsought, he was burdened with the confidences of innumerable people, known and unknown: he must have been confessor to at least as many persons as Newman, and from more varied walks of life. The enormous correspondence was an added strain—he never seems to have thought of putting off burrs and bores. (Can one imagine Swift

undertaking the spiritual consolation of fools? But he was at the opposite pole to Kingsley, who loved all living things.)

Martineau describes the restless activity, the energy he had never seen equalled, constantly in movement—Kingsley was a well-read man, though it is a mystery when he got his reading done. He had an idiomatic command of French—though a fatuous Germanophile, like so many Victorians who could not see the wrath to come—but I do not know when he acquired it. As with most men of genius, he had exceptional powers of concentration. But the man who loved him best has the most discriminating judgement of him.

> Connected with this rapid living was a certain impatience of trifles, an inaccuracy about details, a haste in drawing conclusions, a forgetfulness of times and seasons and of words lightly spoken or written, and an impulsive and almost reckless generosity.... Popular as he afterwards became, it is difficult to realise now how great was the suspicion, how bitter the attacks, especially from the religious newspapers, which his books and sermons drew down upon him.

This, in part, accounts for the defensive tone of his wife's 'official' biography of him, its suppressions and omissions.

Martineau concludes that his books, with their defects — Kingsley himself was well aware of these — were the fruit of his many-sidedness, 'the many purposes, the varied subjects, on which he employed the gift that was in him'. Unlike Newman, he was an all-round man, in touch with and responsive to many sides of life. 'Hence it may, perhaps, be that another generation will not fully realise the widespread influence, the great power, he exercised through his writings.' This is true enough: the balance should be rectified.

One of the odd things about Mrs. Kingsley's biography is that she tells us little about the writing of his books, and of course she was much too high-minded to mention the money they fetched. (The fortunes of her own family had been made by her father, the banker, Pascoe Grenfell.) One is reminded of that other Victorian cleric's wife, Mrs. Creighton: 'To think about money is un-Christian; to talk about it is middle-class'. Her book is stuffed with reams about religion, incursions into the nonsense-world of theology, such excruciating issues as the doctrine of eternal punishment—the kind of nonsense that excited C. S. Lewis—for doubts about which Kingsley's 'Master', F. D. Maurice, was sacked from his professorship of theology at King's College, London (what asses the Victorians were!). In her two fat volumes one longs to hear less about God, and more about publishers.

Those two serious-minded Scots crofters, Daniel and Alexander Macmillan, founders of the great firm, were sympathetic to Christian Socialism; and one day, while their business was still at Cambridge, Number 1 Trinity Street, Kingsley took the manuscript of *Alton Locke* to them. They were encouraging and backed him, when other publishers drew back. Virtue was rewarded: he shortly brought them *Westward Ho!*, and they found they had won a best-seller. Alexander Macmillan came down to Eversley to discuss the projected novel over 'considerable pipes and beer'; while Daniel gave valuable advice for which Kingsley was

grateful. 'Of course you will not adopt that pseudo-antique manner in which *Esmond, Mary Powell,* etc., etc., are written. That style is now getting a bore. The free march of your own style will be much more Elizabethan in manner and tone than any you can assume.' This was good advice, though to the unworldly Macmillans the worldly Thackeray was always somewhat suspect. However, they knew a good thing when they saw one: when they got the book, Alexander wrote, 'It is the right article, and no mistake'.

Kingsley had gone down to Bideford to write it, after a breakdown of health; there he had not only the scenes of his novel under his eye, but the historian Froude to help him with material. Froude had become his brother-in-law—rescued from having to go to Tasmania, after losing his Fellowship at Oxford for writing *The Nemesis of Faith*—by marrying Mrs. Kingsley's sister, with her independent Grenfell income. Froude and Kingsley were far less sympathetic in temperament than is usually supposed: Kingsley could not penetrate Froude's 'cold, polished shell'; Froude's scepticism could not share the other's ardours, hopes and expectations. When all the world condemned Froude's early book and his family cut him off, Kingsley—though not agreeing with it—rushed to his rescue, invited him to his home, made him a member of it, against the remonstrances of his own parents. This was what was irresistible about Kingsley; the two men became not only brothers-in-law, but steadfast friends. Kingsley's most famous book was suggested by Froude's 'short study' on the Elizabethan Seamen, and he supplied the novelist with much of the material from Hakluyt that went into the book.

It turned the corner financially for Kingsley at Eversley; freed from the necessity of pupils, he could afford a curate and his parish charities: the house was always hospitably open to guests of every description—from America, too, among them the inevitable Harriet Beecher Stowe. (This did not prevent Kingsley from sympathising with the South in the Civil War—with him the under-dog was always right.) Henceforth he was one of the most venerated of Macmillan authors: one used to see his noble whiskered profile among the Richmond drawings of those other great Victorians who brought fame and fortune to the house. They became family friends: Daniel named his first-born after Kingsley. They do not appear in the Index of Mrs. Kingsley's book.

Nevertheless, the cash rolled in. Backing their man, the Macmillans had advanced £100 for the stay at Bideford and, no less important, advised the clerical author against all 'preachments'; he had the sense to agree. The book was a spectacular success: in March 1855 he got £300 from it, in May £250, in 1857 £300; by 1873 it had made £1,750—multiply by ten for contemporary valuation. After his death, sixpenny editions of his works were brought out, one a month; a million of the first issue were sold, followed shortly by another reprint of a million. Four Kingsleys eventually appeared as Macmillan authors: Charles's less successful brother, Henry —who does not receive a mention from Fanny (was there a something unrespectable about him?); the youngest daughter, who wrote under the

name of Lucas Malet and brought the firm a best-seller with *Mrs. Lorimer;* lastly, the heroic Mary Kingsley, Charles's niece, in some ways the most remarkable of them all. It is curious to think what conflagration of genes produces so much talent in those two generations, before the fires sank down.

All the Macmillans were fond of Charles and visited Eversley. Alexander's daughter well describes him: 'the keen eagle-like face lighted up by those wonderful blue eyes, the elaborate courtliness of his manner, his boyish spirits, his delightful talk of outdoor things, the impetuosity of his utterance, which was emphasised by his stammer: all deeply impressed the childish mind'. When *The Water Babies* came along and was read to the Macmillan children, it 'roused the deepest excitement in the nursery world'. Alexander and the editor of *Macmillan's Magazine,* coming back from Tennyson in the Isle of Wight, would take Eversley on their way home for dinner and a pipe with Kingsley. They propelled him into finishing *Two Years Ago,* at the rate of 10,000 words a week for seven weeks without stopping. In 1863 they took over his earlier books that had been dropped by former publishers. God's elect received their reward: Kingsley brought them another best-seller from an old Christian Socialist, his friend Tom Hughes's *Tom Brown's Schooldays.* It is evidently a mistake to discountenance men of genius for the generous enthusiasms of their youth.

The truth appears to be that Kingsley had a flair for publishing no less than for publicity. 'If you do not push that book of Tom Hughes's', he wrote to Daniel Macmillan, 'why then I shall set you down for no Scot. It will be a very great hit. It is an extraordinary book. Take it all in all, you won't see such smart writing, such knowledge of slang and all manner of odds and ends, combined with the actual knowledge of boys, in any living writer. It is the only book of its kind . . . As sure as eggs are eggs, the book will pay both of you well.'

How right his instinct was! Honest Tom Hughes, who had lost over £1,000 over the working men's co-operative associations he had promoted — it had kept him poor for years — at once made £1,250 by the book. Month by month a new edition was called for in its first year, until it settled down into its permanent place as a classic. There had indeed been no book like it, and it became the fore-runner of the whole *genre* of schoolboy stories in the world's literature. (Perhaps in no other respect is the chasm between the nineteenth century and our day more evident than in the contrast between *Tom Brown's Schooldays* and such successors as Roger Peyrefitte's *Les Amitiés Particulières* and Montherlant's *Les Garçons.*)

However, it is nice to think that all those high-minded men should have received their reward in this world, in hard cash.

NOTE: The third and final part of *Kingsley at Eversley* will appear in the January issue.

THE REASONS BEHIND A TRIP TO CHINA

by Werner Gerhardt

THE fact that the journey of the Christian-Democratic M.P., Dr. Gerhard Schröder, to the People's Republic of China has been so high in the news in West Germany and Western Europe cannot be explained solely by the hunger of the mass media for something spectacular in the 'silly season'. Rather the wild speculations about the trip of this 'Marco Polo of our age' as a West German newspaper described the chairman of the Bundestag foreign relations committee in rather exaggerated terms appear to suggest the opening of a phase of overt co-operation between the Peking leaders and the imperialist forces in the Federal Republic which is bound to have repercussions on the international scene. Schröder, who was given V.I.P. treatment by his hosts throughout his stay in China, said he had gathered the impression during his confidential talks in the Foreign Ministry and during his two meetings with Chou En-lai that both parties were strongly interested in the establishment of diplomatic links. In general, it is not a bad thing for two states to normalise relations with each other to help strengthen international cooperation. However, the noisy publicity surrounding Schröder's mission and the speculations nursed in the most reactionary papers raise questions as to the aims and intentions behind the arrangement which the Peking leaders and the ruling forces in West Germany are obviously seeking to obtain. It is common knowledge that the high priests of the cold war in the Federal Republic have at all times toyed with the idea of bringing into play 'the Chinese card' so as to lend weight to their revenge-seeking and adventurist ambitions to alter the *status quo* in Europe. Even after the ratification of the Moscow and Warsaw treaties these forces are pinning their hopes on tensions and confrontations. In fact, they leave no stone unturned to maintain the positions that might enable them to revert to their irredentist policies sooner or later. The long-time Christian-Democratic cabinet minister, Gerhard Schröder, flatly rejected the Moscow and Warsaw treaties during the debate on ratification in the Bundestag and it was then, if not earlier, that everybody came to realise that he was among the foremost advocates of this policy within the Christian-Democratic party and its Bavarian wing, the Christian-Social party. So it was anything but a mere coincidence that Schröder was singled out for the exploration talks in Peking. Obviously, the aggressive forces in the Federal Republic were also encouraged by the Peking leaders' recent moves to arrive at certain arrangements with imperialist circles in Western Europe.

Unfortunately, the efforts that have so far been made in this field confirm the suspicion that the motives behind the Chinese intentions are aimed against the policy of peaceful co-existence and the aspirations towards security and cooperation in Europe. This is also borne out by the thinly veiled hostility manifested by the Peking leaders against the pro-

posed conference on security and cooperation which is supported by the overwhelming majority of the European states. This enmity is shared by the extreme right-wing forces of the monopoly bourgeoisie in the West European countries. The daily *Bayern-Kurier*, the mouthpiece of Franz-Josef Strauss, bluntly reduced the wishes of the Peking leaders to this formula: 'China hopes to see a strong Western Europe which will be able to counter-balance the Russians.' If the imperialist forces in the Federal Republic are now seeking to step up their relations with Peking, their hopes are that friction between the People's Republic of China and the Soviet Union will become so acute that the hoped-for change in the general political climate will make it easier for them to realise their aggressive schemes.

In the light of such barely concealed intentions it is understandable that many people interested in detente and cooperation are asking with concern why the Federal Chancellor, Willy Brandt, has supported Schröder's project 'from the start and has given him a number of hints for the conduct of his talks.' The fact that Herr Schröder who is otherwise known to be very communicative remained tight-lipped in the face of reporters after his return and boarded an Air Force plane instead to inform the Foreign Minister, Walter Scheel, at the latter's holiday retreat, is indicative of the concerted action taken by broad monopolist quarters in the Federal Republic and of the importance attached by these forces to Schröder's mission. The travels of the Venetian merchant Marco Polo once helped bring about a better understanding between countries located remotely from each other. Dr Schröder's trip to Peking, on the other hand, raises the fear that a road has been opened up which will hardly be compatible with the peoples' stake in security and world-wide peaceful cooperation.

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LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

TO GOVERN IS TO SERVE

Edward Heath, Prime Minister. Margaret Laing. Sidgwick and Jackson. £3.50.

It must be questionable how much value attaches to any biography written about a living premier during the first two years of his initial period of office. That Miss Laing, along with several others, should have assayed the task is not however perhaps altogether surprising. When Mr. Harold Wilson, unwillingly and to his total surprise, gave up the tenancy of 10 Downing Street on June 19, 1970, the personality of his successor was still comparatively unknown to the British electorate. The day of the folksy media-orientated leader, so lovingly presented by the Socialists' public relations advisers, had vanished overnight. Two years later, although he has probably done more to change the pattern of British history than any other prime minister since the war, Mr. Heath remains somewhat unknown as an individual to the public. Neither this study, nor the recent one by Mr. Andrew Roth, although both draw on a wide variety of source material, go very far towards a real understanding of the man or his policies. But since Mr. Heath, in contrast with his predecessor, has remained a private rather than an over exposed figure with regard to his personal life, so conversely the interest in his personality continues to be considerable.

It was as a writer of 'in depth' profiles of public figures for *The Sunday Times* that Miss Laing first established her not inconsiderable journalistic reputation and this book relies very much on an extended form of the same approach. At times it is irritatingly slick and superficial, reminiscent in style of the woman's chat column of the superior glossies. Which but the most banal of readers for instance are really interested in the details of the Prime Minister's medical history at the age of eight, or indeed in his Pulheem assessment fifteen years later? In a volume of less than 250 pages, no less than two and a half are given up to a list of the Conservative members who entered the House in the 1950 election, facts which could be obtained by consulting the first handy work of reference. Considering the number of people available who have been actively engaged in politics during her subject's twenty-two years in Parliament her handling of primary sources is also often surprisingly superficial. Compared with Mr. Roth's interesting analysis of Mr. Heath's musical interests, she indulges in the almost classic futility of quoting for example the story of an unnamed 'traditionally Tory lady' who voted Liberal (in an unspecified election) because she saw him 'bustling down the street carrying Elgar' and felt this purported a lack of prime ministerial qualities. With quotes like this to fall back on, one is tempted to inquire why Miss Laing tries to write seriously about her subject at all.

And yet from time to time she does it very well. The charisma of Mr. Heath lies in his political achievements, and on certain aspects of this she is both intelligent and skilful in her analysis. She deals with his period in the Whips' Office and Suez in particular with some care; though I think she is inclined to overestimate the element of personal toughness involved without making allowances for the skill and intuition that enabled him as Chief Whip to

keep the Tory Party united in some of the most difficult post-war crises with which it was faced. It was probably this factor, above any other, that led to the majority of the Parliamentary Party preferring him in the election for Leader in 1965.

What Miss Laing does achieve, in what is in many ways an unsatisfactory because essentially an interim book, is to point to the singleminded determination of Mr. Heath to achieve a role for Britain which should be both progressive and relative to the strengths and weaknesses of her position in the second half of the twentieth century. It was Charles Morgan in *The River Line,* who used the phrase 'we must bear our responsibilities in the predicament of our own time'. In all the vicissitudes of the present government, and they have been many and varied, the Prime Minister has not allowed himself to be deflected from a very personal vision of a Britain that could play a real and honourable role in the modern world, whose people would be given a chance to fulfil themselves and to attain a quality of life not in a merely material but in a far more personal way than they might otherwise have done. This vision may have taken some hard knocks along the way at the hands of a variegated selection of opponents but it is a far from ignoble one, and it is interesting to anyone concerned with our political life to read this by no means totally unsympathetic account of how and why it came into being. There will be other and better books published on Edward Heath but at least the present one will take a useful place in the political bibliography of our own era.

ERNLE MONEY

NANCY ASTOR

Nancy. The Life of Lady Astor. Christopher Sykes. Collins. £3.95.

I have always imagined that there is a definitive biography of great men, often commissioned by the family; obvious examples are Morley's Life of Gladstone, or Disraeli by Monypenny and Buckle. Later of course we get Gladstone by Sir Philip Magnus and Disraeli by Robert Blake. The latter tends to be more rounded, more interesting and perhaps nearer the truth. After reading the excellent 'Tribal Feeling' by Michael Astor (1963) and the biography of Lady Astor by Maurice Collis (1960), I imagine that this present book is commissioned by the family. No doubt the author was chosen because he is a brilliant biographer, perhaps with a touch of genius; however, he is also a Roman Catholic (a creed Nancy detested) nor did he know her in her golden days. Christopher Sykes has re-created Nancy for a generation; in that sense the book is 'definitive' and scholarly. I am quite sure, however, that in due course there will be another biography.

Those of us who knew her in the House of Commons, at Cliveden and at St. James Square however imperfectly, those of us who knew her husband Waldorf and still more Philip Lothian will be grateful for many subtle insights given by Christopher Sykes. It must, however, be recorded that the author has overlooked a number of contacts that Nancy had outside the Establishment, especially in the world of social service. I entirely disagree with Rebecca West's undervaluation of Nancy; I also strongly agree with the author's debunking of the so-called Cliveden Set.

Nancy had a great yearning for greatness and goodness, which she found in her husband Waldorf Astor, in Philip Lothian and in Bernard Shaw. The author comes near to explaining Nancy's religious pilgrimage, partly because he is himself a Catholic.

Nancy was unlike the great hostesses of her day (and there were many); she mixed people up, broke down class barriers and was a pioneer in Anglo-American understanding. I was in the United States in 1922-23 after her seven week visit. The chapter which describes this visit is headed 'Riding in Triumph'. She nearly undid the damage that Margot Asquith and others had perpetrated by their pernicious lecture tours. Her success in England was known, not only in her native Virginia, but throughout North America. Christopher Sykes re-captures these scenes with all his familiar skill.

Does he quite re-capture the background of Nancy's English life, particularly the 'twenties and the 'thirties? He knows about the top people, but Nancy was known to millions and never grudged speaking at meetings, big or small, for the causes she had at heart. I remember her many visits to Toynbee Hall, where she befriended Jimmy Mallon in his anti-Fascist campaign in East London; I remember her speaking for me in Kilmarnock to 7,000 people in the open-air. She never spared herself, addressing small gatherings of the Salvation Army or opening some new Nursery School.

The author is at his best in analysing the family, most of whom he knew; indeed he dedicates the book to the eldest son, Bill Astor. Nancy was a tremendous success with children. But neither she nor her marvellous but puritanical husband understood the wicked world of adulthood. This partially accounts for her rudeness and cruelty to her best friends. She moved outwards from the heart and often blurted out some unkind remark, followed quickly by a joke to take away the malice. Christopher Sykes has painted a fascinating portrait of an extraordinary character, larger than life, with all her faults and virtues. She was not just a tom-boy or a glittering hostess or a tub-thumper. She took life very seriously, she was loved by many, and she was always fun.

KENNETH LINDSAY

MEMORIES AT THE MET.

Caruso. Stanley Jackson. W. H. Allen. £3.50.
5,000 Nights At The Opera. Sir Rudolf Bing. Hamish Hamilton. £4.00.

Enrico Caruso was born in 1873, and it is thus fitting that Stanley Jackson should give us a new biography for his centenary year. There have been several in the past, including two by his widow, Dorothy, whom he married only three years before his death in 1921. But nothing has appeared since Francis Robinson's *Life in Pictures* in 1958; and Mr. Jackson, who describes himself as 'operatically lower middle-brow' has sought to bridge the gap and present us with a picture of the great tenor, warts and all.

Not for one moment could it be argued that the author describes himself unjustly. There is scant musical analysis here, and almost nothing to explain what exactly was the quality of Caruso's voice that made him so highly paid and widely demanded. Indeed one can gather a firmer impression of the tenor's vocal technique by listening to the retakes of those marvellous pre-electric recordings made in New York in the first decade of the century. The book's style is adulatory romantic, and much is made of the rags to riches syndrome. The unhappy indecency incident in Central Park with the subsequent prosecution is explored in detail, but adds little to our real knowledge of the man. What is plain is that Caruso's reputation sprang entirely from the quality of his voice: he was no actor in the true sense.

Furthermore he had a disconcerting tendency to practical jokes on stage, such as pressing a hot sausage into Dame Nellie Melba's tiny hand in the last act of *La Bohème*. It is plain that he was generous, acquisitive, temperamental, and a womaniser who basically wanted to settle down. Despite intense hypochondria —phials of gargle smuggled on stage in his costume, so that a lady at The Met swore that she saw him spit at a soprano for singing flat—his low record of cancellation when often singing five or more performances in a week, is a lesson to many of our star singers today.

It is remarkable that in the early part of this century Caruso was taking $2,000 a night at The Met, and in 1910 £500 a performance at Covent Garden. When Oscar Hammerstein opened his Manhattan Opera House he offered Caruso $5,000 a night to lure him from The Met. Caruso turned it down, saying 'two thousand dollars is enough for any singer'. Small wonder that despite his extravagance and generosity—no Italian New Yorker in need was ever turned away unassisted—he left nearly £2 million. In terms of real money no opera singer in the world earns on anything like this scale today.

Mr. Jackson's biography gives a clear working picture of New York's Metropolitan Opera early this century, with its 'diamond circle' of snobbery, its star-consciousness, and, despite top singers and conductors, its very considerable artistic limitations. Sir Rudolf Bing in his memoirs takes us up to the present day, and it is sad to note how little things changed during his régime. Bing presents a curious dichotomy. For his early days at Darmstadt and the Berlin Städtische Opera, then at Glyndebourne before and immediately after the war, and above all in his crusading inauguration of the Edinburgh International Festival, for which he received his knighthood, show him to be a sensitive and enthusiastic, if at times high-handed, opera manager. There is a powerful feeling of artistic quest and achievement, and of sympathy and understanding for others up to that point, which appears to have been lost once New York was gained in 1950.

This is possibly the rudest book to have appeared this year. But for all his acerbity and pursuit of victory in personal feuds, one feels that The Met won in the end, remaining much the same as it always had been, despite a magnificent new house in Lincoln Center, and destroyed Bing's soul in the process. The vendettas with Callas, Karajan, Corelli, Birgit Nilsson, his Board, the Unions and the Press are all faithfully recorded, laced with cutting comment, and showing Bing himself to be the injured, if not always victorious, party. But for all that, the system was the true victor, and the man who had such ambitious aspirations and who had done so much for artistic standards in Europe stood impotently by while The Met plodded on with star-studded revivals of ill-rehearsed, pedestrian productions, with few successful excursions from the standard repertoire. Bing writes 'We finally accepted the fact that Beverly Sills of the City Opera, having been born in Brooklyn, was entitled to priority in the portrayal of British royalty'. But this waspish comment about Donizetti's *Tudor Trilogy*, as with those on the late Göran Gentele's aims as his successor, depict a sadness and knowledge of ultimate failure which all the expatriate's delight in a knighthood do little to dispel.

These books are worth reading by both the music lover and the student of twentieth century social history. Today at last opera as an art form is ceasing to be the perquisite of a moneyed social élite, and with the progress of the New York City Opera and the Sadler's Wells Company in London, to name but two, is coming to be appreciated for its musical rather than social

and 'star' value. A reading of the life of Enrico Caruso and the memoirs of Sir Rudolf Bing perhaps goes to show why this process is more inevitable than at first sight seems the case.

DAVID FINGLETON

THE PSYCHOTHERAPEUTIC IDEOLOGY

The Secular Priests: Psychotherapists in Contemporary Society. Maurice North. Allen & Unwin. £3.75.

It is, in fact, not so much medically qualified psychotherapists as 'social caseworkers' who form the burden of Dr. North's interesting book. Now, as long ago as 1959, Barbara Wootton mounted a classic attack on the concepts and technique of social workers: they 'suffer from the peculiar repulsiveness of those who dabble their fingers self-approvingly in the stuff of other people's souls', and concentrate on 'social maladjustment' rather than poverty and deprivation. Her serious criticisms have never really been effectively rebutted. Undeterred, the Seebohm report and its 'implementation' has appointed new Directors of Social Services at the head of a new, comparatively highly paid career hierarchy, and, in so doing, has, inter alia, eroded the status and function of Medical Officers of Health.

Dr. North writes very well about the way in which social workers and 'counsellors' transmit vague, vulgarised and ill-digested Freudian ideas about 'maturity', 'fulfilment' and 'personality adjustment', and about the way in which the ideology of counselling is infiltrating into 'hard' areas of industrialised society. He is at his best when he looks most closely at the myths and mystique of individual casework, rather than when he writes more generally about the macrocosm, where his 'round-up' of the ideas of others has the formidable density of a doctrinal thesis. Contentious suggestions like, 'As the lemmings rush into the sea to solve their problems, so the break up of the traditional familial and marital structure may be our answer to the problem of over-population as all other methods have failed pathetically', have a certain rawness even within their context.

He concludes drily and rather splendidly that, 'The progress of industrialisation cannot be halted . . . we have to be thankful that events and circumstances have thrown up the psychotherapeutic ideology . . . (which) provides the only path to personal salvation . . . The inestimable service that the psychotherapeutic ideology supplies is that it gives the individual the feeling that somebody cares — even if it is not true.'

His deep personal distaste can surely (to indulge in the technique at issue) be evidenced by his choice of language within the argument of his book, 'Not only do they know the secrets of the client's innermost being and can thus produce the "real" self as a conjuror pulls a rabbit from a hat, but they also "understand, permit, and appreciate" from their store of empathy and because they possess a specially developed ability to understand without condoning or condemning, an attribute that W. B. Yeats observed was possessed solely by God: "Only God can love you for yourself alone?"' Dr. North will be prepared for rage.

MOLLY TIBBS

THE PHALLOS IN HISTORY, ART AND LITERATURE

Phallós: A Symbol and its History in the Male World. Thorkil Vanggaard. Jonathan Cape. £2.95.

Esoteric works of this nature have a tendency to be over-inclusive, to spill exuberantly over their boundary-walls: Dr. Thorkil Vanggaard's book surely earns the classification of 'esoteric', with its dust jacket of blatant, phallic witch-circle. However, Dr. Vanggaard is a distinguished Danish psychiatrist, psycho-analyst and university teacher. Perhaps this is an extension of Freud's work on symbols, or predominantly an exercise in social anthropology, especially since he pays much attention to the late Dr. Margaret Murray's work on early phallic witch cults? One is bound to say that this is really a study of male homosexuality, of dominance and submission, and will, no doubt, be read by some as a classic Defence; this can scarcely come as a matter for surprise to Dr. Vanggaard, when he generalises, 'Another common misconception is that boys may be corrupted morally in a general sense through homosexual relationships. Paiderasty may be used in the service of education, whether for good or ill . . .'

He writes of what he terms a 'homosexual radical' existing ubiquitously in men, which, through the centuries, has become submerged underground, taking along with it conscious understanding of the phallic symbol. He is concerned to examine not so much Eros as the *aggressive* nature, function and value of the phallos. This is the aggression of the belligerent display of certain baboons (a photograph is provided), or the aggression of the Sodomites who 'called unto Lot, and said unto him, Where are the men which came in to thee this night? Bring them out unto us, that we may know them.'

However, we soon find ourselves marching through familiar territory—the Greeks, the Etruscans, Julius Caesar, T. E. Lawrence, the Gnostics, the Kinsey reports, the Wolfenden Committee, and through less familiar Scandinavian ground. Dr. Vanggaard's comment on the British scene is quite uncompromising—'Mr. Montgomery Hyde's book *(The Other Love)* ought to be read widely, not least because of the illustration it affords of the fact that the time since the Renaissance has not been in every respect a period of progress, enlightenment and humanisation'.

It is difficult, with the best will in the world, to feel this book to be, as claimed, challenging or innovatory; perhaps it is better enjoyed as a pleasant and well illustrated small monograph on the phallos in history, art and literature.

MOLLY TIBBS

SHORTER REVIEWS

No Feet to Drag (Sidgwick & Jackson, £2.50). This remarkable book on the disabled by Alfred Morris, M.P., and Arthur Butler is at once depressing and inspiring. It is depressing because it shows how little the general public and officialdom have been interested in the welfare of disabled people, young or old. Mr. Morris was one of a small band of M.P.s and peers in the

last Parliament who pressed for adequate recognition of the problem and for legislation on a wide front. It has indeed, as this volume shows, become reasonably clear that by sound planning, for example in building and communications, by scientific aids and medical research and educational involvement, an enormous amount can be done to bring the disabled much nearer to the enjoyment of normal living. Yet the public as a whole has been remarkably lethargic, and local authorities, with a few outstanding exceptions, have cared very little. It seems that in 1969 only 235,000 seriously disabled were registered on local authority registers whereas there were in fact at least another million officially unrecognised. The chance for a breakthrough came in November 1969 when Mr. Morris won first place in the annual ballot for Private Members' Bills. As a result he was able to present the Chronically Sick and Disabled Persons Bill, which with some government help became law in May, 1970, immediately prior to the dissolution of Parliament. This book contains the inspiring story of parliamentary struggle in the face of much bureaucratic obstruction or inertia. This was accentuated by the involvement of numerous Departments. The final chapter is headed 'Breakthrough'. In 1971, the Act appeared to be receiving more local government interest and support, but too many local authorities are still dragging their feet. Too much of the Act is permissive than mandatory. In the long run pressure of public opinion is the condition for success.

The Wreck Detectives (Harrap, £3.50). In his latest book, Kendall Macdonald is concerned with the hundreds of shipwrecks strewn around the coast of the British Isles, what is known of these ships, how they foundered, and more particularly the efforts being made to locate and salvage their worthwhile cargo and equipment, including cannon. Mr. Macdonald has an interesting appendix on the identification of ancient cannon and anchors. He writes as a very experienced skin diver, with a sense of history and an appreciation of the need for aqua lung divers to co-operate with archaeologists. This is of particular importance when it is appreciated that since 1953 over 50,000 enthusiasts have been trained in diving. The book contains a great deal of historical, technical, legal and administrative information which the skin diver in search of treasure will find invaluable. It does, however, have a much wider appeal, 'for all those who like to read of daring and adventure', when the ship foundered, perhaps centuries ago, and when it is rediscovered. In many cases, Mr. Macdonald relies directly upon the wreck hunters for the account of their operations. On the historical side, footnotes of sources would have been valuable.

The Restless Century: Painting in Britain 1800-1900 (Phaidon, £6.50). William Gaunt is responsible for this superbly produced survey of nineteenth century painting in Britain. It covers, of course, a series of artistic movements of great range and contrasts, reflecting also currents deep in contemporary society. Mr. Gaunt has very briefly summarised the characteristics and qualities of the leading artists and with reference to some of their principal works. Many of these will be found among the 171 plates which include 24 pages in colour. Ninety artists are represented in these fine reproductions. The latter are representative and do not necessarily include all the best known works. For example, Holman Hunt's *Scapegoat* is omitted. The plates themselves are annotated and Mr. Gaunt has included biographical notes on all the artists included in this fine volume which should prove of pleasure and profit on many coffee tables.

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